Aug. 1, 1970

THE NEW YORKER

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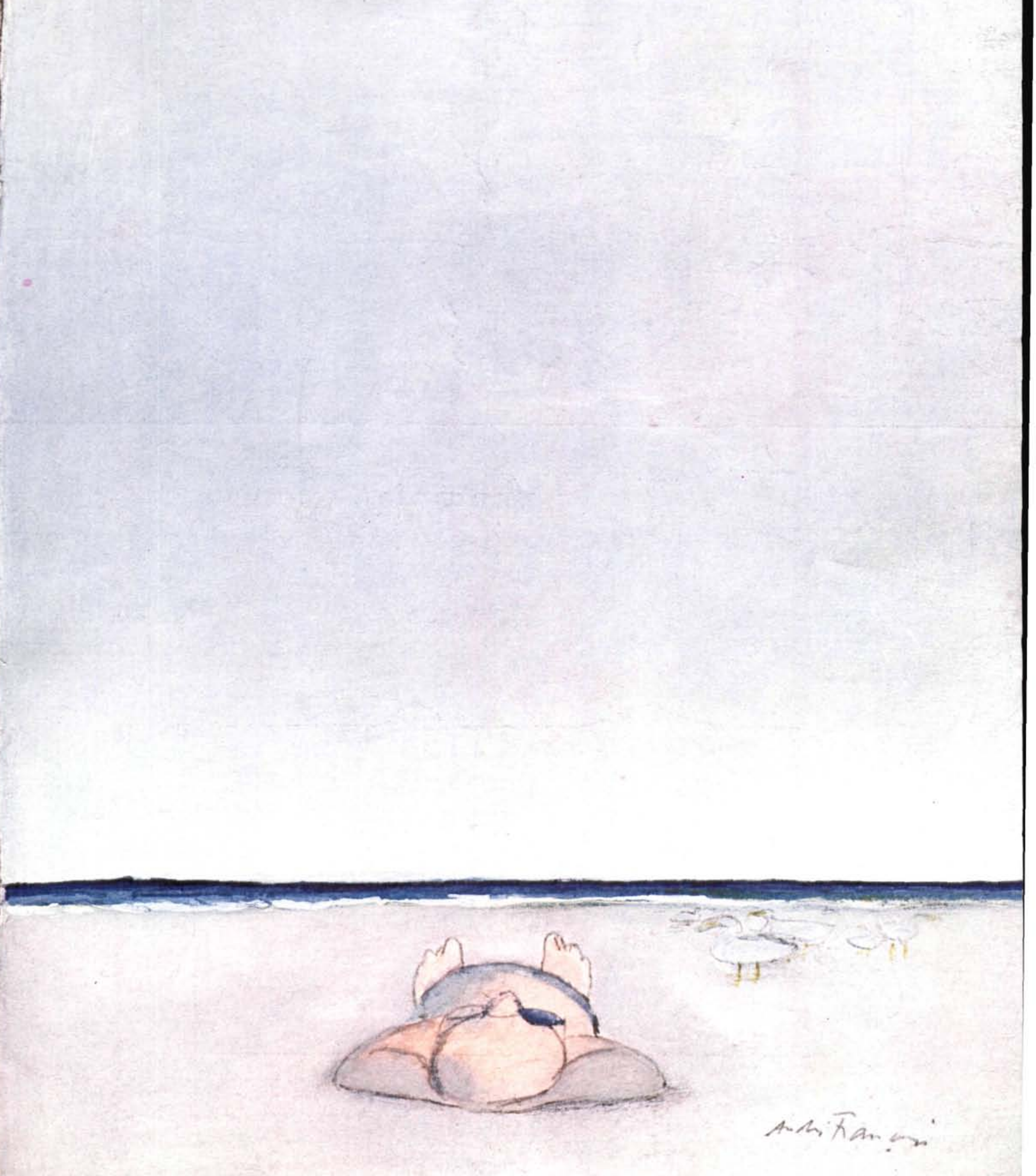

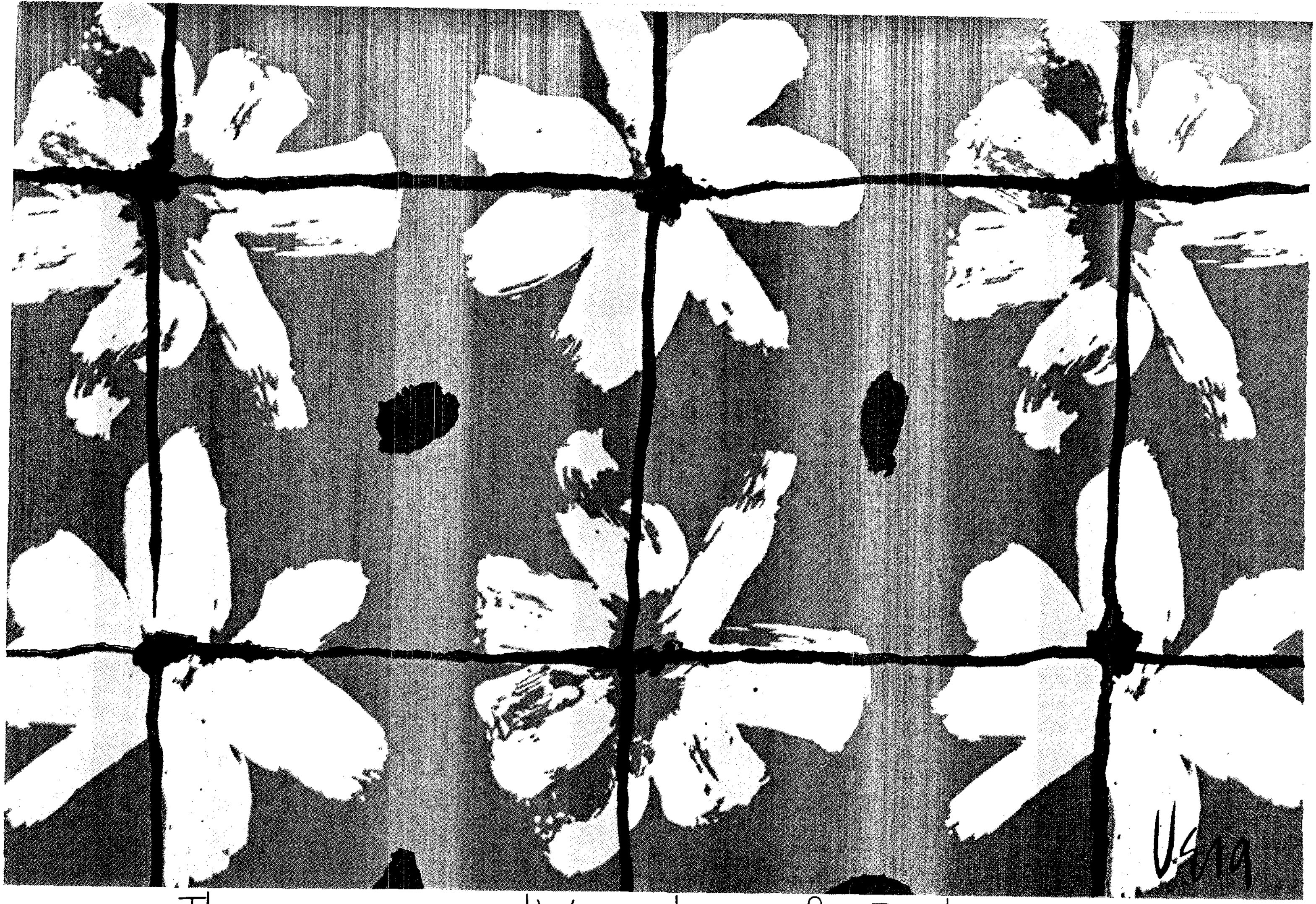

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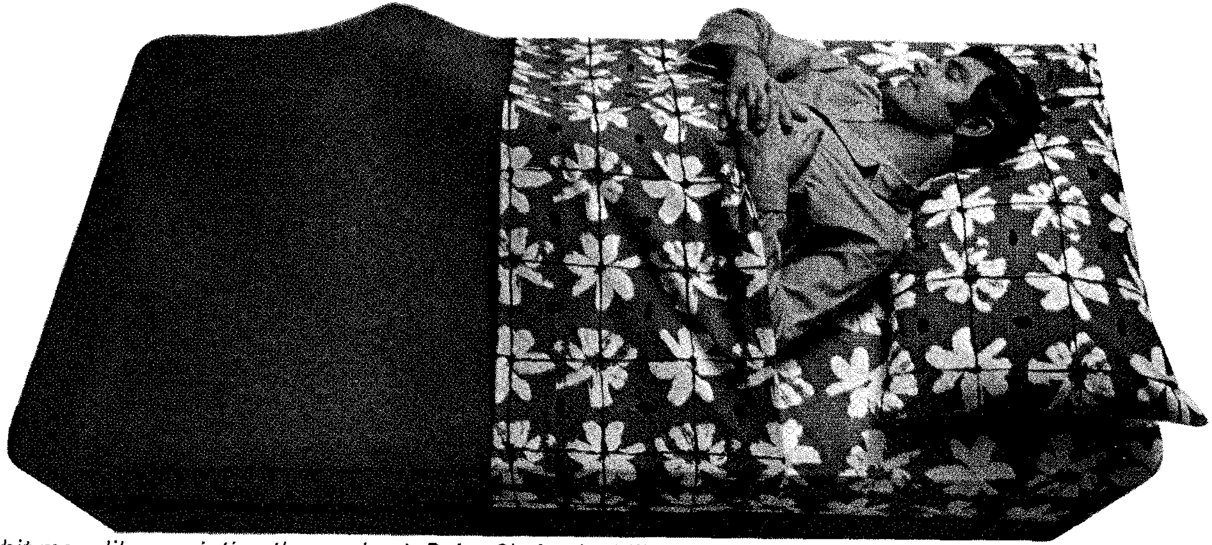

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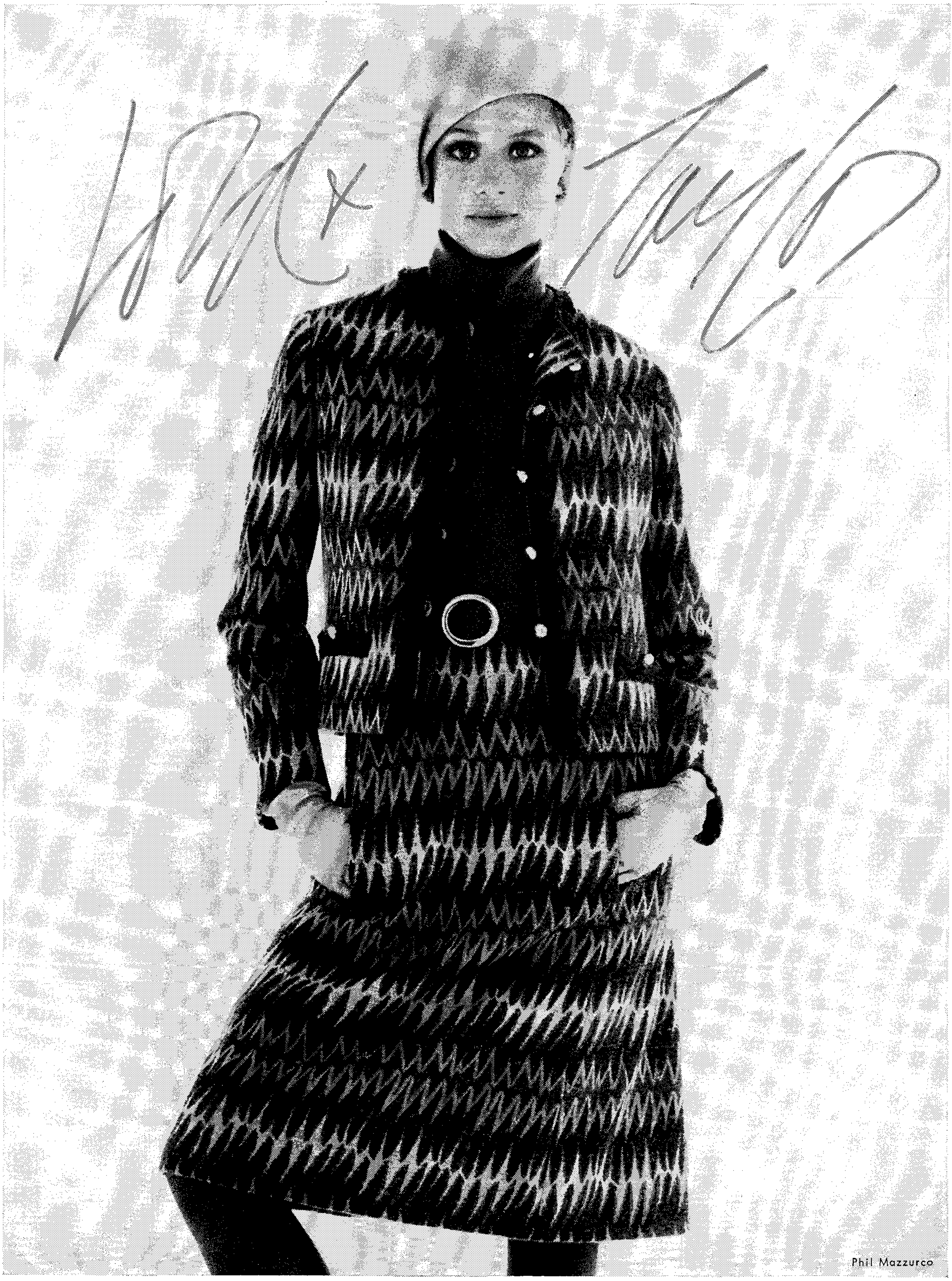

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			29	30	31	1
2	3	4	5	6	7	8

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

Boesman and Lena—Ruby Dee and James Earl Jones are quite extraordinary as a pair of dispossessed "Cape Coloureds" on the run in this bleak and stirring play by the South African dramatist Athol Fugard. (Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker St. 473-6778. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Borstal Boy—Bringing back to life a Brendan Behan not in the least Lazarus-like but characteristically indignant and joyous. With Niall Toibin and George Connolly. (Lyceum, 45th St., E. JU 2-3897. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Cage—The horrors and brutality of prison life, as portrayed by six actors, all of them ex-convicts, including the play's author, Rick Cluchey. The situation depicted is indeed dreadful, but the play could be a lot better. (Actors, 100 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. 675-1036. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30.)

Child's Play—Robert Marasco's spooky play about how pedagogy corrupts and absolute pedagogy corrupts absolutely. With brilliant performances by Pat Hingle, Fritz Weaver, and Ken Howard. (Royale, 45th St., W. 245-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Colette—Zoe Caldwell gives a great and totally satisfying performance in this fine dramatization of Colette's autobiographical writings, and she is capably supported by the rest of the cast. Elinor Jones is the dramatist. Harvey Schmidt and Tom Jones have written a number of delightful songs, which are scattered throughout. (Ellen Stewart, 240 E. 3rd St. 477-4400. Wednesday through Friday at 8:30; Saturday at 6:30 and 10; and Sunday at 7:30. Matinée Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, Aug. 2, for the summer. There is a parking lot across the street from the theatre. A bus leaves the theatre after each performance and eventually winds up at Times Square.)

The Dirtiest Show in Town—An inflated claim. "Most predictable" might be closer. (Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St., near Astor Pl. 254-4370. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8:40; Fridays and Saturdays at 8 and 10:30; and Sundays at 8.)

The Effect of Gamma Rays on Man-in-the-Moon Marigolds—What matters most in this domestic play is the character of its scornful, wisecracking, funny, and very touching heroine. She is given a fine performance by Sada Thompson, who gets much assistance from Pamela Payton-Wright, Amy Levitt, and Judith Lowery. The dramatist is Paul Zindel. Melvin Bernhardt directed. (Mercer-O'Casey, 240 Mercer St., at 3rd St. 673-3937. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Last of the Red Hot Lovers—Neil Simon's patented Little Wonder Laugh Machine, cranked up and set in motion by James Coco, Rita Moreno, Marcia Rodd, and Doris Roberts. (Eugene O'Neill, 49th St., W. 246-0220. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Steambath—Purgatory is a steam bath, and God is a Puerto Rican attendant there. This comedy, by Bruce Jay Friedman, is not entirely successful, but it is much funnier than many tidier shows. Hector Elizondo is delightful as God, and Conrad Bain and Anthony Perkins, who also directed, are very good, too. Splendid setting by David Mitchell. (Truck and Warehouse Theatre, 79 E. 4th St. 533-0910. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

What the Butler Saw—A devilishly wicked and devilishly funny farce, by the late Joe Orton, about a psychiatrist whose troubles begin when he tries to seduce a young applicant for the job of his secretary. The production, as directed by Joseph Hardy, is appropriately nutty and always clear. (McAlpin Rooftop Theatre, Broadway at 34th St. 239-6688. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Long Runs—**adaptation** and **next:** Two one-acters—the first by Elaine May, the second by Terrence McNally, and both directed by Miss May. (Greenwich Mews, 141 W. 13th St. 243-6800. Mondays through Thursdays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.). . . **the boys in the band:** A comedy about a birthday party at which the host and at least seven of his eight guests are homosexuals. (Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. 246-8545. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.). . . **butterflies are free:** A comedy by Leonard Gershe, filled with surefire jokes and the merest pinch of life. With Keir Dullea, Blythe Danner, and Eileen Heckart. (Booth, 45th St., W. 246-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.). . . **forty carats:** Adapted by Jay Allen from a French farce, this trifle offers an occasion for Zsa Zsa Gabor, Tom Poston, and a number of other actors to show off their skills. (Morosco, 45th St., W. 246-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.). . . **no place to be somebody:** Charles Gordone's play, set in a West Village saloon owned by a Negro. The actors include Wally Taylor, Henry Baker, Nick Lewis, and Marge Eliot. (Promenade, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. 799-7690. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 6:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.). . . **plaza suite:** Three skits by Neil Simon. Peggy Cass and Don Porter are the stars. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. 246-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

MUSICALS

Applause—A rousing, tireless, immensely skillful retelling of the old movie "All About Eve." With Lauren Bacall. (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 757-2626. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Coco—A musical by Alan Jay Lerner and André Previn, with sets and costumes by Cecil Beaton. It purports to be about the great Gabrielle Chanel of Paris and turns out to be about the great Katharine Hepburn of Hartford. Starting Monday, Aug. 3, Danielle Darrieux will replace Miss Hepburn.

TABLE OF CONTENTS

THE TALK OF THE TOWN . . . 19
"SKETCH" . . . *Robert Thompson* 25
"BRIGHT SHORES" . . . *Ivy Litvinov* 28
"IN NINE SLEEP VALLEY" (POEM) . . . *James Merrill* 34
PROFILES (THEODORE KHEEL) . . . *Fred C. Shapiro* 36
THE THEATRE (OFF BROADWAY) . . . *Edith Oliver* 59
THE SPORTING SCENE (GOLF) . . . *Herbert Warren Wind* 60
THE CURRENT CINEMA . . . *Penelope Gilliatt* 69
THE RACE TRACK . . . *Audax Minor* 73
BOOKS . . . *Naomi Bliven* 74
  BRIEFLY NOTED . . . 76

COVER: *André François*

DRAWINGS: *Edward Koren, Lee Lorenz, Warren Miller, Joseph Mirachi, Mischa Richter, Ed Fisher, Dana Fradon, James Stevenson, Whitney Darrow, Jr., William Steig, Alan Dunn, Donald Reilly, Eldon Dedini, Frank Modell, Joseph Farris, Richard Oldden, Henry Martin*

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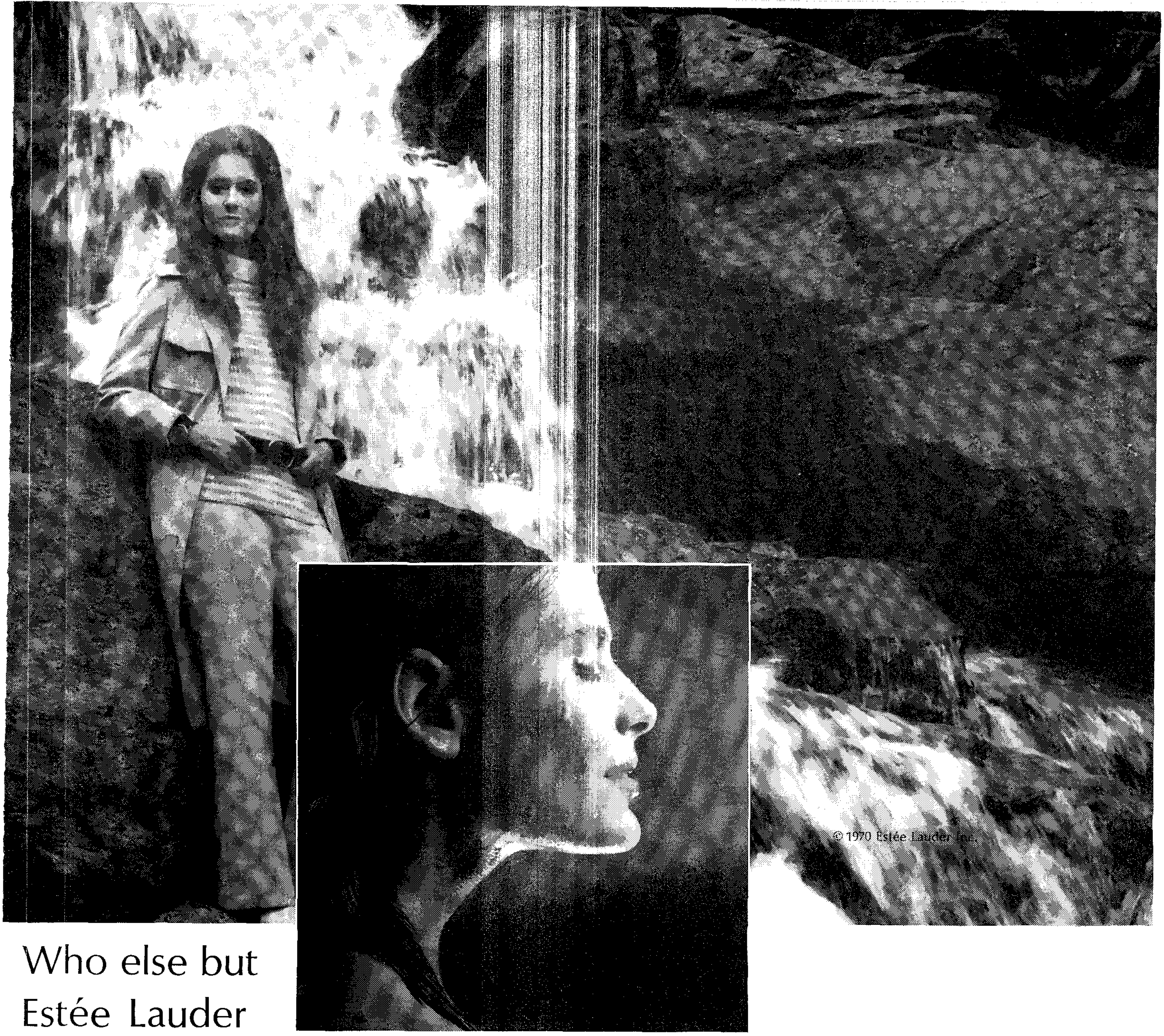

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

(Mark Hellinger, 51st St., W. 757-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Thursday, July 30, at 2, and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Company—A marvellous cast, headed by Larry Kert, Susan Browning, and Elaine Stritch, in a fresh and funny show. George Furth did the excellent book, and Stephen Sondheim did the equally attractive music and lyrics. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. 757-8646. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

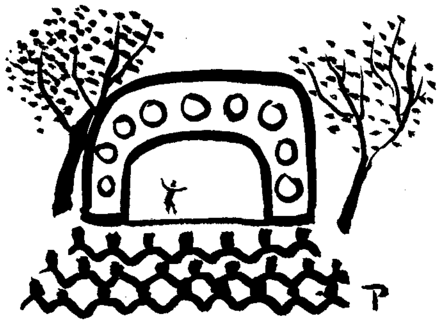
Golden Bat—The humor and good humor, the delightful score and dancing, and the intermingling of ritual with openness of feeling combine to make this musical from Japan one of the most original, charming shows in town. The troupe, which calls itself the Tokyo Kid Brothers, fortunately includes quite a number of Kid Sisters. (Sheridan Square Playhouse, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. CH 2-3432. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Last Sweet Days of Isaac—This buoyant musical, with a lively score by Nancy Ford and nimble words of Gretchen Cryer, tells of a young man, as *engagé* as they come, and of his brief encounter with a couple of droll, pretty girls. The show loses a little steam in the second act, but it holds up quite well anyway. The performances—by Austin Pendleton as the hero, and a delightful rock group called the Zeitgeist—are just about perfect. Word Baker directed. Ed Wittstein designed the stylish setting. (Eastside, 334 E. 74th St. UN 1-2288. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Me Nobody Knows—A musical that is both bracing and sobering, and almost always beautiful. It is based on an anthology (same forgettable title) of the writings of children from the slums of this city. Gary William Friedman is the composer and arranger, and the young cast—black and white—performs to a fare-thee-well under the direction of Robert H. Livingston. (Orpheum, Second Ave. at 8th St. 982-6410. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Purlie—An adaptation of the play "Purlie Victorious," grown too big for its hand-me-down breeches. With Cleavon Little and Melba Moore, who are very good. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 247-7992. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3.)

Long Runs—**JACQUES BREL IS ALIVE AND WELL AND LIVING IN PARIS:** A musical put together from the works of M. Brel by Eric Blau and Mort Shuman, who also did the English lyrics. (Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 982-5020. Tuesdays through Thursdays, and Sundays, at 8; Fridays at 7:45; and Saturdays at 7. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)... **THE FANTASTICKS:** Warm sunshine merrying over the sea. The nickel shavingbowl shone, forgotten, on the parapet. Why should I bring it down? Or leave it there all day, forgotten friendship? (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **FIDDLER ON THE ROOF:** He went over to it, held it in his hands awhile, feeling its coolness, smelling the clammy slaver of the lather in which the brush was stuck. So I carried the boat of incense then at Clongowes. I am another now and yet the same. A servant too. A server of a servant. (Majestic, 44th St., W. 246-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **HELLO, DOLLY!:** In the gloomy domed livingroom of the tower Buck Mulligan's gowned form moved briskly about the hearth to and fro, hiding and revealing its yellow glow. (St. James, 44th St., W. 695-5858. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **HAIR:** Lots of clatter in lots of clutter, and the sooner your mind gives way the happier you will be. (Biltmore, 47th St., W. 582-5340. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **MAN OF LA MANCHA:** Charles West plays the dual role of Don Quixote and his creator in this musical by Dale Wasserman. The music is by Mitch Leigh. Jack Dabdoub substitutes for Mr. West at the matinée performances. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. 246-6363. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **OH! CALCUTTA!:** A collection of short sketches, which purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. (Eden, 189 Second Ave., at 12th St. 982-9815. Mondays through Fridays at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2.)... **PROMISES, PROMISES:** Jerry Orbach and Jill O'Hara in an adaptation of the movie "The Apartment." Book by Neil Simon, music by Burt Bacharach, and lyrics by Hal David. (Shubert, 44th St., W. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **1776:** A thin retelling of a heroic chapter in our history. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. 246-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **YOU'RE A GOOD MAN, CHARLIE BROWN:** Peanuts to music. (Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. 254-7400. Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 2.)



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			29	30	31	1
2	3	4	5	6	7	8

MISCELLANY

Rodeo—Calf-roping, saddle-bronc-riding, steer-wrestling, girls' barrel-racing, and much more. Starts Thursday, Aug. 6, and will run through Sunday, Aug. 16. (Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 6. Matinées Wednesday, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2.)

Tribal Dancers of Zambia—A company of seventy dancers and musicians in a single performance. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. 535-5350. Thursday, Aug. 6, at 8:30.)

OUTDOORS

New York Shakespeare Festival—Free performances of **RICHARD III:** Wednesday and Thursday, July 29-30, and Wednesday and Thursday, Aug. 5-6.... **THE WARS OF THE ROSES, PART I:** Friday and Saturday, July 31-Aug. 1, and Friday and Saturday, Aug. 7-8.... **THE WARS OF THE ROSES, PART II:** Sunday, Aug. 2, and Tuesday, Aug. 4. (Delacorte Theatre, Central Park near W. 81st St. Evenings at 8. For information about tickets, call 535-5630.)

Jones Beach Theatre—A revival of **THE SOUND OF MUSIC,** with Constance Towers, John Michael King, Beatrice Krebs, and Christopher Hewett. (Nightly at 8:30. For tickets, call 516 CA 1-1000.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing of places around town where you might pass a pleasant hour or two.)

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

Bitter End, 147 Bleecker St. (475-7804)—Not for comfort-seekers, only for those who dig entertainment of a contemporary sort, like Exuma, a rock group from Jamaica. On Wednesday, Aug. 5, Ace Trucking Company will return to do some comic improvisation—some of it inspired, some of it not. Shows at nine-fifteen and eleven Sundays through Thursdays, and at eight-forty-five, ten-thirty, and midnight Fridays and Saturdays. Tuesdays are allotted to visiting performers. Coffee and tea are staples.

Bradley's, 70 University Pl. (228-6440)—Gregariousness is evident in this wood-panelled bar and restaurant where people come for a cocktail and, sometimes, stay the evening. The music is quietly lively, and it runs from eleven to three. A trio involving piano, vibes, and bass will give way on Monday, Aug. 3, to Joe Beck's agile guitar, accompanied by a competent bass. Dinner is served until one. Closed Sundays.

Casey's, 142 W. 10th St. (989-8925)—Candlelight, mirrors, brick walls—a place of beauty is a joy for an evening. Jazz, on the cool side, from eleven to one on piano and bass. A distinctive menu. No live music Sundays.

Guitar, 753 Tenth Ave., at 51st St. (265-9334)—Way West, but near a crosstown bus, this spot offers intimacy, calmness, and cooking from the Old Kentucky (or Georgia or Mississippi) Home. Neatly swinging guitarist Kenny Burrell is assisted by bassist Larry Ridley. Music Wednesdays through Sundays from nine-thirty to three or four.

Half Note, 289 Hudson St., at Spring St. (AL 5-9752)—A lot of fundamental music as the Zoot Sims quartet plays solidly and never without inspiration. Anita O'Day sings Fridays through Sundays, bringing her idiosyncratic, cool-jazz style to old and new songs. Light Italian dishes are served. Closed Mondays.

Jimmy Ryan's, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505)—The old hangout, a dependable haven for traditional jazz. The musicians, most of the time, are Max Kaminsky, Bobby Pratt, Claude Hopkins, Oliver Jackson, and Joe Muranyi, and they carry on from nine-thirty to three. Closed Sundays.

Red Garter, 15 W. 4th St., which is *east* of Washington Square. (982-4270)—Nostalgia efflorescent. There is a fire engine, and some stuffed polar bears, and some old movies, and beer, and peanuts, and banjos, the last of which are skillfully plunked. Closed Mondays.

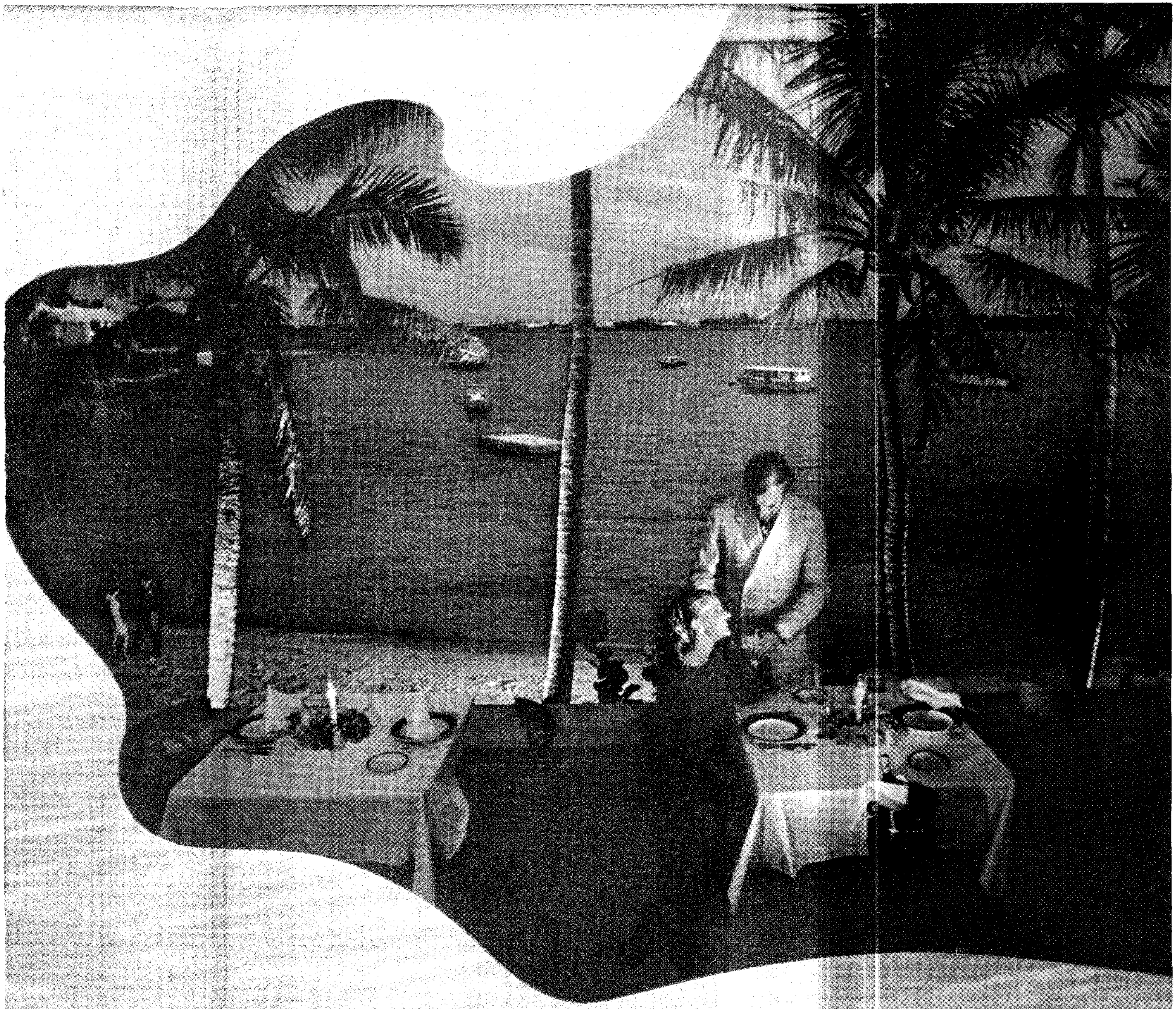
Red Onion, 1586 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (RH 4-9682)—Another ersatz museum piece, where banjos vibrate bravely and everybody is supposed to feel peachy. Garters are available, as are straw hats and peanuts. The three-man band plays from nine to three or four. Closed Sundays.

Slugs', 242 E. 3rd St. (677-9727)—Milt Jackson's tremulous vibes will be the centerpiece in his quintet through Tuesday, Aug. 4, when Art Blakey and the Jazz Messengers come in. The atmosphere of this club is a bit murky, and so are the environs, but if the sound beckons, you might as well dig it. Closed Mondays.

Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120)—Upstairs, where you can be as casual or as formal as you wish, Bill Evans' refulgent trio plays for cocktails and dining. The Charles Mingus trio will step in on Tuesday, Aug. 4. On Mondays, these people are off and new talent is auditioned.... ¶ Downstairs, rock is the shape of things. Swinging sounds—and dancing—from ten Sundays through Thursdays and from nine-thirty Fridays and Saturdays. The performing groups, alone or in combination, are Farmer Brown, Sea Train, Sounds, Creedmore State, and Journey's End. A different feeling on Mondays, when Symphony Sid brings in Latin bands.

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355)—This small and funky basement has seen a lot of jazz musicians come and go. Freddie Hubbard's energetic quintet is on the bandstand six nights a week. Mondays are reserved for the big Thad Jones-Mel Lewis band.

West Boondock, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (924-9723)—Stained glass, candles, and conviviality contrast with its location, which is not far from Desolation Row. The menu offers what is known as soul food. Thoughtful jazz on piano and bass from eight-thirty to two by Nat Jones and Herman Wright



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

(Mondays through Wednesdays) and by Lance Hayward and Bill Lee (Thursdays through Sundays).

DISCOTHÈQUES AND SUCH

(No dining, unless indicated.)

C'Est Moi, 1220 Second Ave., at 64th St. (935-1282)—Dancing underneath the arches in a darkish, Moorish, upstairs room. Records turn from nine to three-thirty every night. At street level is a restaurant named Sam's.

Directoire, 160 E. 48th St. (758-9570)—The period commemorated was not a very successful one, but this place has done well. The décor can pass for elegant, and the dinners and suppers are near-Lucullan. The crowd, a svelte one, dances to 45s on a little floor from ten to three or four. Closed Sundays.

Electric Circus, upstairs at 23 St. Marks Pl. (777-7080)—If this is where it's at, then at it's where is this? Lots of moving lights and lissome people, along with indoor playground equipment that helps keep kids kidlike. On Sundays, as well as Wednesdays and Thursdays, dancing runs from nine until two. On Fridays and Saturdays, it runs from eight until four. Strong live groups alternate with high-powered records. Closed Mondays and Tuesdays. No alcohol.

L'Etoile, 1 E. 59th St. (PL 1-7025)—Soft carpets, the names of famous Frenchmen etched on glass, and a relatively timeless atmosphere. Dinner and supper of an advanced sort. Dancing to discs from eleven until three or four, but only on Fridays and Saturdays.

Hippopotamus, 154 E. 54th St. (486-1566)—Assiduously scoring points in the Fairest-of-Them-All stakes, as is usual in the world of the discothèque. Frills and furbelows have an Anglo-Indian look. Dinners are ornate, and crowds dance to records over a good sound system. Reservations are required for dining. No food Sundays.

L'Interdit, in the Gotham Hotel, 2 W. 55th St. (CI 7-2200)—Small, intimate enough for the collegiate crowd that comes here, and musically subdued (records only). Table reservations are recommended on weekends. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

Later at Act I, 1 Times Square. (695-1880)—Looking out the fifteenth-floor windows, you can see all manner of neon signs flashing, pulsing, and gleaming in the heart of the second biggest city in the world. The interior is all right, too. Dancing to music, both live and recorded, Mondays through Fridays from ten to three. Light suppers are served. Closed Saturdays and Sundays.

Salvation Too, 30 Central Park S. (PL 2-4365)—A restaurant called the Penthouse Club by day, a discothèque by night. People dance to strong records from ten until three or four. Late dinners are available, and the view of the Park is fine. Sundays through Wednesdays, a group called Chartreuse plays. Reservations are recommended.

Shepheard's, in the Drake Hotel, Park Ave. at 56th St. (HA 1-0900)—It would have been a wow some forty-five years ago, during all the Tutankhamen bother. As it is, the place is loud, active, and sphinx-filled. Three times a night, some polished entertainers do things. *Through Saturday, Aug. 1: baritone Clint* Holmes. Beginning Monday, Aug. 3: Jana Mitchel and the Paris Brothers. A substantial dinner menu. Closed Sundays.

Wednesday's, 210 E. 86th St. (535-8500)—Can be compared to a quaint old village street, with shops, lampposts, tables, and people sitting or strolling about. Not bad, if quaint old village streets are your bag. Dancing on the pavement to records, from six to three every night but Saturday, when the doors open at eight.

Wheels, 1591 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (879-3777)—Wheels on the doors, wheels on the walls, and movement all over the place. Nine college students who call themselves Freeway are on the bandstand. Hang-loose clothing, youthful patrons, heavy music. Closed Sundays.

Yellowfinger's, 200 E. 60th St. (752-0980)—Hey, Jude, your mother should know the fool on the hill. Yesterday, with a little help from my friends, lovely Rita let it be a day in the life. Michelle? She's leaving home. (Dancing to records from nine-thirty to three-thirty. Reservations—for what they're worth—are a good idea on weekends.)

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OTHER DANCING

(Dining, too, unless noted.)

Roseland Dance City, 239 W. 52nd St. (247-0200): What was good enough for our founding fathers is still good enough here—the foxtrot, the two-step, et al. No others need apply. Eight until one, mostly; Sundays, though, begin at two-thirty, Wednesdays run from six-thirty until twelve, and Thursdays from two until twelve. The dietary arrangements are almost invisible. Closed Mondays. . . . **Tavern-on-the-Green,** Central Park W. at 67th St. (873-3200): As close as the city can come to a midsummer night's dream, by the light of the silvery moon and/or Con Edison—*en-plein-air* feeding and footing it featly, this last to music that runs from seven-thirty or so until quite late.

CABARETS

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

Dangerfield's, 1118 First Ave., at 61st St. (593-1650)—A Mermaid Tavern redivivus, and anything can happen. The best of it happens when the owner of the tavern—Rodney Dangerfield, a commentator and wit whose words are often constructed of arsenic and old Mace—takes the stand. The speechmaking begins at nine on Saturdays and a trifle later the rest of the time. Steaks and such as well. Closed Sundays.

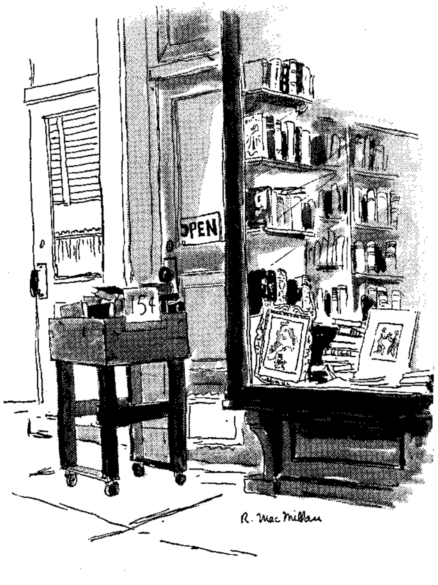
Downstairs at the Upstairs, 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244)—"Weigh-In, Way-Out," the one revue in town, is brightened by fitful gleams of humor, of which it could use more. The cast is brightened to approximately the same degree. Nine-thirty and midnight. Closed Sundays.

El Avram, 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (243-9661)—Way Down East on the Mediterranean, and full of merry (and musical) kibbutzim, the leader of whom is Avram Grobard. The music is sort of Israeli bop, the song is sort of Israeli pop. Real home cooking, often Israeli, and dancing, sometimes real home, too. Closed Mondays.

BIG DEALS

(Dinner and supper, music, and a show.)

Alpine Cellar, in the Hotel McAlpin, Broadway at 34th St. (PE 6-5700)—The Cellar is Bavarian, and so are the band, the singers, and the *schuhplattler* dancers; the surroundings are beer-hall; the character is *volks-spiel*, loud and clear, from six until one.



Dance music for all hands. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

Château Madrid, Lexington Ave. at 48th St. (752-8080)—A show of hands, a show of feet, and the sound of all; i.e., José Molina's flamencans, in jolly good health. Twice a night, and no dark nights. . . . ¶ In the much smaller Flamenco Room, the activity, likewise on a no-nights-off basis, is enhanced by guitar (Juan Jimenez) and voice (José Sordiall). They commence at ten, and do not stop until way past bedtime.

Downbeat, Lexington Ave. at 42nd St. (889-5100)—Marian McPartland, who never forgets that jazz is a medium of exchange between the maker and the listener, leads her threesome from her piano; the party of the second part is Urbie Green's buoyant sextet, for which Kathy Preston is the chirruper. Thursday, Aug. 6, is their last stand. Next evening, along comes Illustration, a French-Canadian rock pile. The milieu is fair-to-middling ale-and-chophouse. No dancing; closed Sundays.

Rainbow Grill, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-8970)—A balloon on permanent station above midtown. Helen O'Connell, whose songs wear their hearts on their sleeves, sings in the good, honorable, old-fashioned way that has nearly (tsk-tsk) gone out of fashion. She winds up on Saturday, Aug. 1, and as of Monday, Aug. 3, Duke Ellington will begin to move in his inscrutable ways his wonders to perform. Dancing, too, to that remarkable band, during the supper hours. Closed Sundays.

SMALL AND BOUNCY

(Dining but no dancing, except as indicated.)

Chucks' Composite, 303 E. 53rd St. (EL 5-8825): College reunion, continual, coeducational, and convivial. The bar is straight and narrow; the dining room is as broad as it is long, and frequently filled by the music of a duo, led by Joel Shulman, which is in service every night but Sunday. . . . **A Quiet Little Table in the Corner,** belowstairs in the Executive Hotel, 237 Madison Ave., at 37th St. (685-7160): An underground movement all its own, from the busy bar to the tiny tables (glassed-in, but only by strings of beads). From nine-thirty until three, Tuesday through Saturday every week, there is piano by Warren Meyers, who knows what he's doing. Nourishment, yes, and even a stirrup cup to end your evening. . . . **Dionysos,** 304 E. 48th St. (758-8240): Sunlit Grecian isle, afloat in a sea of assiduous Greek musicians and Greek singers, and surrounded by a *bordure* of unquestionable Greek cuisine. Architectural triumph, and a lively one. Closed Sundays. . . . **Chez Vito,** 36 E. 60th St. (PL 5-2025): Hark, what are the wild sound waves saying? "Hello, Young Lovers" and such from Leyna Gabriele, prop., and her troupe, anything between the Seine and the Bosporus from her fiddlers three. Dinner until two, but no Sundays. . . . **La Paella,** 3 Hamilton Pl., Broadway at 136th St. (690-1300): Strong measures are taken by the young men; equipped with guitar, clapping hands, and voice, who live in the plaza of a country town known to a fair number of off-the-beat Americans. The chef has never been out of the town in his life. Sound from seven-thirty until two, but not on Mondays.

SMALL AND SERENE

(Dining, but no dancing.)

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (PL 9-3000): The Palm Court, this summer the sole music room of this city within a city, offers Sandu Marcu on violin from four-thirty to six-thirty every afternoon. . . . **Sign of the Dove,** 1110 Third Ave., at 65th St. (UN 1-8080): No delusions of grandeur; the grandeur is real, and Roman. In the bar, Lynn Mullinax does the proper and joyous prandial and post-prandial piano, six to midnight, every evening but Sunday. . . . **Salum Sanctorum,** 1112 Third Ave., at 65th St. (UN 1-9492): The alter ego of the Sign of the Dove, and alto ego, too, since it's one flight up. Any resemblance in décor to the Dove is coincidental, except that it, too, has piano, six to one. Closed Sundays. . . . **Iperbole,** 137 E. 55th St. (759-9720): Armando Mei's concept of Imperial Rome is Mod on the surface, but the

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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city planners in the scullery preserve his, and Rome's, culinary traditions. The food of love is supplied by voice and guitar, from seven until one. Closed Sundays. . . . **CHÂTEAU HENRI IV**, 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): A castle haunted not by ghosts but by live musicians, such as George Cardini, peripatetic fiddler. The refectory is calm; the bar can be boisterous. No music Sundays. . . . **DRAKE ROOM**, 71 E. 56th St. (HA 1-0900): A buttery of a certain importance, wherein Dick Hankinson addresses the keyboard off and on from six until one; Sundays, this or that pianist serves as his lieutenant. . . . **SHERRY-NETHERLAND**, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2800): *Supra dig.* is how the bar-restaurant operates. There is piano (five-thirty to eight and nine to twelve-thirty) except Sundays and Mondays. . . . **CAFÉ RENAISSANCE**, 338 E. 49th St. (PL 1-3160): Decorators' delight. The accent is Andalusian, especially when Rogelio Reguera picks up his guitar, which happens between seven and twelve Mondays through Thursdays and seven-thirty and twelve-thirty Fridays and Saturdays. Closed Sundays. . . . **REMBRANDT ROOM**, in the Stanhope Hotel, Fifth Ave. at 81st St. (BU 8-5800): A pretty formal occasion, and a just plain pretty one, too. Tony Gorody, the summertime pianist within, has the use of the piano from eight-thirty until half past one. No sound on Sundays or Mondays. . . . **CAFÉ PIERRE**, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (838-8000): A renaissance—dance tunes once again in a celebrated pleasure dome, and night after night. The course: seven-thirty to twelve-thirty Sundays and Mondays, eight-thirty until a late curfew Tuesdays through Saturdays. Further to brighten this corner: Tony Bujka, violinist, and Ernest Hirsch-Haramaty, pianist-accordionist, who deploy between five-thirty and ten-thirty Tuesdays through Saturdays. . . . **WINE CELLAR**, 531 Hudson St., at Charles St. (242-6769): Lotus is not on the menu of this duplex chalet, but eaters of it will be at ease in this world unto itself. Perambulating song and guitar on the lower deck, and a menu full of other things. Every night. . . . **BLUE WHALE**, 1117 First Ave., at 61st St. (838-6501): A newly discovered island in the midst of Manhattan—one prepared to indulge the guests in reasonably eclectic shore dinners to the tunes of the piano run by Buddy Barnes, the sometime accompanist of Mabel Mercer. Eight-thirty until two. Closed Mondays. . . . **PROMENADE CAFÉ**, in the lower plaza of Rockefeller Center. (PL 7-5731): Not the Great Outdoors, but at least a little one, with a scattering of real musicians who operate when the hordes come down from the hills around to dine—music from noon to two-thirty and eight to one, Mondays through Saturdays.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Mondays through Fridays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

ALEXANDER ARCHIPENKO (1887-1964)—Thirty-six works of this pioneer Cubist sculptor's American period, 1923 to 1963. It is running concurrently with his show at the Museum of Modern Art. Through Aug. 14. (Danenberg, 1000 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

GROUP SHOWS—At the **ACA**, 25 E. 73rd St.: Paintings by scores of artists—Shahn, Sheeler, Sloan, Avery, Bellows, Dove, Henri, and Marin, to mention a few; through Aug. 28. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **CENTER FOR INTER-AMERICAN RELATIONS**, 680 Park Ave., at 68th St.: Fifty Latin-American artists; through Sept. 4. (Closed mornings.) . . . **CORDIER & EKSTROM**, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St.: Paintings and sculptures by Bearden, Duchamp, Jensen, Lam, Lindner, Man Ray, Noguchi, Ossorio, and others; through Friday, July 31. . . . **FEIGEN**, 141 Greene St., at Houston St.: Works by nineteen artists, including Breder, Castro-Cid, Ray Johnson, Gerald Laing, and Alphonse Schilling; through Sept. 4. . . . **FRENCH & CO.**, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St.: Sculptures, drawings on glass, and paintings by young artists; through Aug. 28. . . . **FRUMKIN**, 41 E. 57th St.: One work each by Westermann, Beal, Pearlstein, Wiley, Saul, Maryan, and Leaf; through Friday, July 31. (Closed mornings.) . . . **KENNEDY**, 20 E. 56th St.: An assortment of oils and watercolors by, among others, Fosburg, Kuhn, Albright, Rattner, Burchfield, Marin, and Demuth; through Aug. 14. . . . **KRAUSHAAR**, 1055 Madison Ave., at 80th St.: Paintings of beach scenes by such twentieth-century Americans as Sloan, Heliker, and Glackens; through Friday, July 31. . . . **MIDTOWN**, 11 E. 57th St.: Paintings and sculptures by gallery artists; through Aug. 28. . . . **PACE**, 32 E. 57th St.: Works by Larry Bell, Craig Kauffman, Robert Irwin, Nevelson, Krushenick, Dubuffet, and Sven Lukin; through Friday, July 31. . . . **SAIDENBERG**, 1037 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: Paintings and sculptures by Klee, Léger, Masson, Picasso, and Trivigno; through Aug. 28. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **SCHOELKOPF**, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.: Paintings by Davies, Joseph Stella, Gorky, Hartley, and other American artists; through Friday, July 31. . . . **TIROCHE**, 818 Madison Ave., at 69th St.: Paintings by Impressionist and School of Paris artists; through Sept. 4. . . . **WISE**, 50 W. 57th St.: Works by artists employing this gallery's specialties—prisms, reflections, motions, and changing colors; through Friday, July 31. . . . **ZABRISKIE**, 699 Madison Ave., at 62nd St.: Paintings by thirty or so twentieth-century American "primitives;" through Friday, July 31.

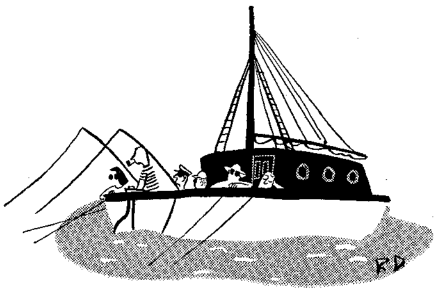
MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—More than two hundred paintings, thirty-five pieces of sculpture, and three hundred pieces of furniture and decorative objects of nineteenth-century America, some exhibited in period rooms; through Sept. 7. Optional contribution for admission. . . . ¶ A hundred masterpieces (Duccio to Picasso) from the Museum of Fine Arts, Boston; through Aug. 9. Optional contribution for admission. (Weekdays, 10 to 4, and Tuesday evenings until 9; Sundays, 1 to 4.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St.—Twenty-six sculptures and seven works on paper produced by Alexander Archipenko during his Paris period, 1908 to 1921; through Oct. 18. A good complement to this exhibit is the Archipenko show at the Danenberg Galleries, 1000 Madison Ave., at 78th St. . . . ¶ Works by about a hundred painters, sculptors, and filmmakers from European and Latin-American countries, Canada, Japan, and the United States representing new directions, such as earthworks and conceptual art; through Sept. 20. . . . ¶ New materials and techniques in graphics, including three-dimensional and shaped posters and spectator-participation works; through Aug. 9. . . . ¶ Recent acquisitions—a drawing by Matisse, a sculpture by Melotti, and paintings by Braque, Klee, Kokoschka, Miró, and Sophie Taeuber-Arp; through Sept. 11. (No admission charge on Mondays, 1 to 8; the rest of the week—Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6, Thursday evenings until 10, and Sundays, noon to 6—the usual $1.50 will be charged. Starting Saturday, Aug. 1, the rate will go up to $1.75.)

SOLOMON R. GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—The tenth anniversary show of selections, arranged chronologically, from the Museum's permanent collection of works done since 1900 by Kandinsky, Chagall, Klee, Delaunay, Miró, Léger, and many others; through Sept. 13. (Tuesdays, 10 to 9; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

WHITNEY MUSEUM, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—Twenty-two large dramatic scenes depicting events in the trek of the Mormons to the valley of the Great Salt Lake, painted by Carl Christensen, a member of the colony who made the trip; through Sept. 7. . . . ¶ Visionary architecture and city planning exploring possibilities of future living by Paolo Soleri, an Italian-born architect who studied with Frank Lloyd Wright; through Sept. 20. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Tuesday evenings until 10; Sundays, noon to 6.)



BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway—The seventeenth national print biennial, comprising a hundred and fifty works by artists (among them Al Held, Robert Indiana, Roy Lichtenstein, and Saul Steinberg) from every section of the country; through Sept. 6. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY, Central Park W. at 79th St.—The new Hall of Mexico and Central America houses an outstanding collection of sculpture, pottery, jade, gold, and archeological artifacts dating from 1500 B.C. to the advent of the Spanish Conquest in 1521 A.D. Except on Mondays, admission is $1. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

COOPER-HEWITT MUSEUM OF DESIGN, Third Ave. at 7th St.—Costumes, bed-curtains, bedspreads, and valances of hand-painted cottons made in India in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, borrowed from museums here and abroad; through Thursday, Aug. 6. (Weekdays, 10 to 5.)

JEWISH MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—Large steel and glass sculptures, models for projects, and prints by the Israeli artist Menashe Kadishman; through Tuesday, Aug. 4. . . . ¶ Works executed directly on the Museum walls by Artschwager, Bollinger, Lewitt, Morris, and others; through Tuesday, Aug. 4. (Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 5; Fridays, 11 to 3; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

MORGAN LIBRARY, 29 E. 36th St.—An exhibit of books, manuscripts, letters, and drawings in honor of the centennial of the death of Charles Dickens, documenting not only his achievements as a novelist but also his dramatic and philanthropic interests; through Friday, July 31. . . . ¶ Twenty-one watercolors by William Blake for the "Book of Job;" through Friday, July 31. (Mondays through Fridays, 9:30 to 5.)

MUSEUM OF PRIMITIVE ART, 15 W. 54th St.—A hundred and seventy-five objects from Africa, the Americas, and the South Pacific representing birds, beasts, and fantastic creatures; through Sept. 13. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

NEW YORK CULTURAL CENTER, 2 Columbus Circle—A hundred color linoleum prints by Picasso, done from 1958 to 1963; through Sept. 20. . . . ¶ Works consisting of photographic documentation, labels, tape recordings, slides, maps, charts, and texts by thirty-one conceptual artists from seven different countries; through Aug. 25. . . . ¶ "Hiroshima and Nagasaki," a collection of photographs which recorded the nuclear holocaust of more than a quarter of a century ago, and the aftermath of the event; Tuesday through Sunday, Aug. 4-9. (Daily, except Mondays, 11 to 8.)

STUDIO MUSEUM IN HARLEM, 2033 Fifth Ave., at 125th St.—Paintings and garments by a group of Chicago artists; through Aug. 30. . . . ¶ Contemporary paintings, prints, textiles, metal sculptures, and reliefs by thirteen artists working in West Africa; through Nov. 1. (Mondays and Wednesdays, 10 to 9; Thursdays and Fridays, 10 to 6; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.)

MUSIC

MOSTLY MOZART FESTIVAL—Opening performances of a four-week season of orchestral, chamber-music, and recital programs, which will run through Saturday, Aug. 29—Monday, Aug. 3, and Wednesday, Aug. 5: Werner Torkanowsky conducting the New York Chamber Orchestra, with Peter Serkin, piano; Gerald Tarack, violin; and David Schwartz, viola. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Aug. 4: The New York Chamber Soloists. . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, Aug. 7-8: Alexander Schneider conducting the orchestra, with Murray Perahia, piano, and Rita Streich, soprano. (Philharmonic Hall. TR 4-2424. Evenings at 8:15.)

ALEXANDER SCHNEIDER, CLAUDE FRANK, AND LESLIE PARNAS—Violin, piano, and cello, in the second in a series of three recitals of Mozart trios and sonatas. (*Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St. 879-5512. Tuesday, Aug. 4, at 8:30.*)

Ivan Rebroff—Bass, in an all-Russian program. (Philharmonic Hall. TR 4-2424. Thursday, Aug. 6, at 8:30.)

JAZZ/FOLK/ROCK/ETC.

Leon Thomas—Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St. 956-6100. Thursday, July 30, at 7:30. In the event of rain, the concert will be cancelled.

Grand Funk Railroad, Pacific Gas & Electric, and Blood Rock—Fillmore East, 105 Second Ave., at 6th St. 777-5260. Friday and Saturday, July 31-Aug. 1, at 8 and 11:30.

Jethro Tull and Cactus—Fillmore East. Wednesday and Thursday, Aug. 5-6, at 8 and 11:30.

Chicago and The Guess Who—A benefit concert. (Gaelic Park, Broadway and 240th St. Wednesday, Aug. 5, at 8:30. For information *about tickets, call 543-1200.*)

Rock Concert—John Sebastian, Mother Earth, Creedence Clearwater, Ten Wheel Drive, the Staple Singers, Dionne Warwick, Al Kooper, Steppenwolf, Sha-Na-Na, Big Brother, Country Joe, the Rascals, Paul Butterfield Blues Band, Richie Havens, Paul Simon, Poco, Pacific Gas & Electric, Tom Paxton, the James Gang, Miles Davis, and the cast of "Hair." (Shea Stadium. Thursday, Aug. 6, from 10 to 10. For tickets, call 644-4400.)

Muddy Waters Blues Band—Museum of Modern Art. Thursday, Aug. 6, at 7:30.

MUSIC OUTDOORS

(In the event of threatening weather, call 734-1002 for news.)

New York Philharmonic—Concerts in the parks, sponsored by the Schlitz beer people. Three programs are being offered. This week, Sixten Ehrling *will conduct Program II* (William Schuman, Rachmaninoff, Debussy, and Moussorgsky-Ravel), with Earl Wild, piano. **clove lakes park**, Staten Island, Friday, July 31, at 8:30. . . . **crocheron park**, Bayside, Saturday, Aug. 1, at 8:30. . . . **botanical garden's daffodil hill**, *Bronx, Sunday,* Aug. 2, at 8:30.

Central Park Mall—Richard Franko Goldman and Ainslee Cox conducting the Goldman Band in this summer's series of Guggenheim Memorial Concerts. (Thursdays and Sundays at 8; through Sunday, Aug. 16. Robert Lawrence will share in the conducting on Thursday, July 30.) . . . ¶ Samuel Jones conducting the Naumburg Orchestra, with Leslie Parnas, cello. (Friday, July 31, at 8:30.)

Wollman Rink—More beer music, this time the Schaefer brewery's annual summer upheaval. Wednesday, July 29, at 8:30: John Sebastian and Manhattan Transfer. . . . ¶ Friday, July 31, at 7:30 and 10: Iron Butterfly and Herbie Hancock. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 1, at 7:30 and 10: Dave Brubeck, Paul Desmond, Gerry Mulligan, and Dakota Staton. . . . ¶ Monday, Aug. 3, at 7 and 9:30: Jethro Tull. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Aug. 5, at 7 and 9:30: Delaney, Bonnie & Friends, and Seals & Crofts. . . . ¶ Friday, Aug. 7, at 7:30 and 10: The Johnny Mathis show. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 8, at 7:30 and 10: The Impressions and Patti LaBelle & the Bluebells. (Through Saturday, Aug. 22. For information about tickets, call 249-8870.)

Damrosch Park, Lincoln Center—Richard Franko Goldman and Ainslee Cox conducting the Goldman Band in another series of Guggenheim Memorial Concerts. (Wednesdays and Fridays at 8; through Friday, Aug. 14. Robert Lawrence will share in the conducting on Friday, July 31.)

Carl Schurz Park—Thursday, July 30, at 8:30: Abraham Kaplan conducting the Park East Orchestra. . . . ¶ Thursday, Aug. 6, at 8:30: Henry Aaron conducting the Park East Orchestra. (In the event of rain, the concerts will be given in the Robert F. Wagner Junior High School, 222 E. 76th St.)

IN THE COUNTRY

Berkshire Festival—Friday, July 31, at 7: An all-Beethoven recital by Joseph Silverstein, violin; Jules Eskin, cello; and Richard Goode, piano. . . . ¶ Friday, July 31, at 9: William Steinberg conducting the Boston Symphony in an all-Beethoven program, with Claude Frank, piano. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 1, at 8:30: William Steinberg conducting another all-Beethoven program, *this one with André Watts, piano.* . . . ¶ Sunday, Aug. 2, at 2:30: Antal Dorati conducting still another all-Beethoven program, with Vladimir Ashkenazy, piano. . . . ¶ Friday, Aug. 7, at 7: The Berkshire Boy Choir, directed by George Guest. . . . ¶ Friday, Aug. 7, at 9: Alain Lombard conducting the Boston Symphony in a varied program; no soloists. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 8, at 8:30: Michael Tilson Thomas conducting, with Gary Graffman, piano. . . . ¶ Sunday, Aug. 9, at 2:30: Charles Mackerras conducting, with Jules Eskin, cello. (Tanglewood, Lenox, Mass. Through Sunday, Aug. 23. For information about tickets, call 644-4400, in New York.)

Saratoga Performing Arts Center—Opening performances by the Philadelphia Orchestra of a *four-week season that will run through* Sunday, Aug. 23—Thursday, July 30, at 8:30: Eugene Ormandy conducting, with Eugene Istomin, piano; Isaac Stern, violin; and Leonard Rose, cello. . . . ¶ Friday, July 31, at 8:30: Stanislaw Skrowaczewski directing, with Marian Anderson, narrator; Veronica Tyler, soprano; Shirley Love, mezzo-soprano; John McCollum, tenor; McHenry Boatwright, baritone; the Capitol Hill Choral Society; and the Saratoga-Potsdam Chorus. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 1, at 8:30: Rafael Frühbeck de Burgos conducting, with Alicia de Larrocha, piano. . . . ¶ Sunday, Aug. 2, at 3:30: Andre Kostelanetz conducting an all-Gershwin concert, with Miss Tyler and Robert Mosley, baritone. . . . [**note:** Special concerts will be given by Peter, Paul & Mary on Monday, Aug. 3, at 8:30, and by Johnny Mathis on Tuesday, Aug. 4, at 8:30.] . . ¶ Thursday, Aug. 6, at 8:30: Rafael Frühbeck de Burgos conducting an all-Beethoven program, with Van Cliburn, piano. . . . ¶ Friday, Aug. 7, at 8:30: Eugene Ormandy conducting an all-Tchaikovsky program, with Itzhak Perlman, violin. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 8, at 8:30: Eugene Ormandy conducting a varied program, with Vladimir Ashkenazy, piano. . . . ¶ Sunday, Aug. 9, at 3:30: Henry Mancini conducting. (Saratoga Springs. For information about tickets, call 644-4400, in New York.)

Berkshire Music Barn—Saturday, Aug. 1, at 2:30: Joe Miller's band. . . . ¶ Sunday, Aug. 2, at 7:30: James Taylor and Sea Train. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 8, at 2:30: The Youngbloods. . . . ¶ Sunday, Aug. 9, at 7:30: Steve Miller. (Lenox, Mass.)

Jacob's Pillow Dance Festival—Programs of *ballet and modern and ethnic dancing.* Through Saturday, Aug. 1: Joyce Cuoco and Bill Martin-Viscount, Lonny Joseph Gordon, and Bhaskar with Shala and assisting artists. . . . ¶ Tuesday through Saturday, Aug. 4-8: The First Chamber Dance Company, plus Luis Rivera and his company, featuring Martha Castillo and Marayma Muñoz. (Lee, Mass. Tuesdays, Wednesdays, Fridays, and Saturdays at 8:40. Matinées Thursdays through Saturdays at 3.)

Connecticut College American Dance Festival—*Final performances*—Friday, July 31: A program of new works by Ray Cook, June Lewis, and Martha Myers. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 1: *The Martha Graham Dance Company.* . . . ¶ Friday, Aug. 7: A program of works by Richard Englund, Lucas Hoving, Peter Saul, Dorothy Vislocky, and others. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 8: The Martha Graham Dance Company. (Palmer Auditorium, New London, Conn. Evenings at 8:30. For information about tickets, call 644-4400, in New York.)

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts., is 564-4400.)

Baseball—At **shea stadium:** Mets vs. San Francisco, Wednesday, July 29, at 2:05. . . . ¶ Mets vs. San Diego, Friday, July 31, at 8:05; Saturday, Aug. 1, at 4:05; and Sunday, Aug. 2, at 1:05 (doubleheader). . . . ¶ Mets vs. Chicago, Monday, Aug. 3, at 8:05, and Tuesday, Aug. 4, at 2:05. . . . **yankee stadium:** Yankees vs. Detroit, Thursday, Aug. 6, at 5 (twi-night doubleheader), and Friday, Aug. 7, at 8. . . . ¶ Yankees vs. Baltimore, Saturday, Aug. 8, at 2.

Boxing—George Foreman vs. George Chuvalo, heavyweights, 10 rounds. (Madison Square Garden. Tuesday, Aug. 4. Preliminaries at 8:30; main bout at 10.)

Golf—Westchester Classic. (Westchester Country Club, Harrison. Thursday through

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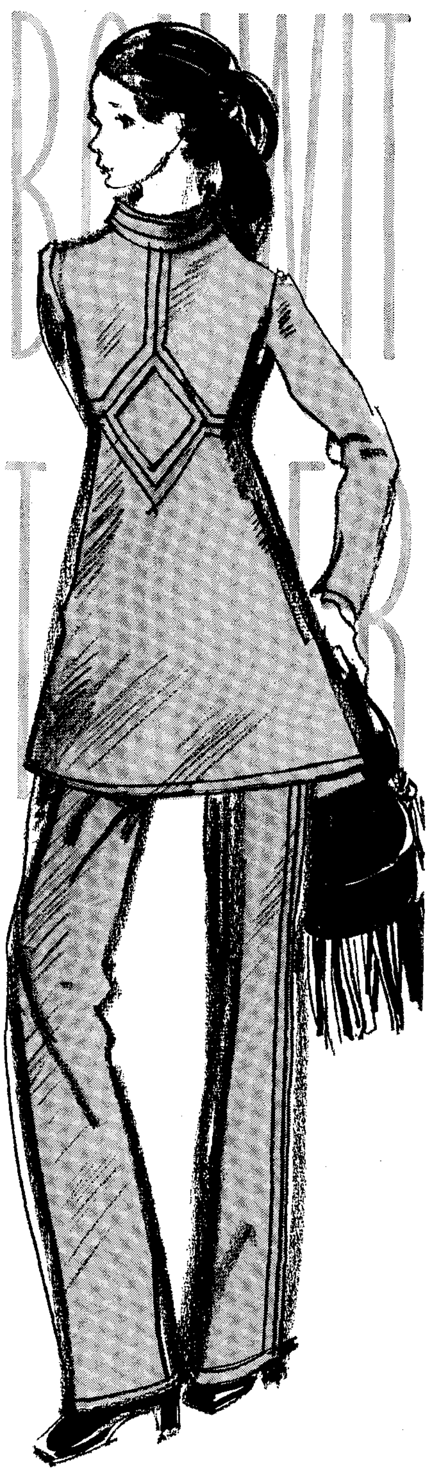
Diamond seaming raises this twilled Shetland wool pantsuit from Lanz to a cut above the rest in purity and style. A torso tunic tops side-seamed straight leg pants, all done with a flawless tailoring that adds a special sparkle to this gemstone purple suit. Our exciting news for 5 to 13 sizes, 73.00 Miss Bonwit Jr. Mail and phone. Please add .75 for delivery charge outside regular delivery area. Fifth Avenue at 56th Street, New York and at all stores



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Sunday, July 30-Aug. 2.)...¶ Metropolitan Golf Association Amateur Championship. (Upper Montclair Country Club, Clifton, N.J. Thursday through Sunday, July 30-Aug. 2.)...¶ Curtis Cup Matches. (Brae Burn Country Club, West Newton, Mass. Friday and Saturday, Aug. 7-8.)

Horse Show—Litchfield Horse Show. (Litchfield, Conn. Saturday, Aug. 1.)

Polo—At Bethpage Polo Field, Farmingdale, L.I.: Sundays at 3:30.

Racing—At AQUEDUCT: Daily at 1:30; through Saturday, Aug. 1.... SARATOGA: Weekdays at 2, from Monday, Aug. 3, through Saturday, Aug. 29. The Flash, Monday, Aug. 3; the Schuylerville, Wednesday, Aug. 5; the Test, Thursday, Aug. 6; and the Whitney, Saturday, Aug. 8.... MONMOUTH PARK, Oceanport, N.J.: Weekdays at 2; through Saturday, Aug. 8. The Sapling, Saturday, Aug. 1, and the Monmouth, Saturday, Aug. 8. (A special train leaves Penn Station for the track at 11:48.)... LIBERTY BELL, Philadelphia: Weekdays at 1:30; through Saturday, Aug. 22.

Tennis—Longwood Men's Invitational Open. (Longwood Cricket Club, Chestnut Hill, Mass. Monday through Sunday, Aug. 3-9.)

Trotting—At YONKERS RACEWAY: Weekdays at 8; through Saturday, Oct. 17.... SARATOGA RACEWAY, Saratoga Springs: Weekdays at 8:15; through Saturday, Nov. 14.

ET ALIA

United Nations—The organization's activities will be more or less quiescent for the next several weeks; there may, however, be periodic meetings of the Security Council to which the public will be admitted. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.)...¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every fifteen minutes or so from 9 to 4:45 daily.

Film Libraries—At the MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St. (956-7078)—July 29 at 2 and 5:30: "The Cameraman" (1928), with Buster Keaton....¶ July 30 at 2, 5:30, and 8: "Sunrise" (1927), directed by F. W. Murnau, with Janet Gaynor and George O'Brien. ...¶ July 31 at 2 and 5:30: "The Cameraman" (1928)....¶ Aug. 1 at 11:30: "Wuthering Heights" (1939), directed by William Wyler, with Laurence Olivier and Merle Oberon....¶ Aug. 1 at 3 and 5:30: "Sunrise" (1927)....¶ Aug. 2 at 2 and 5:30 and Aug. 3 at 1:30: "Greed" (1923), directed by Erich von Stroheim....¶ Aug. 3 at 3:30: "The Fall of the House of Usher" (1928), two versions—one French, one English....¶ Aug. 3 at 6 and Aug. 4 at 2: "Mr. Smith Goes to Washington" (1939), with Jean Arthur and James Stewart....¶ Aug. 4 at 5:30 and Aug. 5 at 2 and 5:30: "Berlin, Symphony of a Great City" (1927) and "Variety" (1925), both German films.... ¶ Aug. 6 at 2, 5:30, and 8: "Lonesome" (1928), with Glenn Tyron. (A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after noon. Reservations for the showings at 8 will not be accepted before 5:30. Mondays, admission on a first-come, first-served basis.)... NEW YORK CULTURAL CENTER, 2 Columbus Circle. (LT 1-2311)—July 29: "Written on the Wind" (1957), with Rock Hudson and Lauren Bacall.... ¶ July 30: "The Tarnished Angels" (1958), with Rock Hudson and Robert Stack.... ¶ July 31: "The Glenn Miller Story" (1954), with James Stewart and June Allyson....¶ Aug. 1: "Winchester '73" (1950), with James Stewart and Shelley Winters.... ¶ Aug. 2: "Thunder Bay" (1953), with James Stewart and Joanne Dru....¶ Starting Aug. 5: "All Quiet on the Western Front" (1930), with Lew Ayres and Louis Wolheim. (Showings at 4 and 6. A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Center after 11 on the day of the showing.)... GRACE RAINEY ROGERS AUDITORIUM, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—A five-week series of international films: June 29 at 6: Buñuel's "L'Age d'Or" (France, 1930)....¶ July 29 at 9: Renoir's "The Little Theatre of Jean Renoir" (France, 1970)....¶ July 30 at 6: Auder's "Cleopatra" (France, 1970)....¶ July 30 at 9: Pennebaker's "One P.M." (United States, 1969)....¶ July 31 at 6: Bragaglia's "Perfido Incanto" (Italy, 1917) and Wiene's "Genuine" (Germany, 1920)....¶ July 31 at 9: Danska's "Right On!" (United States, 1970)....¶ Aug. 1 at 6: A Linder/Chaplin program (France/United States, 1909/1915)....¶ Aug. 1 at 9: Dos Santos' "The Alienist" (Brazil, 1970)....¶ Aug. 2 at 6: Keaton's "Go West" (United States, 1925). ...¶ Aug. 2 at 9: Lang's "Spies" (Germany, 1927)....¶ Aug. 3 at 6: Pudovkin's "Life Is Wonderful" (Russia, 1931)....¶ Aug. 3 at 9: Bene's "Capricci" (Italy, 1970)....¶ Aug. 5 at 6: Hitchcock's "The Ring" (England, 1927)....¶ Aug. 5 at 9: De Andrade's "Macunaima" (Brazil, 1969)....¶ Aug. 6 at 6: Garrel's "The Virgin's Bed" (France, 1969). ...¶ Aug. 6 at 9: A Lumière/Vertov program (France/Russia, 1894/1930). (For information about tickets, call 879-5500, Ext. 656.)

COMING EVENTS

(A listing for forehanded readers.)

Baseball—At YANKEE STADIUM: Aug. 9 (day), Aug. 11 (d), Aug. 12 (night), Aug. 13 (d), Aug. 14 (n), Aug. 15-16 (d), Aug. 17 (benefit exhibition night game, Yankees vs. Mets), Aug. 28 (twi-night doubleheader), Aug. 29 (n), Aug. 30 (d), Aug. 31-Sept. 1 (n), Sept. 2 (d), Sept. 3-4 (n), Sept. 5-6 (d), and Sept. 15 (twi-night doubleheader).... SHEA STADIUM: Aug. 18 (night), Aug. 19 (day), Aug. 21 (n), Aug. 22-23 (d), Aug. 25-26 (n), Aug. 27 (d), Sept. 7-8 (d), Sept. 9 (n), Sept. 10 (d), Sept. 11 (n), and Sept. 12-13 (d).

Dog Show—Westchester Kennel Club. (Croton Point Park, Harmon. Sept. 6.)

Professional Football—Giants vs. Jets, in a benefit exhibition game. (Yale Bowl, New Haven. Aug. 23.)

Golf—U.S.G.A. Women's Amateur Championship. (Wee Burn Country Club, Darien. Aug. 17-22.)...¶ Dow Jones Open Tournament. (Upper Montclair Country Club, Clifton. Aug. 27-30.)

Horse Shows—Warrenton Horse Show. (Warrenton, Va. Sept. 5-7.)...¶ North Shore Horse Show. (Stony Brook. Sept. 10-13.)

Hunt Racing—Fair Hill Meeting. (Fair Hill, Md. Sept. 12.)

Racing—At ATLANTIC CITY, Mays Landing, N.J.: Aug. 10-Oct. 17.... BELMONT: Aug. 31-Oct. 17.

Sports-Car Racing—At WATKINS GLEN: Aug. 15-16.... LIME ROCK PARK, Lime Rock, Conn.: Aug. 22-23 and Sept. 7.... BRIDGEHAMPTON RACE CIRCUIT, Bridgehampton: Sept. 13.

Tennis—U.S.L.T.A. Men's Amateur Grass Court Championships. (Meadow Club, Southampton. Aug. 10-16.)...¶ Pennsylvania Open Grass Court Championships. (Merion Cricket Club, Haverford. Aug. 17-23.) ...¶ Professional matches. (Newport Casino, Newport, R.I. Aug. 24-30.)...¶ Marlboro Open Championships. (Orange Lawn Tennis Club, South Orange, N.J. Aug. 24-30.)... ¶ United States Open Grass Court Championships. (West Side Tennis Club, Forest Hills, Sept. 2-13.)

Yachting—America's Cup final trials. (Newport, R.I. Starting Aug. 18.)...¶ Australia vs. France, in an elimination series for the right to challenge the United States in the America's Cup races. (Newport. Starting Aug. 21.)...¶ Manhasset Bay Yacht Club Race Week. (Manhasset. Aug. 26-30.)... ¶ America's Cup races. (Newport. Starting Sept. 15.)

Ballet—Ballets Africains, at the City Center, Aug. 19-23....¶ New York City Ballet, at the New York State Theatre, Aug. 25-Sept. 6.

Other Dates—Holiday on Ice, at Madison Square Garden, Aug. 26-Sept. 13.... ¶ Washington Square Outdoor Art Exhibit, Sept. 4-20....¶ Labor Day is Monday, Sept. 7....¶ New York Film Festival, at Philharmonic Hall, Sept. 10-20....¶ Third-quarter Federal, New York State, and New York City income-tax payments are due Tuesday, Sept. 15.

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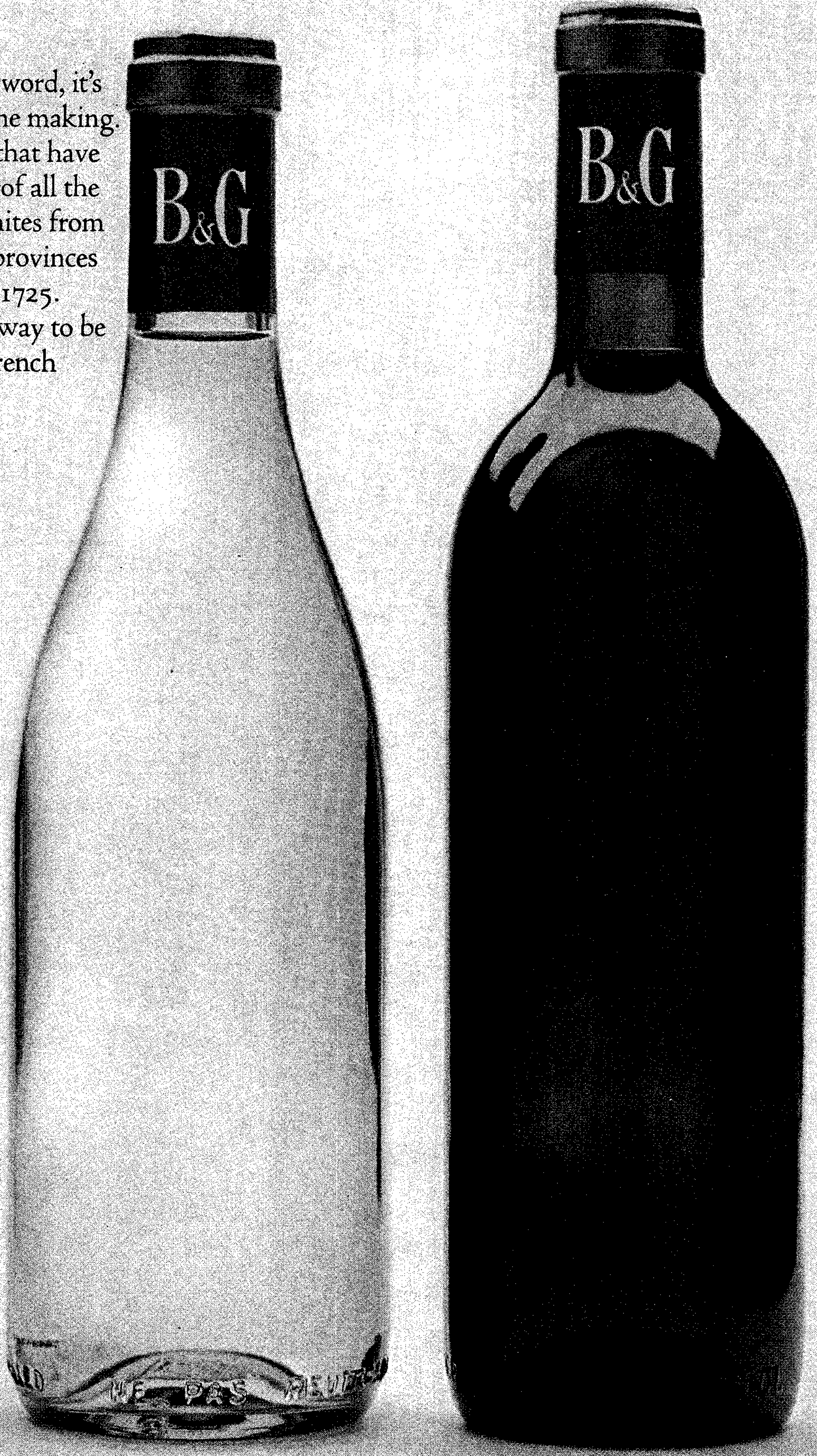

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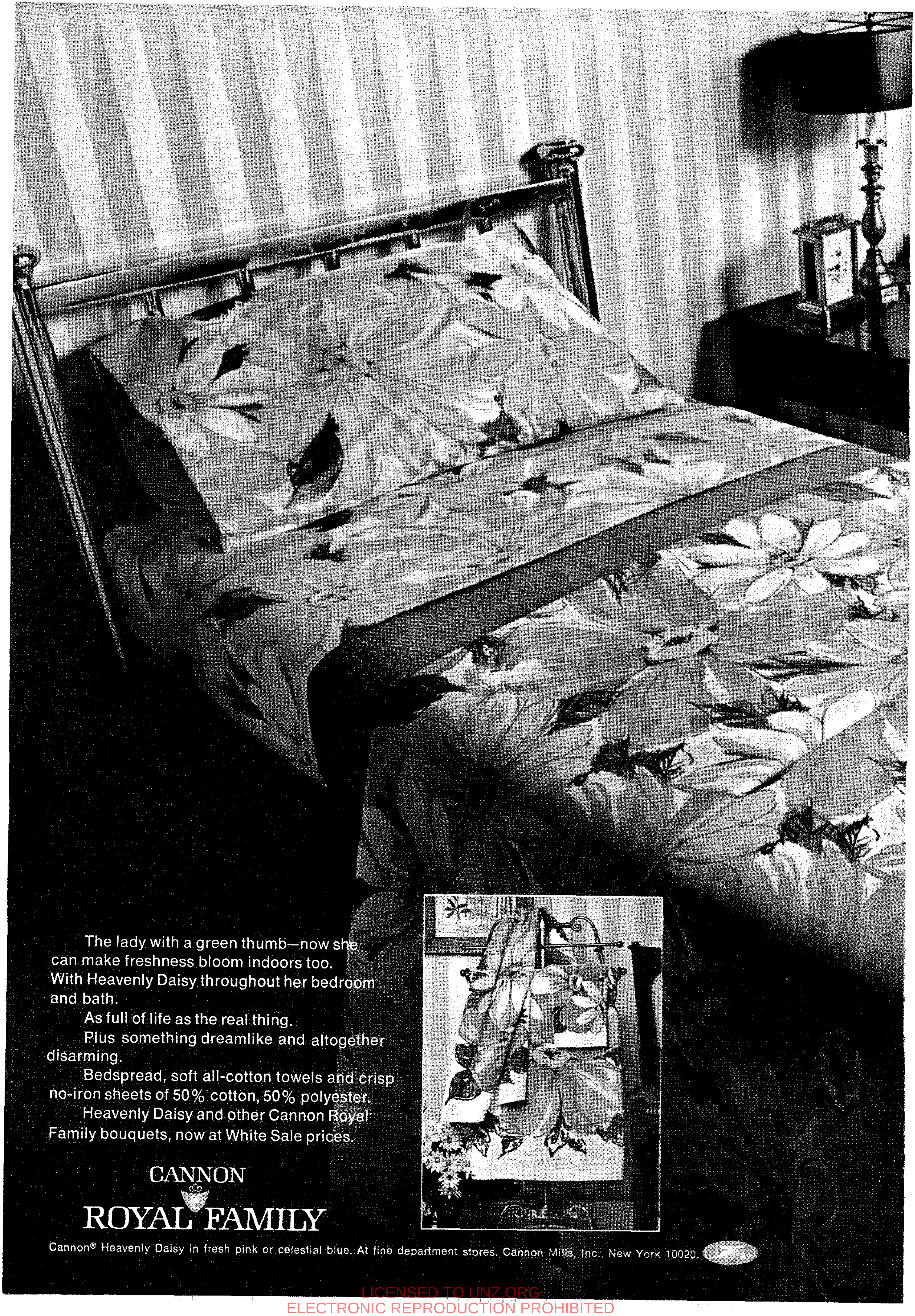

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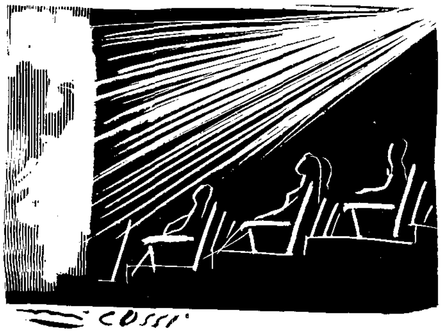
GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES



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After the Fox (1966)—An international collaboration that turned into a calamity. Neil Simon wrote the screenplay about a crook who pretends to be a moviemaker, Vittorio De Sica directed, and the cast includes Peter Sellers, his then-wife Britt Ekland playing his sister, Martin Balsam, Victor Mature, Paolo Stoppa, Akim Tamiroff, and De Sica himself. For a bad movie, it has a surprising number of funny moments. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Aug. 6.)

Alexander Nevsky (1938)—Eisenstein's ponderously surging epic has a famous score by Prokofiev and a stunning battle on ice. The plot has something to do with the thirteenth-century invasion of Russia by the German knights; needless to say, the Russians drive the invaders out. The propaganda isn't Communist but nationalist: the medieval story was used to warn Hitler to stay out. With Nikolai Cherkassov as Prince Nevsky. In Russian. (Elgin, 8th Ave. at 19th, 675-0935; Aug. 4-5.)

Around the World in 80 Days (1956)—A Cook's tour, derived from the fantasy by Jules Verne. David Niven and the Mexican comedian Cantinflas head the cast. (Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th, 765-7600.)

A Tout Prendre (1963)—A self-conscious but lively French-Canadian film in which the director, Claude Jutra, uses *cinéma-vérité* techniques to reënact his own love affair with a Negro girl, Johanne. In French. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; July 31.)

Beat the Devil (1954)—Humphrey Bogart (married to Gina Lollobrigida), a pack of uranium swindlers that includes Robert Morley and Peter Lorre, a compulsive liar played by a blond Jennifer Jones. These are just a few of the oddly assorted ingredients in this classic put-on international thriller written by Truman Capote and John Huston, and directed by the latter. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; starting Aug. 6.)

The Blue Angel (1929)—An almost legendary film. As Lola Lola, Marlene Dietrich is a rather coarse and plump young beauty—the incarnation of sex without romance or sentiment. Emil Jannings is the inhibited, tyrannical teacher who succumbs to her. Directed by Josef von Sternberg. In German. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; July 29.)

Born Yesterday (1950)—Judy Holliday as a brassy, smart "dumb blonde" who is mistress to a big-time dealer in scrap metal (Broderick Crawford), and William Holden as the journalist who is hired to make her more "couth." When he succeeds, the picture fails; but the first half is good comedy. George Cukor directed, from the play by Garson Kanin. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; July 30-Aug. 5.)

The Boys in the Band—The message appears to be that the spirit of M-G-M in the forties still lives in the hearts and jokes of homosexuals. (Ciné Malibu, 235 E. 59th, 759-4630.)

Breathless (1959)—Jean-Luc Godard's first feature—a witty, romantic, innovative chase picture with Jean-Paul Belmondo as a Parisian hood and Jean Seberg as the American girl who casually lives with him and casually betrays him. In French. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; Aug. 5-6.)

The Bride Wore Black (1968)—François Truffaut's film in homage to Hitchcock, with Jeanne Moreau as the racked and elegant widow of a bridegroom shot on the steps of the church. In French. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; July 31.)

Catch-22—A rational man vs. the Army. Joseph Heller's novel, adapted by Buck Henry, directed by Mike Nichols, and, most important, starring Alan Arkin. (Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th, PL 9-1411; and Paramount, B'way at 61st, 247-5071.)

Children of Paradise (1945)—A one-of-a-kind film: a sumptuous, romantic epic about the relations between theatre and life, written with wit by Jacques Prévert, and beautifully directed by Marcel Carné. Made during the Occupation but set in the Paris of Balzac, with Jean-Louis Barrault, the incomparable Arletty, Pierre Brasseur, Louis Salou, Marcel Herrand, Pierre Renoir, and Maria Casarès. In French. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Aug. 2.)

Craig's Wife (1936)—Rosalind Russell as the classic American ice maiden, the frigid Mrs. Craig, and John Boles as her depressed husband. Dorothy Arzner directed this fairly literal version of the George Kelly play. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; July 30-Aug. 5.)

The Damned—Visconti, who doesn't have much talent for flamboyance, appears to be grimly serious about all this curling-lip and thin-eyebrow decadence. The story is the basic mother-son romance of homoerotic literature, dressed up in Nazi drag. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; through Aug. 4.)

Darling (1965)—Julie Christie as a Mod girl who doesn't feel "complete" in John Schlesinger's modish and spectacularly successful film about how empty we are. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Aug. 4.)

Dr. Strangelove (1964)—Stanley Kubrick's celebrated comedy about atomic war. Peter Sellers, George C. Scott, and Sterling Hayden. (72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304; and Guild, 33 W. 50th, PL 7-2406.)

Downhill Racer (1969)—Some exciting ski footage and a minimal story. With Robert Redford and Gene Hackman. The director, Michael Ritchie, comes up with occasional surprises in this promising début. (Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; through Aug. 4.)

Dutchman (1967)—Shirley Knight and Al Freeman, Jr., in a movie version of LeRoi Jones' play about a white girl maniac and her Negro victim. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Aug. 1.)

8½ (1963)—An autobiographical fantasy about the life of a movie director. Directed by Federico Fellini, with Marcello Mastroianni, Anouk Aimée, Sandra Milo, Claudia Cardinale, and a harem. In Italian. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; July 29.)

Entertaining Mr. Sloane—Joe Orton's clever, funny, professionally outrageous play, filmed by Douglas Hickox, about four English working-class people eking out the appearances of a genteel life in a house that has been made from a de-consecrated chapel. All the while, speaking their mixture of euphemism, crime-reporter's journalese, and pieties desperately lifted from advice columns, the characters are in the middle of acts as violent as any in "The Cenci." Wonderfully performed by Alan Webb, Beryl Reid, Harry Andrews, Peter McEnery. (Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th, 755-6030.)

The 400 Blows (1959)—François Truffaut's extraordinary first feature is a semi-autobiographical account of a twelve-year-old boy who—to the eyes of adults—becomes a delinquent. With Jean-Pierre Léaud. In French. (Elgin, 8th Ave. at 19th, 675-0935; starting Aug. 6.)

Girl with Green Eyes (1964)—The hardships of young love on the Old Sod, starring Rita Tushingham, Peter Finch, Lynn Redgrave, and Dublin's fair city. Directed by Desmond Davis, from Edna O'Brien's novel "The Lonely Girl." (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Aug. 4.)

La Guerre Est Finie (1966)—Yves Montand is the star of this sombre Existentialist tale about an aging Spanish revolutionary. Directed by Alain Resnais. In French. (5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th, WA 4-8339.)

Hello, Dolly!—A great star (Barbra Streisand) redeems an impersonal big circus of a show. (Rivoli, B'way at 49th, 247-1633.)

John F. Kennedy: Years of Lightning, Day of Drums (1966)—A documentary, prepared by the U.S.I.A., of some highlights of the Kennedy Administration, knitted together by many scenes of his funeral. (Lincoln Art, 225 W. 57th, JU 2-2333.)

The Leopard (1963)—Visconti's remarkable, luxurious film about aristocratic attitudes; sometimes boring but finally magnificent. From Lampedusa's novel. With Burt Lancaster, Alain Delon, and Claudia Cardinale. Superbly photographed by Giuseppe Potunno. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Aug. 3.)

The Man Who Could Work Miracles (1937)—H. G. Wells' comic fantasy is one of the most charming and good-natured of all the films that employ "supernatural" tricks and illusions. With Roland Young, Ralph Richardson as the militarist whose swords are turned into plowshares, Ernest Thesiger, and, as a god, young George Sanders. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; July 30.)

Marat/Sade (1967)—A movie of a play inside a play. Directed by Peter Brook, with the original stage cast. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Aug. 1.)

M*A*S*H*—The best American war comedy since sound came in. With Elliott Gould and Donald Sutherland. Directed by Robert Altman. (34th St. East, 241 E. 34th, 683-0255; and Cinema 57 Rendezvous, 110 W. 57th, JU 6-4448.)

Night and Fog (1955)—The classic documentary short about Nazi concentration camps, directed by Alain Resnais. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Aug. 3.)

Oh! What a Lovely War (1969)—A socially significant anti-war musical that is also a big, heavy movie in the pukka-sahib tradition of English moviemaking. Maggie Smith and Laurence Olivier are very funny, but oh, so briefly. With John Mills, John Gielgud, Dirk Bogarde, Ralph Richardson, various Redgraves, et al. Richard Attenborough directed. (Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; through Aug. 4.)

The Out-of-Towners—The tribulations of a pair of innocent immigrants from Ohio to New York City, written and directed with an audience of similar innocents in mind, by Neil Simon and Arthur Hiller. Starring Jack Lemmon and Sandy Dennis. (Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; and Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, 929-3350.)

The Passion of Anna—Ingmar Bergman's magnificent new film, studying the ebb and flow of spirit in four people living on an island. The movie is technically engrossing; Bergman can do anything, and makes it seem simpler with each film. There is an amazing use of closeup two-shots, for instance, and of something near soliloquy. The moral landscape is totally modern, with barely a modern object in sight. In Swedish. (Regency, B'way at 67th, 724-3700; through Aug. 4.)

Patton—George C. Scott as Patton in an epic designed to satisfy those who think he was crazy and those who think he was great, but not those who don't just want to have their prejudices greased. Franklin J. Schaffner directed. (U. A. East, 1st Ave. at 85th, 249-5100.)

Potemkin (1925)—In 1950, an international panel of critics voted this Eisenstein film "the greatest film of the past fifty years." The subject is the 1905 mutiny of the sailors of the battleship Potemkin and the massacre of the people who sympathized with them. Eisenstein made the subject exciting by rhythmic editing—"montage." Silent, with added musical soundtrack. (Elgin, 8th Ave. at 19th, 675-0935; Aug. 4-5.)

Rashomon (1951)—In ninth-century Kyoto, a nobleman's bride is raped by a bandit; the nobleman lies dead. This double crime is acted out in the versions of the three participants and a witness. Akira Kurosawa's great enigmatic film created a new interest in Japanese cinema. With Machiko Kyo, Toshiro Mifune as the bandit, Masayuki Mori as the husband, and Takashi Shimura as the witness. From stories by Ryunosuke Akutagawa. In Japanese. (Elgin, 8th Ave. at 19th, 675-0935; July 29.)

The Revolutionary—A good film by Paul Williams, aged twenty-five, about the progression of a middle-class student from a bookish left-winger into a radical agitator. The film is set vaguely in present-day America, but there is also a tang of Europe and of the Old Left, and the casting mixes yippies with people who look authentically like the C.P. members of the thirties. (Festival, 6 W. 57th, 581-2323.)

Scorpio Rising (1966)—An account of the leather-jacketed motorcycle cult, directed and photographed by Kenneth Anger. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., OR 4-3210; July 30-Aug. 5.)

Shoot the Piano Player (1962)—A comedy about melancholia—probably the *only* comedy about melancholia. Charles Aznavour is Charlie the Piano Player, who just wants to be "out of it" in François Truffaut's poetic, nihilistic gangster picture. In French. (Elgin, 8th Ave. at 19th, 675-0935; starting Aug. 6.)

The Sicilian Clan—Henri Verneuil's thriller, with Jean Gabin as the head of a Mafia-family squirearchy, and Alain Delon as a murderer punk. Very efficient, with a rather evil-minded sense of humor and a strong conviction about the morality of private enterprise in crime. (In French at the Charles, Ave. B at 12th, GR 5-4210; through Aug. 4. . . . ¶ In English at the Embassy 72nd St., B'way at 72nd, SC 4-6745; through Aug. 4.)

The Strawberry Statement—An aimless student with a good heart is somehow driven to the barricades; it is not exactly clear how, but music, scenery, and dashing camerawork are used to make it seem like a fine thing to happen. (Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th, PL 3-0774.)

Things to Come (1936)—The most elaborate science-fiction movie ever made in England until "2001." H. G. Wells wrote the tendentious screenplay, the celebrated designer William Cameron Menzies directed, Georges Périnal was the cinematographer, and Arthur Bliss wrote the score. It's a handsome movie, with great costumes and some wonderful howlers in the dialogue and acting (by Raymond Massey and Ralph Richardson). (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; July 30.)

The Trial (1963)—Orson Welles' brand of outrageousness is especially unsuited to the matter-of-fact horror of the Kafka novel, but he manages some striking effects. With Anthony Perkins, Jeanne Moreau, Romy Schneider, and Welles. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; starting Aug. 6.)

Two Daughters (1961)—Satyajit Ray at his most splendid in two short-story films based on works by Rabindranath Tagore. The first, "The Postmaster," is a small masterpiece; the second, "The Conclusion," has some defects of rhythm, so it is merely wonderful. In Bengali. (Elgin, 8th Ave. at 19th, 675-0935; July 29.)

West Side Story (1961)—The Ben-Hur of musicals, distinguished by the Bernstein tunes and the Robbins dances. (Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th, 765-7600.)

Woodstock—Michael Wadleigh's three-hour account of last summer's Woodstock Festival, with half a million good-humored kids up there on screen. Wadleigh has a kind eye and an exuberant style, and the standard of sound recording is first-rate, but skeptics would be right to call the picture a media hype. (Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th, PL 9-2262; through Aug. 2.)

The World of Henry Orient (1964)—Odd and erratic but often touching tragicomedy about two young New York girls who go celebrity hunting. With Peter Sellers, Angela Lansbury, Paula Prentiss, and Tippy Walker and Merrie Spaeth. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Aug. 6.)

Yellow Submarine (1968)—Pop heroes (cartoon versions of the Beatles) in a lighthearted, inventive Pop Art animated feature. (Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th, 924-3363.)

Z—A political thriller with a purpose. "Z" demonstrates how Fascist corruption may be hidden under the mask of law and order. Directed for speed and suspense by the gifted young Greek expatriate Costa-Gavras. With Yves Montand, Jean-Louis Trintignant, and Irene Papas. (In French at the Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; and Midtown, B'way at 99th, AC 2-1200. . . . ¶ In English at the Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th, BU 8-3180.)

Note—"Movies in the Park," a program of regular and experimental films organized by the Miller beer people (where would we be without the beer people?), are being shown in various parks in Manhattan on Wednesday evenings, 9 to 10:30, through Aug. 5, and in Prospect Park at the Sugar Bowl (7th and Prospect Park West) on Monday evenings, 9 to 10:30, through Aug. 3. For locales and programs, call 734-1002. . . . ¶ Kenneth Clark's thirteen films on art, generally headed "Civilisation," are being shown (free) at the Eisner and Lubin Auditorium of the Loeb Student Center (Washington Sq. S. and LaGuardia Pl.): "The Smile of Reason" and "The Worship of Nature," Aug. 4 at noon, 3, 6, and 9.

THE MOVIE HOUSES

FILMS OF INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED ABOVE

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
Z (in French).
Evergreen, 53 E. 11th. (533-5325)
"Censorship in Denmark: A New Approach," a documentary film.
Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
YELLOW SUBMARINE; and "Let It Be," the Beatles.
Charles, Ave. B at 12th. (GR 5-4210)
Through Aug. 4: **THE SICILIAN CLAN** (in French); and "The Kremlin Letter," Bibi Andersson, Richard Boone.
From Aug. 5: To be announced.
Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
THE OUT-OF-TOWNERS.
Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st. (LE 2-6668)
Through July 30: "Two Mules for Sister Sara," Shirley MacLaine, Clint Eastwood.
July 31-Aug. 6: "101 Dalmatians" (1961), a full-length Walt Disney cartoon.
Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
"Joe," Peter Boyle.
34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
M*A*S*H.
Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
CATCH-22.
Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
Through Aug. 2: **WOODSTOCK.**
From Aug. 3: "Performance," Mick Jagger, James Fox.
Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th. (755-6030)
ENTERTAINING MR. SLOANE.
Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
"Rider on the Rain" (in French), Charles Bronson.
Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 50th. (355-1663)
Through July 30: "Hello-Goodbye," Michael Crawford.
From July 31: "Move," Elliott Gould, Paula Prentiss.
Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"Quackser Fortune Has a Cousin in the Bronx," Gene Wilder.
Pacific East, 220 E. 59th. (688-0750)
"The Christine Jorgensen Story," John Hansen.
Avco Embassy East, 220 E. 59th. (688-1717)
"The Bird with the Crystal Plumage," Tony Musante, Suzy Kendall.
Ciné Malibu, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
THE BOYS IN THE BAND.
Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
"Getting Straight," Candice Bergen, Elliott Gould.
Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
THE STRAWBERRY STATEMENT.
Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
"Tell Me That You Love Me, Junie Moon," Liza Minnelli.
68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
"The Virgin and the Gypsy," Joanna Shimkus, Franco Nero.
Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (TR 9-1313)
"Myra Breckinridge," Mae West, John Huston, Raquel Welch.
72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
DR. STRANGELOVE.
Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
Z.
U. A. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
PATTON.
Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
"You Can't Win 'Em All," Tony Curtis, Charles Bronson.
Loew's Ciné, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (427-1332)
"On a Clear Day You Can See Forever," Barbra Streisand, Yves Montand.
86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
Through Aug. 4: "They Call Me Mister Tibbs!," Sidney Poitier, Martin Landau.
From Aug. 5: To be announced.

WEST SIDE

Bleecker St. Cinema 144 Bleecker St. (OR 4-3210)
July 29: "The Dunwich Horror," Sandra Dee, Dean Stockwell; and "Scream and Scream Again," Vincent Price, Christopher Lee.
July 30-Aug. 5: **SCORPIO RISING**; and "Brand X," Taylor Mead, Sally Kirkland.
From Aug. 6: To be announced.
Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8037)
Through Aug. 4: "Watermelon Man," Godfrey Cambridge, Estelle Parsons.
From Aug. 5: "Airport," Burt Lancaster, Dean Martin.
8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
Through Aug. 4: **THE DAMNED**; and "Medium Cool" (1969), Robert Forster.
Aug. 5-6: **BREATHLESS** (in French).
5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
LA GUERRE EST FINIE (in French).
Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
THE OUT-OF-TOWNERS.
Elgin, 8th Ave. at 19th. (675-0935)
July 29: **RASHOMON** (in Japanese); and **TWO DAUGHTERS** (in Bengali).
July 30-Aug. 3: "Black Orpheus" (1959; in Portuguese), Marpessa Dawn; and "Shadows of Forgotten Ancestors" (1964; in Ukrainian).
Aug. 4-5: **POTEMKIN** (silent); and **ALEXANDER NEVSKY** (in Russian).
From Aug. 6: **SHOOT THE PIANO PLAYER** and **THE 400 BLOWS** (both in French).
R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema, 8th Ave. at 23rd. (255-7050)
"Chisum," John Wayne.
Astor, B'way at 45th. (586-2240)
"King: A Filmed Record . . . From Montgomery to Memphis."
Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (247-1633)
HELLO, DOLLY!
Guild, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
DR. STRANGELOVE.
Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (PL 7-3100)
"Darling Lili," Julie Andrews, Rock Hudson.
Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
AROUND THE WORLD IN 80 DAYS; and **WEST SIDE STORY.**
Festival, 6 W. 57th. (581-2323)
THE REVOLUTIONARY.
Cinema 57 Rendezvous, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
M*A*S*H.
Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)
"The Angel Levine," Zero Mostel, Harry Belafonte.
Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (PL 7-2131)
Through Aug. 2: "Cowards," John Ross.
From Aug. 3: "Ann and Eve," Gio Petré.
Lincoln Art, 225 W. 57th. (JU 2-2333)
JOHN F. KENNEDY: YEARS OF LIGHTNING, DAY OF DRUMS.
Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"Something for Everyone," Angela Lansbury, Michael York.
Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5071)
CATCH-22.
Cinema Studio, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
Through July 30: "The Christine Jorgensen Story," John Hansen.
From July 31: "101 Dalmatians" (1961), a full-length Walt Disney cartoon.
Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
Through Aug. 4: **THE PASSION OF ANNA** (in Swedish).
From Aug. 5: To be announced.
Embassy 72nd St., B'way at 72nd. (SC 4-6745)
Through Aug. 4: **THE SICILIAN CLAN**; and "The Kremlin Letter," Bibi Andersson, Richard Boone.
From Aug. 5: "Paint Your Wagon" (1969), Lee Marvin, Clint Eastwood; and "The Brain" (1969), David Niven, Jean-Paul Belmondo.
New Yorker, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
July 29: **8½** (in Italian); and **THE BLUE ANGEL** (in German).
July 30-Aug. 5: **BORN YESTERDAY**; and **CRAIG'S WIFE.**
From Aug. 6: **THE TRIAL**; and **BEAT THE DEVIL.**
Symphony, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
Through Aug. 4: **OH! WHAT A LOVELY WAR**; and **DOWNHILL RACER.**
From Aug. 5: "The Hawaiians," Charlton Heston, Geraldine Chaplin.
Thalia, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
July 29: "Tosca" (1949; in Italian); and "Plisetskaya Dances" (1965), a Russian documentary film, with an English narration.
July 30: **THINGS TO COME**; and **THE MAN WHO COULD WORK MIRACLES.**
July 31: **THE BRIDE WORE BLACK** and **À TOUT PRENDRE** (both in French).
Aug. 1: **MARAT/SADE**; and **DUTCHMAN.**
Aug. 2: **CHILDREN OF PARADISE** (in French).
Aug. 3: **THE LEOPARD**; and **NIGHT AND FOG.**
Aug. 4: **DARLING**; and **GIRL WITH GREEN EYES.**
Aug. 5: Five short films on psychology.
Aug. 6: **THE WORLD OF HENRY ORIENT**; and **AFTER THE FOX.**
Midtown, B'way at 99th. (AC 2-1200)
Z (in French).

OUR LITTLE CAR'S ENGINE WILL USE HYPEREUTECTIC ALLOYS AND OTHER DELIGHTS.

To begin with, more research, more engineering know-how, and more technology went into the development of the Vega 2300 engine than into any other production engine in our history.

The rest of our modest claims follow.

The old aluminum foil.

The basic advantage of an aluminum engine has been known for decades: it's a whole lot lighter than other metals.

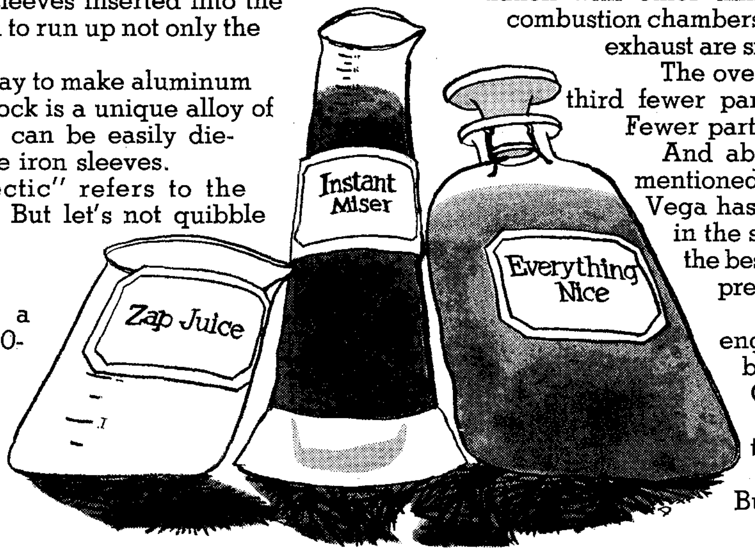
Which means the total car is lighter. Which means you can have a relatively large engine in terms of power and still maintain a high level of economy. The problem up to now has been that aluminum engines had to have iron sleeves inserted into the cylinder walls—which tend to run up not only the cost, but also the weight.

But we've found a way to make aluminum work for us. Our engine block is a unique alloy of aluminum and silicon that can be easily die-cast and it doesn't need the iron sleeves. Incidentally, "hypereutectic" refers to the melting point of the alloy. But let's not quibble over words.

Other delights.

Basically, we have a 2300-cubic-centimeter (140-cubic-inch) overhead-cam four-cylinder engine.

You'll be able to order this same engine with a 2-barrel carburetor and 20 extra horsepower.



Since the engine is relatively large for such a little car, it'll give you real good acceleration. Which is good to have when you want to move onto a fast-moving freeway, for example.

And as you know, the engine being relatively large allows it to turn slower at cruising speeds. And turning slower, it won't suffer as much wear and tear as a high-winding engine. (Turning slower also contributes to the amazing quietness of the Vega.)

Other delights, continued.

The Vega engine was designed to burn unleaded fuel. And because of its small bore (3.501 inches) and long stroke (3.625 inches) in combination with other things—like open-design combustion chambers—the pollutants in the exhaust are significantly reduced.

The overhead cam means one third fewer parts in the valve train. Fewer parts, less trouble.

And about that economy we mentioned earlier. In testing, Vega has been getting mileage in the same neighborhood as the best of them—and that's a pretty good neighborhood.

Overall, the Vega engine is something of a breakthrough.

Of course, the engine isn't the only thing that makes Vega such a great little car.

But that's another story.

VEGA
CHEVROLET

GM
MARK OF EXCELLENCE

A two-inch empty pipe
can carry 230,000 telephone conversations.

The pipe is no bigger than your wrist.

Yet what really makes it news is that there's absolutely nothing inside.

Except room for 230,000 simultaneous telephone conversations.

In the years to come, millimeter waveguide pipe will be buried four feet underground. In a larger cradling pipe to give it protection and support.

It'll also have its own amplifying system about every 20 miles. So your voice will stay loud and clear.

Even after 3,000 miles.

Yet this little pipe is capable of carrying a lot more than just conversations.

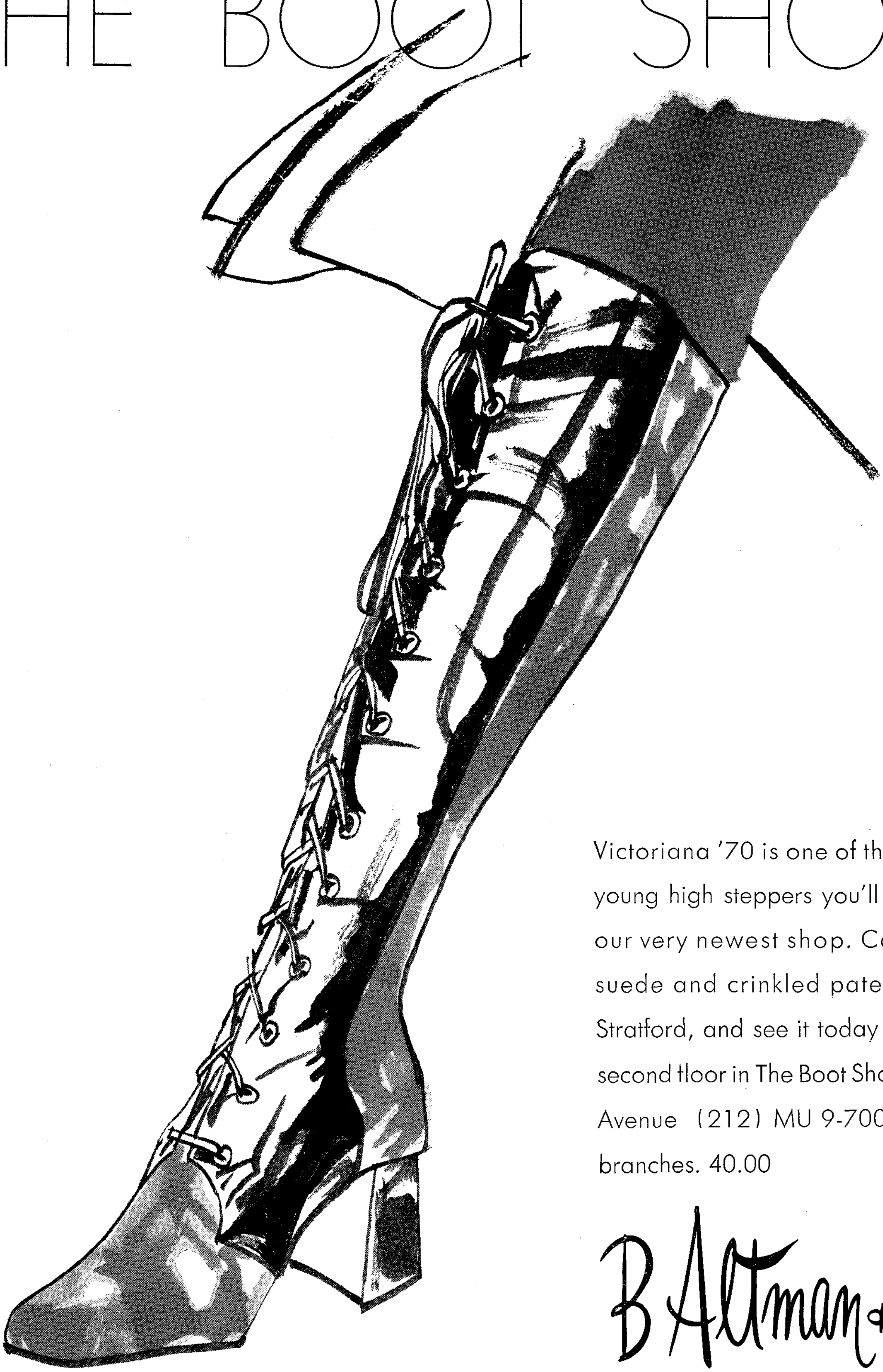
It can also carry TV shows. Picturephone® pictures. Electrocardiograms. And data between thousands of computers.

All at once.

The American Telephone and Telegraph Company and your local Bell Company are always looking for new ways to improve your telephone service.

Sometimes that means developing a better way to use two inches of empty space.

THE BOOT SHOP



Victoriana '70 is one of the swift young high steppers you'll find in our very newest shop. Call this suede and crinkled patent star Stratford, and see it today on our second floor in The Boot Shop, Fifth Avenue (212) MU 9-7000, and branches. 40.00

B Altman & Co

THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

S. Dillon Ripley, Secretary of the Smithsonian Institution, believes that in twenty-five years almost all wild animals—perhaps three-quarters of the species living today—will be extinct. Thus, two or three generations from now there will be few people who have seen a living creature in the wild. Will these future people find this as inexpressibly sad as we do, contemplating it now? Can one miss what one has never had? By definition, one cannot. And yet a person robbed of his inheritance is the poorer whether he knows it or not. The death of the animals will be the end of a long and intimate association. If one consults Genesis, one finds that man's relationship with the animals began shortly after the fifth day, when God gave him dominion over every living thing. (A footnote can soon be added stating that by the year 2000 man had killed most of them.) Or, if one consults the scientists, one is told that in early times the progenitors of men were indistinguishable from the rest of the animal kingdom, becoming altered and estranged only seven or eight million years ago. Even after that, the relationship remained close. Besides hunting animals and eating them, as is normal for a predator, people lived closely with animals, deriving from them material for art, poetry, folklore, fable, philosophy, science, and much of the imagery of their language. It is difficult to say how the people born fifty or sixty years from now into a world that is barren of almost any life except that which human beings husband or control will feel about it. Quite likely they will adapt adequately, but they may find some of the past meaningless and puzzling. What, for instance, can it mean to such a person of the future to read of the lion lying down with the lamb, or the way of the serpent upon the rock, the tiger burning bright, the sly fox, the prudent ant, the wolf at the door, or the Owl and the Pussycat going to sea? Will this future reader, leafing through an old book, experience a strange, intuitive twinge of longing as he wonders what it means to be "happy as a lark"?

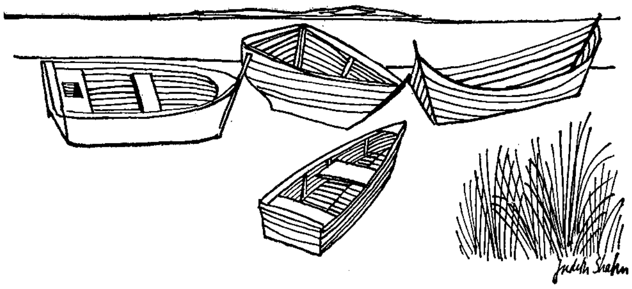
Agnews

In that far-away election year of 1964, when Barry Goldwater was running for President against Lyndon B. Johnson, we were unable to resist phoning all the people named Goldwater listed in the Manhattan Telephone Directory and asking them what it was like to have the same name as the controversial senator from Arizona and how their political views compared with his. Prompted by the remembered graciousness of the Goldwaters' response to our inquiries and by the presence on the national political landscape of a new controversial figure, Spiro T. Agnew, we've made some more calls—this time to the Agnews listed in the latest Manhattan phone book.

There are eighteen Agnews in the phone book—sixteen individuals and two business firms. Of the sixteen private citizens, three simply didn't answer their phones on the days we called; five either had had their phones disconnected or had moved away and left their apartments and phone numbers to non-Agnews (one of the five, a young lady, who had frequently been asked if she was the Vice-President's daughter, had recently taken a step that spared her the question: marriage); and three were reluctant to discuss politics with us but did say that they were not of Greek descent and thus couldn't be related to Spiro T. Agnew. (The Vice-President's father changed the family name from Anagnostopoulos to Agnew after he immigrated to this country. There are, incidentally, no listings under Anagnostopoulos in the Manhattan phone book, although there are sixteen under Anagnos, Anagnoson, Anagnost, Anagnostaras, Anagnoste, and Anagnostou.) That left us with five private citizens and two businesses under the name Agnew.

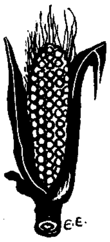
The man who answered the phone at Agnew-Geisler, Inc., stationers, introduced himself as Mr. Brown. The firm was over a hundred years old, he told us, and the Agnew once involved in it had sold out many years before. The present owners had simply kept the old name. "I've been kidded a number of times," Mr. Brown said. "Once, someone called me at work and told me, 'Vice-President Agnew is going to have a very serious operation.' I fell for that, and asked, 'What kind of operation?' 'He's going to have his foot taken out of his mouth' was the punch line."

At Agnew Associates, Inc., manufacturers' representatives, we were put through to an Agnew—Peter—who told us that when someone attempts a pleasantry by asking if he's the firm's vice-president, he is glad to be able to answer that he's the firm's president. "The comments on the name started early in the campaign, as soon as Agnew used such terms as 'Jap' and 'Polack,' " he said. "When I gave my name to the secretary of one man I was calling, she said, 'Oh, you must be kidding.' I assured her I wasn't. 'Your



name is really Agnew?' she asked. I said yes. 'Poor thing,' she replied. I happen to agree with what the Vice-President is saying, and I believe he's saying exactly what he intends to. In fact, I like him more every day. By the way, something that surprised me when he called intellectuals and students an 'effete corps of impudent snobs' was how many people I knew had no idea what 'effete' meant. There are a number of Jewish people named Agnew, but my ancestry is Scotch-Irish. My grandfather came from Belfast, and his father came from Glasgow. The name is quite common in the British Isles."

Kenneth G. Agnew, Jr., wasn't in his office when we called, but with the help of his answering service we tracked him down to the Union League Club. "When I first became a member of the club, I was constantly asked if I was related to Cornelius R. Agnew, one of the Union League's founders," he told us. "I'm not. Nowadays, people usually have a quip to make about the Vice-President. If I'm talking to a man's secretary for the first time, she may say to me, 'I thought possibly this was the Vice-President.' My usual retort is 'Yes, that's true, but not the Vice-President of the United States. I'm a vice-president of a management-consulting firm.' I'm a fairly ardent Republican, but my reaction to Spiro was rather negative at the outset. Now, in spite of the fact that he's pulled some bloopers, I feel he's serving a good purpose by saying things that needed to be said. Sometimes his choice of words is a little unfortunate—'effete' is going a little too far—but it's probably reasonably accurate as descriptions go. I attended Jamaica High School with Attorney General John Mitchell, and I admire him, too. A bona-fide Agnew is unlikely to be Greek. To the best of my knowledge, the name was originally Norman. It was probably derived from the French word for 'lamb'—'*agneau*.' Seven or eight hundred years ago, my ancestors were no doubt stealing sheep in the Scottish Lowlands rather than on the Greek islands. When the Normans invaded England, in the eleventh century, they brought the name with them. I guess it proved hard to pronounce, so it was Anglicized, or Scotchified, to Agnew." (The name Anagnostopoulos may be derived from the Greek verb *anagignoskein*, meaning "to recognize" or "to read." The Christian significance of the noun *anagnostes* is "a person who reads aloud in church." *Poulos* is a late suffix, meaning "son of." Originally, the name probably meant "a reader in church.")



Thomas E. Agnew, a twenty-eight-year-old landscape architect, whose parents are of Irish descent (County Donegal and County Waterford), and whose firm specializes in designing residential swimming pools in Westchester and Connecticut, says that his name is often a subject of conversation. "In my line of work, I meet a lot of contractors," he told us. "They're even more pro-Nixon and pro-Agnew than the hardhats they employ, if not as demonstrative. When they ask me if I'm related to the Vice-President, I ask them if it will get us a better price if I am. I don't support the Nixon Administration, and, of course, Agnew's a part of that, but I agree with him that the media are slanted and terribly one-sided. When you read excerpts from Agnew's speeches in the newspapers, they seem insidious. I find them less objectionable when I hear and see him on TV. I think we need strong leadership in this country and we don't have it—there are too many mealy-mouthed politicians around—so I do respect a man who speaks his mind."

Spiro T. Agnew strikes William H. Agnew, whose father came to the United States from Belfast, as a bit too outspoken. William Agnew, an insurance broker, says that people occasionally call his home and ask to speak to Spiro. Once, a practical joker phoned to say a plane was at the airport ready to fly him to Washington to meet his cousin the Vice-President. "The name hasn't been an undue hardship for me, but my poor son has been up at Amherst College with David Eisenhower, so he's suffered more than I have," he told us. "Spiro Agnew is the campus villain there. My son's real name is Peter T., but at Amherst he's called Spiro. On the whole, I've been a Republican. I voted for the Nixon-Agnew ticket, and I'd probably vote for it again. My son is much more liberal. He was a supporter of Eugene McCarthy. He's out working for peace."

The widow and children of the listed Seth M. Agnew, who worked in the children's department of Doubleday, and who will have a children's book published posthumously this fall, were also for McCarthy in 1968. "We had the usual McCarthy flower sticker on our car," Mrs. Agnew, a teacher in a private school, told us. "We added a couple of words to ours, so that it read 'Agnews for McCarthy.' During the campaign, we answered our phone 'Agnew headquarters,' for the fun of it. When I charge something at a department store and the salesgirl asks me if I'm any relation to the Vice-President, I answer 'No' in a tone of voice that indicates my low regard for him. Some salesgirls say 'Too bad,' and some say 'That's a relief.' "

James Agnew, a hotel superintendent, was the only Agnew in the Manhattan phone book who told us he had not been kidded much about having the same surname as the Vice-President.

"Do you like Spiro Agnew?" we asked him.

"No," he said. "I'm colored, and I don't like him at all."

•

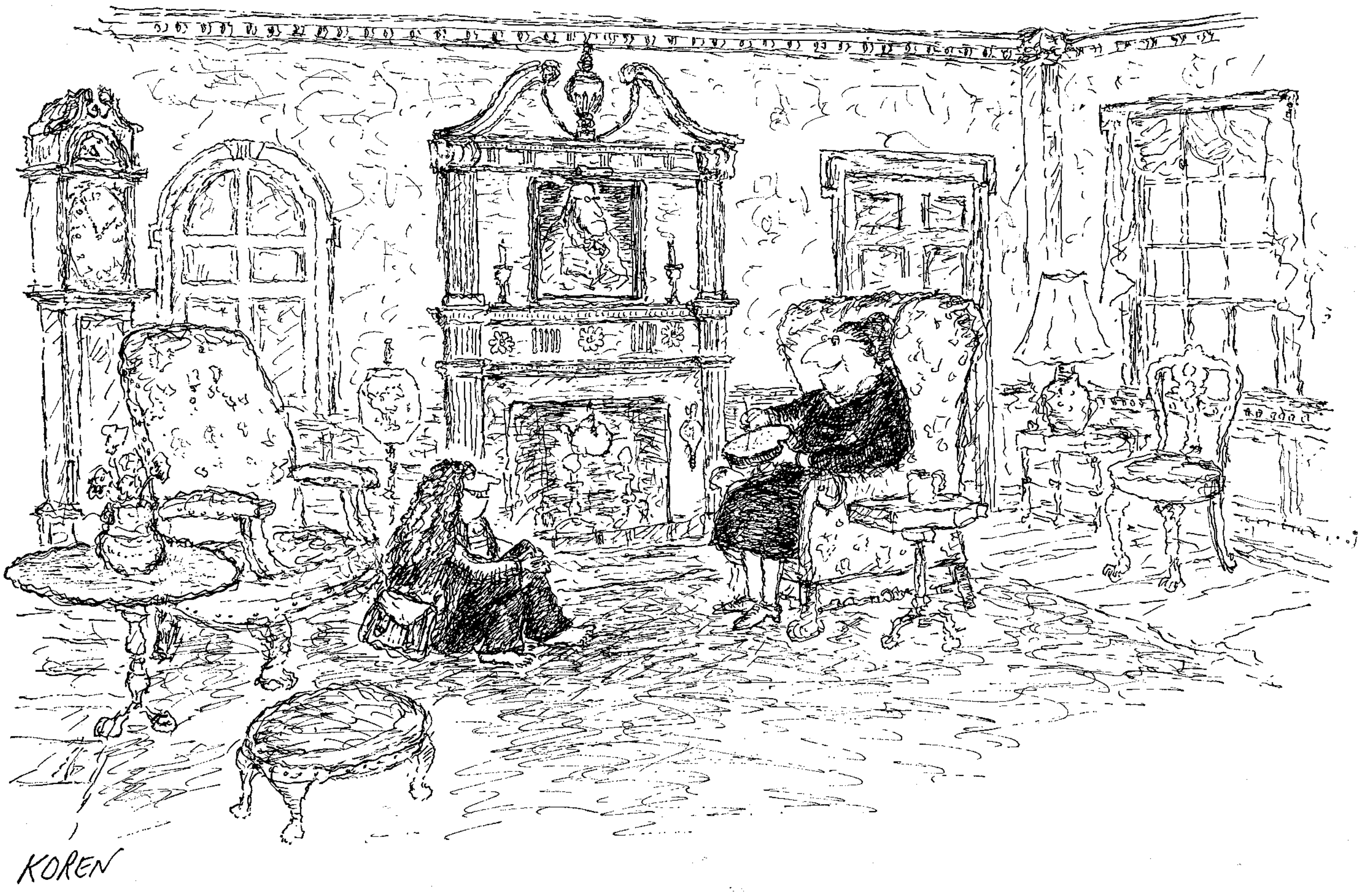
EXCHANGE overheard in a midtown luncheonette:

Customer (*settling heavily into his chair*): Well, another day.

Waitress: That's putting it mildly.

Times Square News

LAST week, we investigated the big electric news sign that goes around and around the Allied Chemical Tower, formerly the Times Tower, in Times Square. The sign, we learned, is owned by Allied Chemical, leased by *Life*, maintained by the Artkraft Strauss Sign Corporation, and (what we really wanted to know) written by the Associated Press. The man in charge of preparing copy for the news sign, Fred Stuart, works in a cramped cubicle in the huge, clacketing newsroom on the fourth floor of the Associated Press Building, in Rockefeller Center. Mr. Stuart looks like the sort of man a movie director might select to play a veteran deskman in a newspaper drama; he is in his late fifties, and the day we dropped in he was wearing a short-sleeved white shirt, a bow tie, and a slightly harried expression. There are ten A.P. tickers within a few feet of Mr. Stuart's desk, all of them steadily emitting long tongues of paper, but he uses only the two radio newswires—one tapping out New York news in addition to national and international, the other primarily Chicago news—which are just to the right of his desk. Mr. Stuart needs the Chicago wire because he also writes the copy for an electric news sign that goes around the Walgreen Building out there. After Mr. Stuart has turned the A.P. stories he decides to use into terse bulletins, he hands them to a man who punches them out on yellow tape on a machine called a Telesign Perforator.



"Yes, I am into a new thing, dear child. It's called embroidery."

• •

The tape is made of paper and is seven-eighths of an inch wide. We picked a scrap of it off the floor and held it up to the light. "LIFE PRESENTS THE NEWS: U-S ARMY," it said. The rest was torn off. After the tape is perforated, it is fed into two other machines, neither of them much bigger than a shoebox, and the resulting electric impulses are sent, via leased telephone lines, to the Allied Chemical Tower and the Walgreen Building.

We asked Mr. Stuart about his work load, and he said, "Well, what we call the 'news cycle' changes every hour, with each cycle going over the sign seven or eight times during the hour. The cycle is under two hundred words, and I try to keep each item down to less than twenty words—two lines of typewritten copy. We usually don't change the cycle except once an hour, but if an important bulletin comes over, of course, we break in."

"What would you do if that happened now?" we asked.

"I would type it myself and give it to the operator in takes of three words each. I'm fairly fast on the typewriter. It would be on the sign in thirty or forty seconds."

We asked Mr. Stuart what kind of prose style is best for the sign, and he said, "It's a bastardized style of headline writing. It has to be short, tight, and concise, but, unlike a headline, which can be a teaser, it has to be self-explanatory. You're writing something to be read by the eye, but if the reader misses something he can't go back. In writing for this operation, the most important thing is to understand the essential facts of the story and then be able to write it clearly and to the point. Leaving out unfamiliar names when titles will do is part of this, as in 'The Prime Minister of Nigeria.' We use all accepted abbreviations, and occasionally we coin a term ourselves. I coined 'skyjack' as a short, clear way of talking about airplane hijacking."

Mr. Stuart excused himself to work on the next news cycle, and we stuck around long enough to see how he handled the lead story. It came off the ticker as follows:

FARGO, N.D. AP—PRESIDENT NIXON, FLYING WESTWARD ON A PRESIDENT-TO-PEOPLE TRIP, LANDED IN THIS EASTERN NORTH DAKOTA CITY SHORTLY AFTER NOON TODAY TO CONFER WITH GOVERNORS OF FIVE FARM STATES.

BETWEEN 5,000 AND 6,000 PERSONS WERE ON HAND, POLICE SAID, AS THE PRESIDENT'S PLANE TOUCHED DOWN AT 12:27 P.M. CDT. NIXON RECEIVED LOUD CHEERS AS HE MADE HIS FIRST VISIT TO NORTH DAKOTA SINCE BECOMING PRESIDENT.

NIXON AVOIDED BETWEEN 50 AND 75 YOUNG PEOPLE CARRYING U.S.-INDOCHINA PROTEST SIGNS AS HE SPENT ABOUT 10 MINUTES TALKING TO A GROUP CARRYING SIGNS: "HELP SAVE THE FARM."

It went through Mr. Stuart's typewriter, and came out:

SOME 6,000 PERSONS GREET PRES. NIXON AS HE ARRIVES IN FARGO, N. DAKOTA, TO CONFER WITH 5 FARM STATE GOVS.

He handed it to the operator of the Telesign Perforator, and a few minutes later the electric impulses were on their way to Times Square and the Walgreen Building.

On our way back to the office, we stopped in at the Allied Chemical Tower to find out what happens to the impulses at that end. The superintendent of the building, Russ Brown—a sturdily built man, wearing half-spectacles, which gave him a kindly look—took us up to the third floor, which was an exhibition hall until about a year ago and is now empty and rather forlorn. Off to one side was a little room with one glass wall and three black walls made of built-in fuse boxes. In the middle of the room stood an outlandish-looking machine made of multicolored wires, bright steel tubes, and other, less understandable objects, all arranged with pleasing symmetry.

"Looks complicated," we remarked in a tentative tone. We said we had read that in simpler, pre-Allied Chemical days the machine had worked by means of metal letters moving along a conveyor belt and touching contact points that were connected to the bulbs outside, and that the metal letters had had to be set by hand.

"This isn't as complicated as it looks," Mr. Brown said. He explained that the impulses from Mr. Stuart's office magnetize tiny steel balls, which are moved past the contact points by long, constantly rotating screws. We leaned over the machine and saw that each time one of the little balls touched a contact point, it created a tiny, blue-white spark. The machine was making a sound like thousands of miniature typewriters.

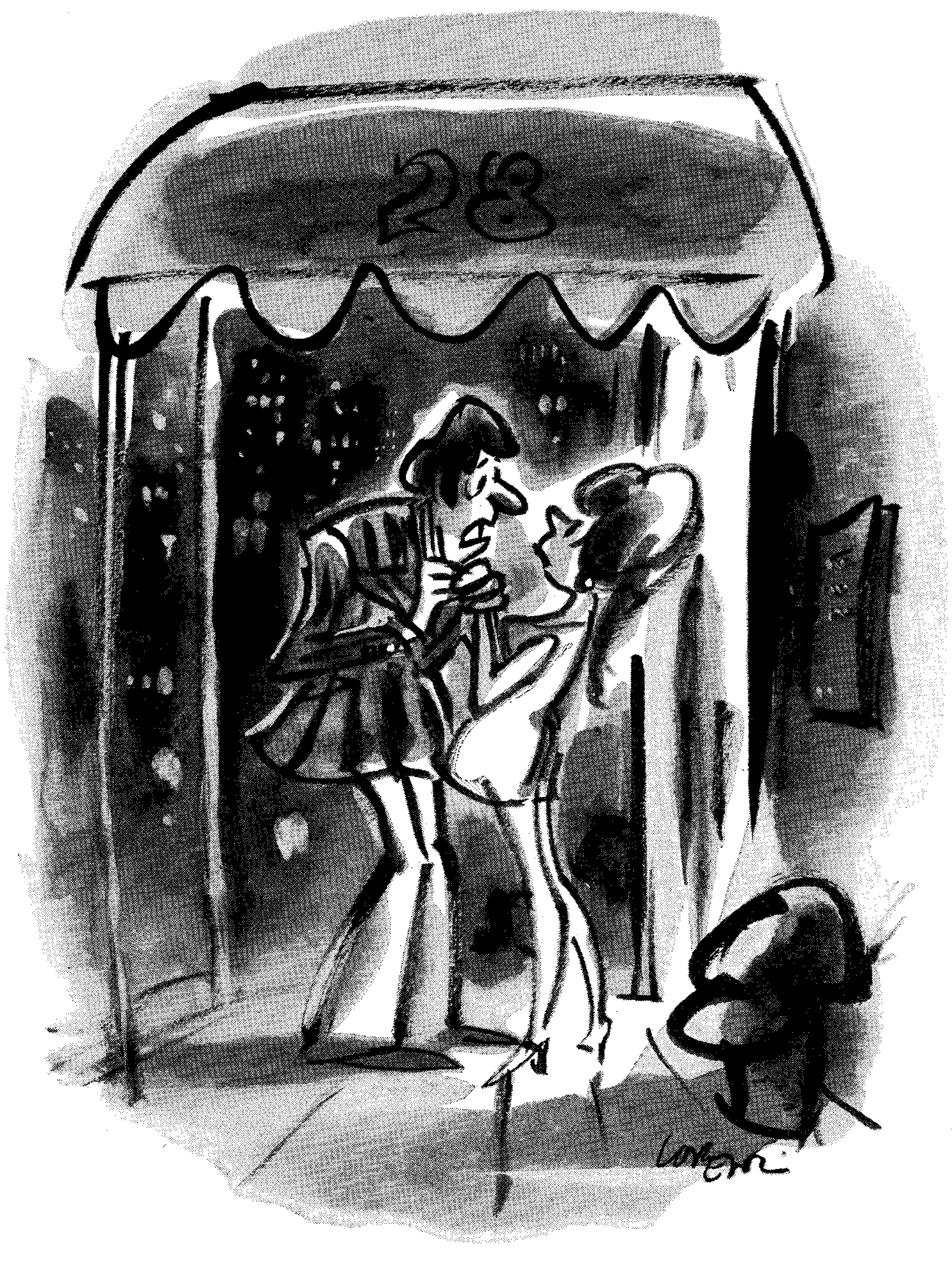
We went to the fourth floor, which is the floor that the sign surrounds, and Mr. Brown led us through a passageway to an opening overlooking Broadway. The sign was just below us. A sort of metal stepladder was attached to it. Mr. Brown explained that the stepladder could be rolled all the way around the sign on a track. "A man climbs down on it to replace bulbs, or whatever, and pulls himself along by means of a small ridge on the sign," he said.

"Looks dangerous," we said.

"Not if you don't mind heights," said Mr. Brown. "In the wintertime, we use this constantly to get rid of icicles. The heat of the sign melts the snow, and it drips down and freezes into icicles that are as sharp as daggers."

"What if the sign starts putting out gibberish?" we asked as Mr. Brown walked with us to the elevator.

"Artkraft Strauss always has one or two spotters on duty, looking for trouble," he said. "Anyway, if something goes wrong, little old ladies usually come in and tell us about it."



"I'm afraid this is goodbye, Roxanne. My accountant says I should live in Connecticut."

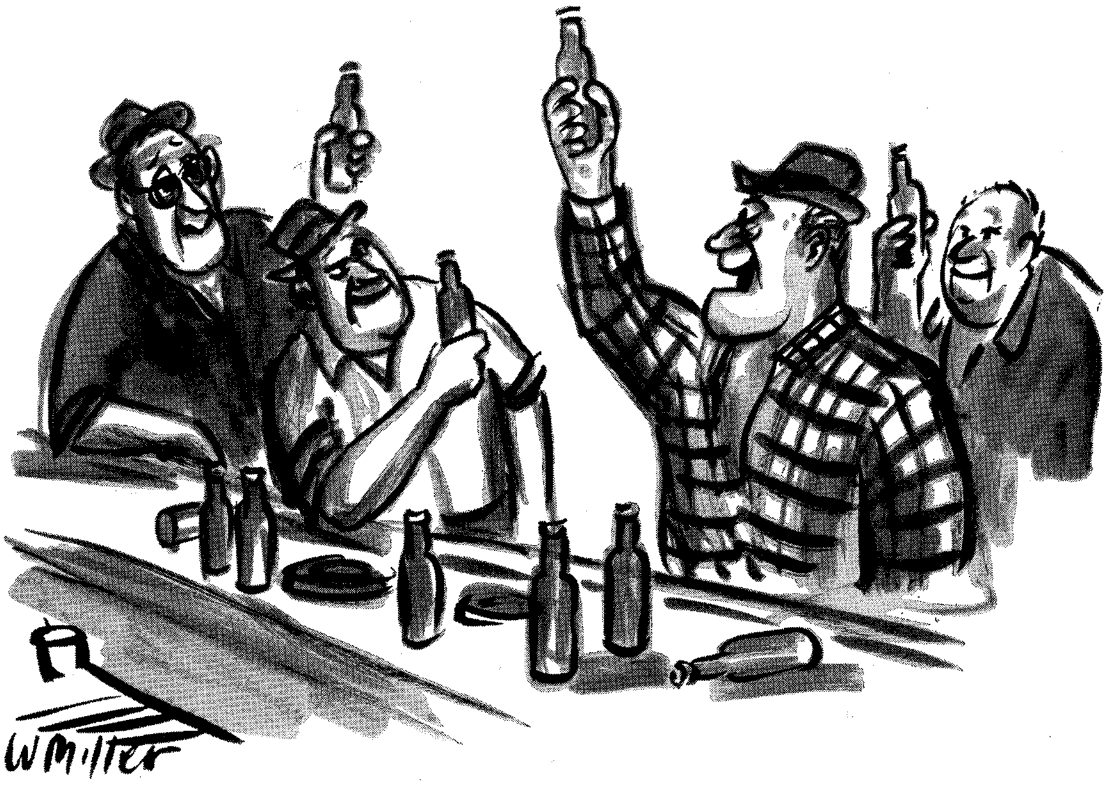
Settlement

AN elderly woman who lives in Baltimore has been thoroughly confused by a letter she received from the Medicare Claims Department of Blue Shield, and has graciously permitted us to share her bewilderment:

> In accordance with your request, we have completed another review of the duplicated payment we requested from you. . . . On the original payment dated February 11, 1969, the services billed by the doctor was $25.00 for which we disallowed $10.00 and paid on the $15.00 allowed charges that resulted in a check to you for $12.00. On the duplicated payment dated May 8, 1969, the services billed by the doctor was $25.00 which we allowed the payment in full and paid $20.00 to you. Since computing the review turned up the fact that we disallowed incorrectly on the original payment and if we requested the refund from the duplicate payment you would owe us money and because we didn't allow enough in the payment: we would owe you some. Therefore, we are requesting only the original payment $12.00 to be refunded instead of the duplicate payment for $20.00 and this will straighten out your records. . . . An envelope is enclosed for your convenience.

Three Festivals

THE first night of the New York Pop Festival at Downing Stadium, on Randall's Island, began with political speeches delivered by white radicals and by a member of the Young Lords. A lot of white radicals consider rock music to be a part of the revolution, and the Young Lords consider Randall's Island to be a part of El Barrio, and both groups had put considerable unsubtle pressure on Brave New World Productions, the promoters of the Festival, to give them time to speak during the Festival and also give them a share of the gate. At one point, the feeling in the radical community had been that the Festival ought to be shut down, but an agreement of sorts was reached with Brave New World Productions ("ROCK FETE PROCEEDS TO BE SHARED HERE" was the small headline over a very small story in the *Times*), and so the Festival began with speeches.



"And while we're at it let's not forget Betsy Ross!"

"Rock is the cultural part of politics, and it's not going to be segregated or ripped off anymore," said Jim Rutherford, of the RYP/Off Collective, an organization of white cultural-revolutionary groups. "We must free ourselves of bourgeois consumer trips—five-dollar beads, ten-dollar records."

Denise Oliver, the Minister of Finance of the Young Lords, said, "We talked to the pigs and told the pigs to get out of here, because youth has a right to get together. This island is used by the Puerto Rican people. We wanted this festival to be a festival for all the people. We are the people—all of us, except for the undercover pigs. If you dig on any undercover pigs and if you check out any pigs walking around, you tell us about it." Miss Oliver is a beautiful young woman with great stage presence, and she was flanked by two bodyguards and a photographer.

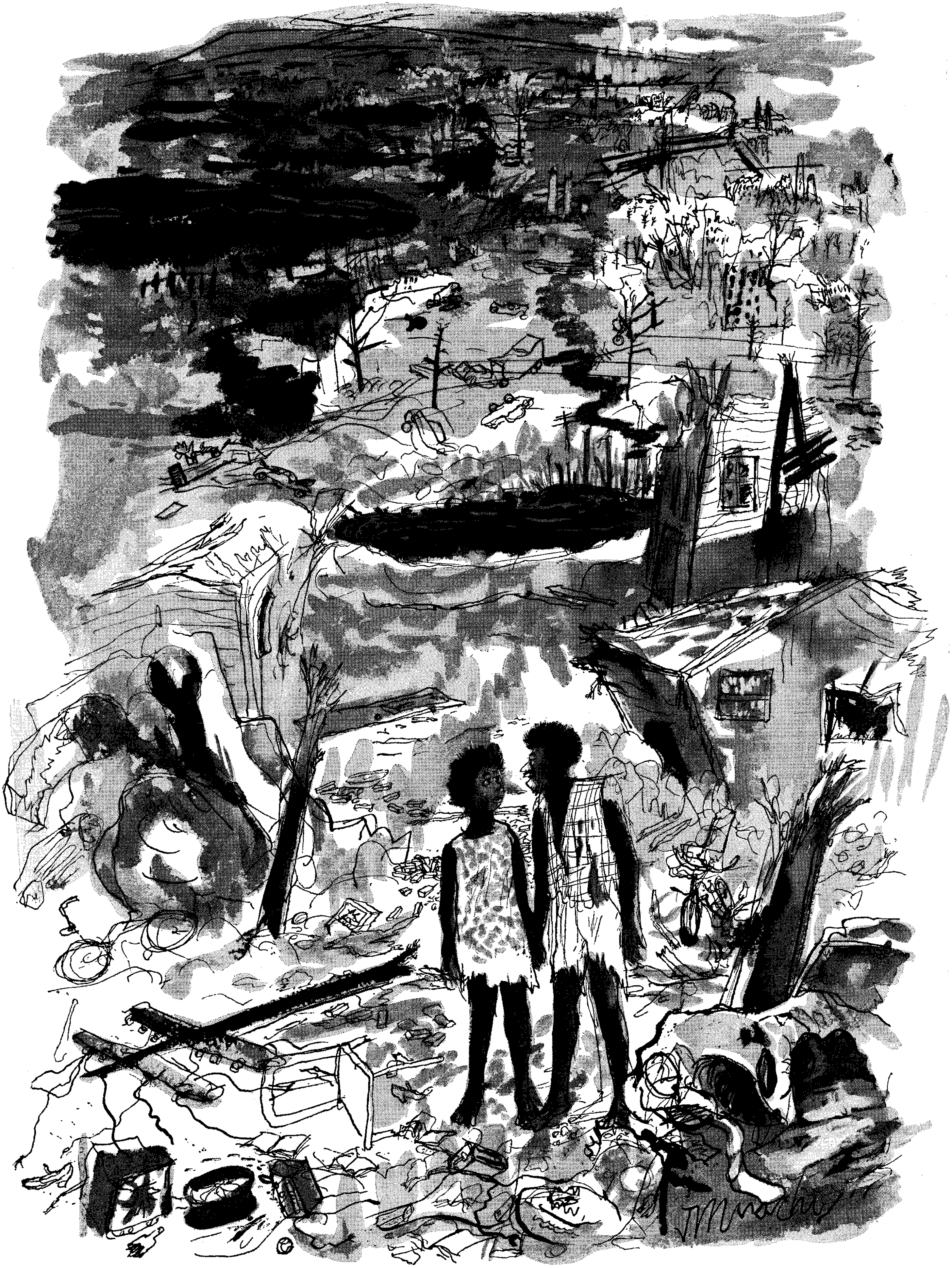
Very soon, it was clear that the speakers—even the striking Minister of Finance—were not bringing it off. Politics became confused with problems of crowd control and crowd-pleasing. A young white girl tried to read a letter from the Weathermen and had trouble—not because the crowd was particularly out of sympathy with the Weathermen but because her voice was weak and the letter uninteresting. Jim Fouratt, of the Gay Liberation Front, tried to do the prosaic job of controlling the crowd by using revolutionary pedagogy, and failed. He tried several times to get people to climb down from the stage and from the light towers. "We're all equal here," he said. "The system tells us we're not equal, that some of us are better than others, because some of us pay more money. But we're all equal here, so please get off the towers." No one got off the towers.

The announced program began almost three hours late, and the first performer, John Sebastian, was able to raise a lot of applause by putting down what had gone before. "There are some things we can do to make the world better, but it sure as hell isn't making people sit around while they want to listen to music," he said in a tone that was certainly impatient and may have been a little smug.

THE next night, in Central Park, Little Richard and his band, The Crown Jewels, performed at the Wollman Rink. The Schaefer Brewing Company promotes the Wollman Rink concerts, unashamed, in the old, strident way, and the words "Schaefer Music Festival" were emblazoned in letters three feet tall across the stage. Little Richard, a major figure of the nineteen-fifties, promotes himself even more extravagantly. He came out onstage in a costume that was vaguely Oriental and definitely sequinned. "It's beautiful Little Richard, from down in Macon, Georgia," he said. "Oh, my soul!" He played one or two of his old songs. "Do you like Little Richard?" he said. "Everyone who likes Little Richard go O-o-o-o-h! No psychedelics. Just straight, low-down funk."

THE next afternoon, Staten Island's First Annual Open Air Jazz-O-Rama, on the campus of Staten Island Community College, proved to be a fine place to recover from an overdose of rock 'n' revolution. As dusk was falling, a couple of thousand people, mostly black, hip, and young (but with a generous sprinkling of older folk), were spread out on a grassy athletic field. Many of them had brought blankets and big picnic lunches. The Pharaoh Sanders Ensemble was playing on a low stage on a rise at one end of the field. A knot of people surrounded the stage, but there were no elaborate security precautions. The speakers at each end of the stage were not so big as to suggest that the equipment, rather than the band, was playing the music. Pharaoh Sanders, who was wearing a red fez, and his associates (Lonnie Liston Smith, piano; Cecil McBee, bass; Clifford Jarvis, drums; and Nat Bettis, African percussion) were producing subtle, thrilling, beautiful music. The tenor saxophone of Pharaoh Sanders was violent but relaxing, like a massage. After a while, the saxophone stopped, and Mr. Sanders produced a sound that was like a human voice in the last stages of fear or ecstasy, with an added chirp and wail. He was playing a ram's horn. Later, he played cowbells, a reed flute, a contrabass clarinet, marimbas, and an African thumb piano.

On the ferry going back to Manhattan, a couple of hippies who had been at Randall's Island the night before were comparing the two events. "They were *different*," one of them said. "There was a lot more dope and a lot more freaks at Randall's Island, and that was good. At this one, the people seemed to have come to listen to the music, and they didn't have to try so hard to be together. I guess they're pretty together to begin with."



"Senator Russell would have been tickled to know that the last two remaining human beings not only are Americans but come from Georgia."

SKETCH

THE ball fell on the ground exactly between them, and Johnny Bell cried.

"Hey, man, it's my fault," said Albert Stockton. "Don't cry."

"It's not that. My father died."

I'M trying to find some character I can slip into, so when I see him strip on the paper I won't be disgusted or amused. I will be impressed, interested. Ah, why not see him get dressed then?

Or a girl. I could write about Peg. I went to her house last night after a one-year absence, and to this minute I can't believe so little has changed with her, queen of the small talents, who has beaten me at ping-pong all these years. Not a girl.

God bless the small talents, those people who have mastered talents that aren't at all death to hide. I mean people like a fellow I know who is always whistling Bach, the double-jointed who offer to perform at parties, people like Schwartz, who plays chopsticks on the piano with all the concentration of a diamond cutter, and those grand musicologists who can harmonize with radio jingles at a moment's notice, my uncle who can squelch the most adroit television commercial, and all the little out-of-the-way godforsaken tricks a person masters to give himself some consolation toward having wasted the next hour. They must have some use. There must be some anthology, some variety show in the next world presenting all the small feats that somehow missed getting written into history. In some cloudy amphitheatre, serfs will exhibit pictures made with their wives' hair, ships made of fingernails, and calendars will be shown that explain the droppings of cows. There will be a light show using candles and trained moths, and masterly impersonations of Buffalo Bob and Alfred North Whitehead will be performed. And there will be months of tap dances, one after the other, birdcalls in time with castanets, upward of a million farmers will come out greedy-eyed and have their horses count to four, whole dynasties of Chinese will display their cricket collections, and skin collections will be shown by low-ranking Nazi officers, lectures on ice chipping, nose enlarging, skin painting, and quail training . . .

AND Peg could beat me at ping-pong for the five-millionth time there. She has good spin. Her father liked to watch us and drink his beer.

"John, let me show you. Now you see as soon as I hit the ball I twist. A good way to start is to aim below where you know it will hit, then keep going up."

"Thank you, Mr. Schneider. It's like life, when you think of it. I've often thought life is nothing but a ping-pong game."

"You don't take criticism very well, do you, John?"

"That's not true, sir."

"John, I've trained this girl of mine to play and now I'm trying to help you, boy."

I think he must have started when she was six, maybe earlier. He drinks beer, talks about shoes he sells, and tries to help me with my game. Her mother makes popcorn and brings it in for everybody to eat. I used to think that psychology would help and he really wanted to rape her all these years. Then I look at him, checking his eye for a glint, his nose for a flutter, his chest for a pant. I watch how he holds his beer, how he sits. But no. He looks at her like he thought she was a damn fine ping-pong player.

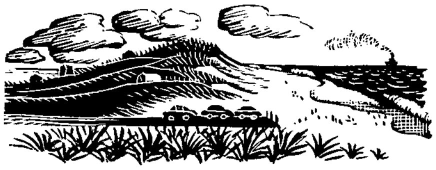
And there will be choreography lessons from the head of every woman's club that ever existed, ventriloquists and hypnotists, water-glass players, weight lifters, and all the quiet drunks that have ever lived will shuffle across the stage for one solid, silent week, the greatest small talents of them all. . . .

DEAR MR. DEREK,

PLEASE accept this excuse for the lack of a story for this week's class. Among other reasons, which are personal and not really informative to anyone but myself and are really none of your business anyway, I have received my draft notice and doubt very much that I will be able to finish the semester anyway. This calls to mind several caustic things to say about the state of world affairs but that is not really the business of this excuse. The business of this excuse is to tell you I really don't have much of an excuse for being late on the story assignment but I hope to elicit some sympathy from you because of my draft notice. Actually I have no excuse because I won't be going to basic training till the end of the semester. I tend to think that life is its own excuse.

Sorry about this whole thing,

JOHN WINKLEMAN



THE ball fell on the grass between them, and Johnny Bell cried.

"Hey, man, don't cry," said Felix Gringlesmith. "It was my territory. I should have caught it."

"It's not the stupid ball. My mother died yesterday."

"You mean the one that was in the hospital?" Felix asked, letting the reader know.

"Yes," said Johnny Bell.

OHMY, ohmy.

I am an orphan whose mother and father are dead.

I live with Uncle Bill and Aunt Lucy and like it.

They died when I was ten and it was very sad.

I am nineteen years of age, for God's sake.

We all of us should get together, we pity-pullers, we orphans and cripples and albinos, we mispronouncers and misbelievers, we who eat chicken with our fingers and lisp, limpers and niggers and bigots, get together and line up and face those perfectly faceless faces that donate their pity when they deign to look, line up together and face them and . . .

Hell, I don't want Peg. I know I could never have her. That's why I went to see her, not because of Lucy. That's why I care for her. That must be it. I really think you've got it there, Winkleman. Just like life, sort of.

AND there will be systems explained for timing Red Sea partings, specialists will talk on lawn trimming, joint rolling, pigeon feeding, back rubbing, bedmaking, and vacuum-cleaner collecting. World-record holders will speak on headstanding, unicycle riding, broom balancing, and telephone-pole counting, and authorities will relate the world to the tarot, Joyce, cardboard cutouts, the moon, Dale Carnegie . . .

And then all those cute, hefty girls who gather at the Tivoli Theatre every Friday and Saturday night and who know how to be picked up so gracefully, smiling like they were a very special box of nickel candy, they will sit down in the center of the stage and be escorted off, one by one, escorted by young, lean bucks wearing castles of hair and no pants. And Peg will come out to receive Holy Communion in that special way, with her pink little tongue quivering as if she thought the priest would sit on it. That was how I first got interested in her, back when I was an altar boy in grade school, and I saw her tongue shake like that, her eyes shut, her fingers clasped white with pressure. And I thought, *My God, she is really receiving Jesus Christ!*

I remember she was the only one in my grade-school class who cried at my parents' funeral. Marcia Hampton got sick and Arnold Gillrae fainted, but I could see Peg in the last row of the church with her handkerchief and then I didn't feel pressured to cry about it myself. As long as someone knew that it hurt, it wasn't necessary for me to show the wound.

Dear Mr. Derek,

Unfortunately, my story will be late. I have nothing ready to hand in. Frankly, I think I am going to die in Vietnam and so my mind questions the worth of bothering over all of this academic, so to speak, crap. Then I think maybe I will live in Vietnam and come back to die here sixty years from now and I still wonder what the use is. I have no stories. Everything has already been said and no one gives a damn about it. Frankly, I don't even see why you are teaching, but of course that is your business.

Sorry about this whole thing,
John Winkleman

The ball fell on the ground between the two boys. Johnny Bell threw down his outfielder's glove and cried. He wasn't crying because he had missed the ball but because he had learned that morning that his brother was going to be drafted. He liked his brother. Well, his brother was a likable fellow. It might be said that one could not help but like his brother. That's more or less the theme of this story.

The End

I REMEMBER when I questioned that—my own worth—one night. I was on the rollaway out on the back porch and it was summer six years ago. I was happy to be there, in bed and thirteen, on my stomach and watching the branches of the maple and the oak thrash each other in the gusts of a noisy rain. The leaves pounded like surf into the wind and I made shapes of them with my mind's eye, a duck, a boat, a pirate, even a tree, and then an old face appeared suddenly, a woman's face, aged and dried, wrinkled past a smile or a frown, staring at me out of blue, young eyes. I closed my eyes and she was there too. She made me afraid.

I sought and found the image I had made of my soul when I was very little, an image like two stomachs connected by a tube with goodness on the top and badness on the bottom, and felt empty seeing that all I had was an image, made when I was very little, that looked like two stomachs connected by a tube. And sought my conscience too, which was only a voice, and I could hear it nowhere. It was ashamed of me for my fear, and gone. I thought of calling for it, of making myself hear it in the rush of the rain on the leaves, but hearing that sound I stopped listening for voices. Instead, I listened to myself breathe for the first conscious time, shocked and fascinated, wondering at my thoughts as candles must wonder over moths, caskets over worms, as an unwritten period must wait and wonder over an interminable string of similes, wondering when will he get around to me? And getting there, wondering, *What if it should be that I am someone that I do not like at all?*

J'AIMERAIS AVOIR UN PETIT GÂTEAU!

It takes so little to pull you up short, but how much truth can you give to one reaction when you don't know how many there are in line? Bill sends himself to hell and worse every time he can't find a hanger in the hall closet. And Lucy goes right after him every time she hears him talk like that, but the silence they keep afterward, whether she manages to produce a hanger or not, is a satisfied, forgetful silence, unmindful of any need to forgive. I used to feel cheated when the carrots didn't taste as good as they looked in my Bugs Bunny comic book, with the soft orange color they had there, but also I felt better for knowing how they *should* taste. In third grade I was the only one to explain and complain about the ramifications of the Suez Crisis. All the others had talked about their dogs and dolls and vacations, and I stood there fuming with ramifications, and yet what I remember most is the pleasure I felt at the concern I imagined I'd caused. Sometimes I wonder if the whole channel of life wouldn't be different if an amoeba hadn't sneezed and knocked part of its cell out of whack. Someone should check up on this, in fact. In fact, I am going to hold my breath until someone in authority decides to investigate this, with a committee report at the very least. . . . Record-breaking breath holders will be resuscitated and then begged to perform again, there will be a reading of all the haiku ever written in Canton, Ohio, and every gismo that made use of a clothes hanger will be demonstrated by its inventor after members of the volunteer fire department from Defiance, Missouri, perform Brahms' Lullaby by cracking only the knuckles of their left hands. . . .

Bill and Lucy wouldn't object if I had pleaded Canada. They are quiet and warm and treat me with so much respect that sometimes I hate them for it. Uncle Bill brought me his German Luger last night after I got back from Peggy Schneider's. He was embarrassed about it and I didn't know what to say, either. He dropped it on the desk in front of me and bowed his head as if he had just finished a prayer.

"What's this?"

"You might need it over there, if you go, John."

"Oh." I knew he felt like a fool and I wanted to do something to make him happy, to fondle the damned thing. Guns scare me. I sat there.

"I hear the ones they issue aren't so good. Paper said a lot of boys have died because their guns jammed."

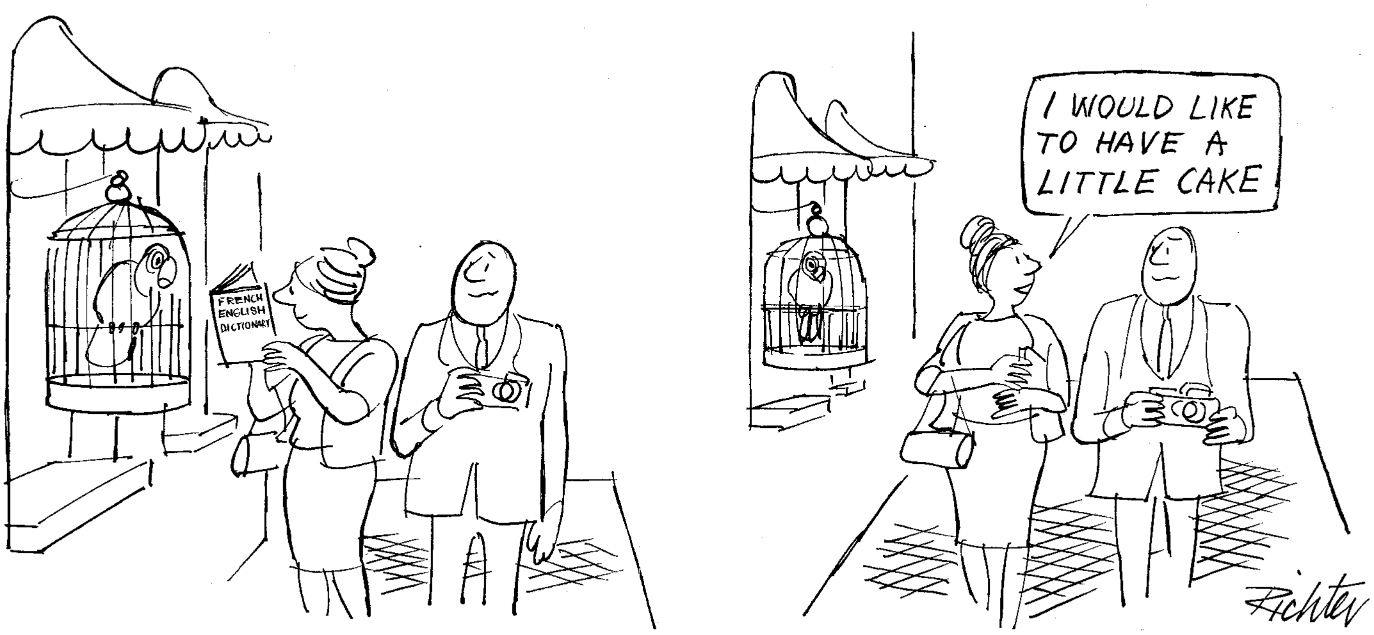
"I sure do thank you, Bill."

"I looked all over for the ammunition, but I couldn't find it. I think your aunt must have thrown it out."

"I can always pick up some ammunition."

"You just take good care of it and maybe you'll never have to use it."

"Thanks again, Bill. First gun I ever owned."


FRENCH ENGLISH DICTIONARY
I WOULD LIKE TO HAVE A LITTLE CAKE

"Well, I don't suppose it will be your last."

We both laughed a little laugh and he left the room, dragging his cane that he used for the stairs. Bill is getting very old.

He probably had a fight with Lucy before she let him give it to me. Periodically over the last nine years they have had discussions on what to give me. A certain amount of time would pass and they would suddenly realize they had a little boy in the house and then Lucy would bring up a watch or Bill a knife and I would thank them and they would leave. Bill made notches in the middle of the front door to show my height. I remember he just about croaked when I hit five feet. I was thirteen then.

But every once in a while I still catch them staring. I'll look up at dinner or when I'm reading a book in the living room and I find them staring at me with an expression of confusion that is loving and complete. When my eyes answer theirs, they smile, look at each other, and go on with whatever they were doing.

Lucy was the one who told Peg's parents I was going. I know she thinks I should have kept dating Peg. I'd do a lot for Lucy, but the most I could promise was one more visit to the Schneiders'.

"Peggy finally got her braces out, Johnny," she said.

"I'll bet she's happy."

"I'll bet you know what would make her happier."

She was at the sink doing the dinner dishes, and when I looked up at her she blushed. Lucy is still embarrassed by talking to me. It's like I moved in last night. What could I tell her? You see, Lucy, it's like this: there was Peggy and me and God, and three was a crowd, so I left. And that would say it, but I couldn't tell her that. I told her I might stop by Peggy Schneider's. God damn, if you're sixty years old and you can still blush, that's worth something.

I won't go back there. She didn't even ask me how my writing was going. She smiled widely all night so I could see that her braces were gone. For all that she said, I don't even think she remembers that I write. We played ping-pong, as I recall. Yes, it's coming back now. I remember distinctly. We played ping-pong.

AND there will be writers and there will be poets, a huge mass of them stretching as far as the eye can see, reading from manuscripts that represent enough timber to make three toothpicks for every man, woman, and child who ever walked the face of the earth—an experience surpassing even the simultaneous genuflection of the entire Spanish Army before a huge, unbroken, haloed neon hymen. There will be flycasters and penny forgers . . . writers and writers. . . .

DEAR MR. DEREK,

I DON'T want to go. I really don't. I can't write now, not right now, but I can write. I mean I have. Remember my first story? About the salesman? Do you remember what the other students said, particularly what Simon Philips said, when we discussed it in class? Do you remember what you said? It was great, wasn't it? I'm sorry about that second story. I don't know what happened there. But it all has not been said. Not at all. I have this story idea about a mermaid, and I know that sounds bad, but, oh my God, it is simply great! You'll understand how I can't apply myself in that direction at this particular time, I know. Also I have another Johnny Bell story I'm trying to get down. Did you know that both my parents committed suicide? Won't that be the damnedest for the biography on my dust jackets? I really think about crap like that. Are you there? Am I really writing this?

Sorry about this whole thing,
JOHN WINKLEMAN
Not at all sorry about this whole thing,
JOHN WINKLEMAN

Why sorry? What whole thing? Who?

I will wait. I will go and then I will wait, and after it all, at the very end, I will take my turn. I'll sit through all the dart throwers and the weight guessers and the fortune-tellers and the accent analysts, I'll listen as more than a thousand unheard-of ancient Greeks stutter through their epic tales that somehow someone somewhere failed to pass down, and hear the talks on basketweaving and fire building and look at their stamps and ashtrays, arrowheads and crystal and antlers and pistols, see all the uses that were ever thought of for pipe cleaners and paper clips, through all the card tricks and thigh tricks and word tricks, all the stupid, fascinating, useless, and forgotten things that men have ever applied themselves to, and after all the sex stories have been lied and the professional virgins paid, after all the other small talents in the whole time of the whole world have had their rerun, I will get up there and I will read my stuff.

God, I'll bring down the house!

—ROBERT THOMPSON

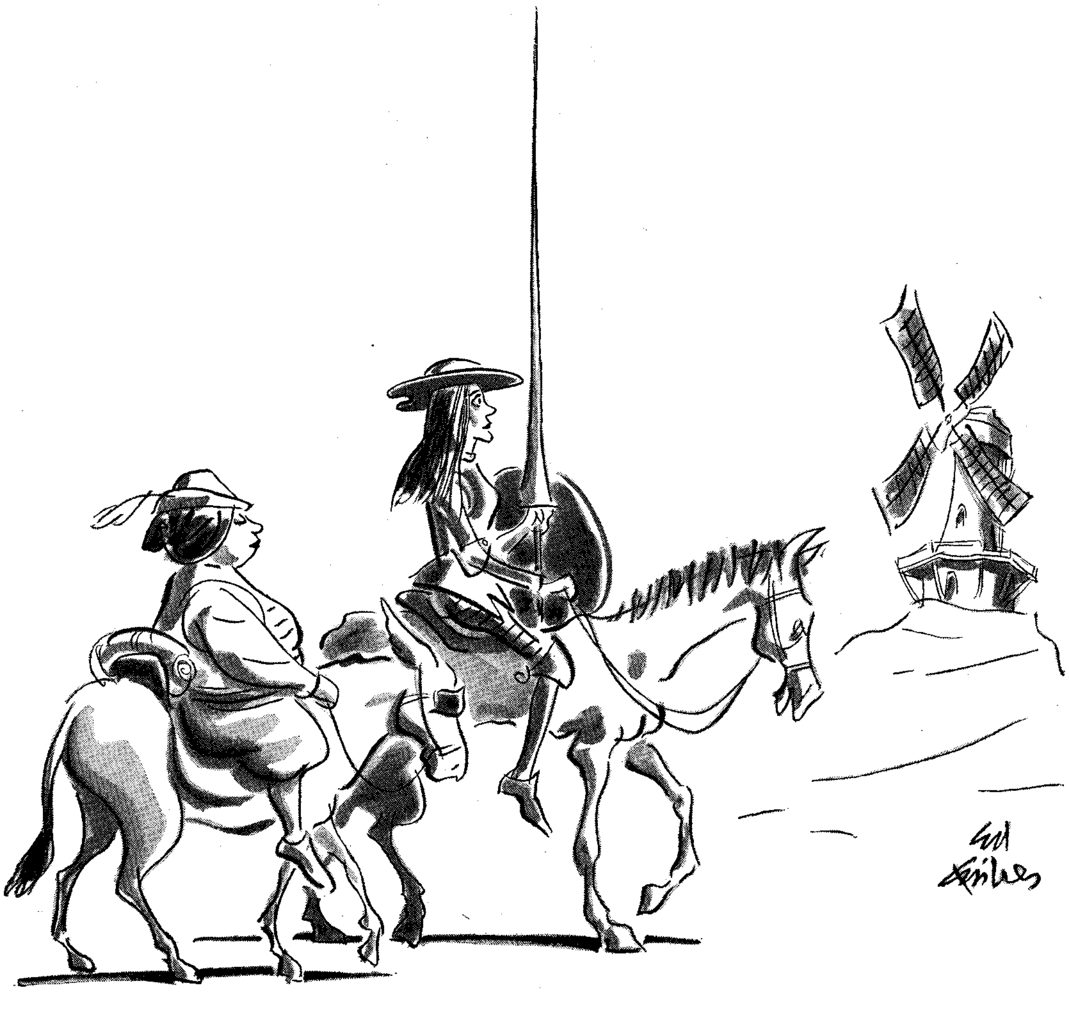
BRIGHT SHORES

JOHN BROUGH, an English physicist on holiday in the Soviet Union, landed on his head at the end of a ski run in the Caucasian Alps, cracked his skull on a rock, survived a delicate and dangerous operation in a Tbilisi hospital. Convalescent, he was flown to recuperate in a sanatorium at Svetli Bereg, a tiny settlement between the Black Sea coast and the foothills of the mountains he had come to grief on. The doctor pronounced him fit to walk. He may have meant no more than valetudinarian saunters about the sanatorium grounds, but John took his words as permission to explore the neighborhood.

Everyone in Svetli Bereg saw at once that John Brough was a foreigner. It couldn't have been just the spirited styling of his tailor's bench trousers and natural-shoulder crease-resistant jacket, or even his antique-brown casuals; he looked just as foreign in the striped pajamas and leatherette slippers issued to patients in the sanatorium, still more so in an embroidered "peasant" blouse he had bought at an Intourist shop in Tbilisi. Could it have been his mat of straight hair, silvery gray in some lights, merely drab in others, but always looking, among the close-cropped heads and shaven skulls of other patients, as if it wanted trimming? Or was it John's purposeful stride, when most people dawdled and sauntered in holiday relaxation, or his expression of grave friendliness, when other people looked either amicable or aloof, seldom both at the same time?

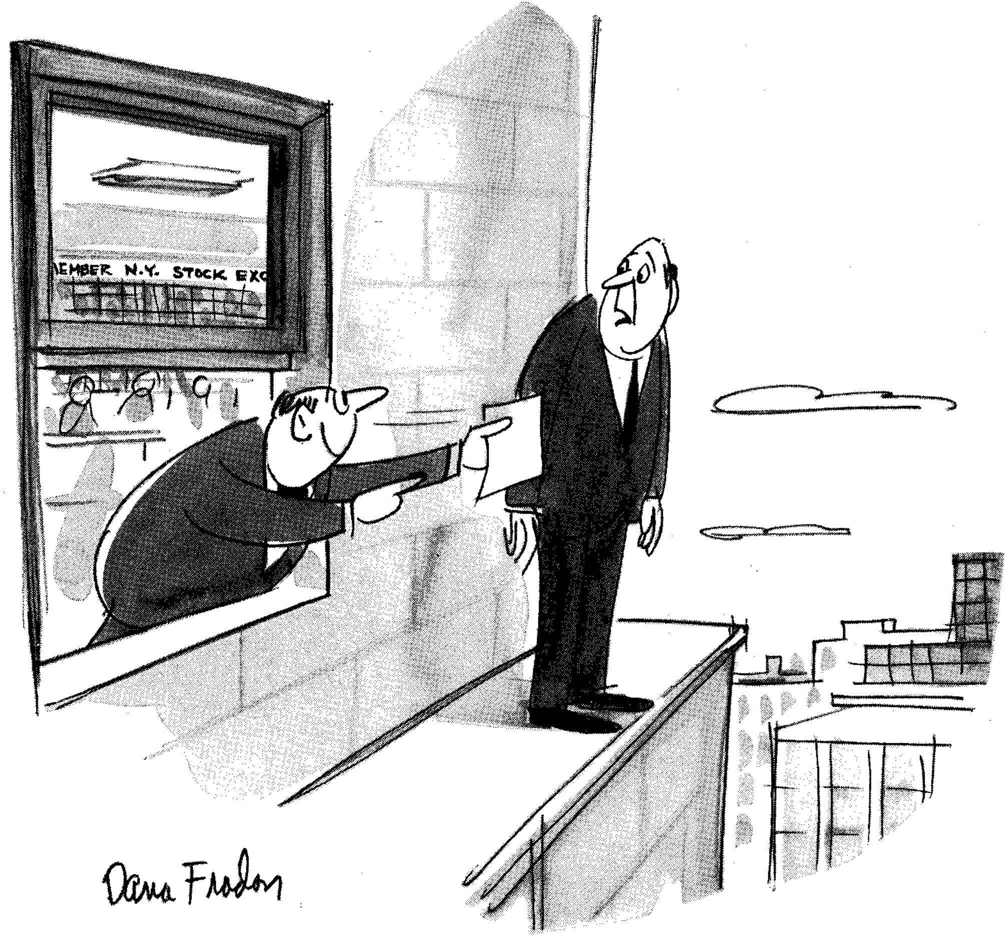
If Svetli Bereg found John Brough exotic, John Brough didn't find Svetli Bereg even picturesque. The first time the local bus dumped him in front of the post office in the middle of Lenin Prospekt, he knew from the folded map in his pocket that he was standing between the Caucasian Alps and the Black Sea. But the mountains at his back were obliterated by the post-office building, and the stores and homes on the opposite sidewalk effectively screened the sea and its beaches. John stood for a while to watch the people lining up at the bus stop or diving into cafeterias. Girls in light flowery dresses, youths with transistors slung across their elaborately patterned pullovers, old women with Byzantine features and shawls banded over their brows, gaunt old men in belted blouses and knee-high boots slipped in and out of the holiday groups, like shadows that had come unstuck. A glance at his watch showed John that he had time to walk along the coast to the sanatorium without arriving late for supper. The crowd was thinning rapidly, and by the time he was on the opposite sidewalk it was almost empty. Every turning out of it was a blind alley closed at the other end by dense thickets, but a cold twinkle here and there through the network of swaying branches seemed to promise that the sea was not far off, and stores and houses soon merged in a broad strip of parkland or boulevard.

John hurried past mounded flower beds and plaster figures of Young Pioneers in knotted ties beating tattoos on plaster drums to the granite war memorial in the middle. A booming in his ears grew louder, and a few steps brought him to the end of lawns and flower beds. A bus-stop standard stood at the corner of what was evidently a passage to the sea at last. John turned into the lane confidently but was almost driven back by the unexpected onset of returners from the beach, all streaming toward the road in family groups and in twos and threes. Abashed by a rain of grape seeds from rouged lips, a rhythmic flapping of wet swimsuits, and conflicting blasts from three transistors, he retreated, crossed the highroad, and went back to the sanatorium by bus.



A FEW weeks later, the tourist season was almost over in Svetli Bereg. The sun's warmth was still benign, figs and grapes were plentiful, roses and dahlias bloomed in their stony plots, but the nightingales, which had been singing in the sanatorium park (never had John heard so many nightingales in one place before), had all flown away one morning to Algiers or somewhere; anyhow, it was quite silent in the branches now—almost a relief really, only John wished they could have taken him along. The thrushes had not left, nor did they intend to. John wanted to tell them, "You could be in Suffolk now," and he thought they shouted back to him, "We like it here!" Then they went on calling to one another from tree to tree, not twice but three times over, "Here I am! Here I am! Here I am! You! You! You!" There was no flying across the road for good-night visits, just a good old kaffeeklatsch till the darkness spilled from the inside of the cypresses onto the white road and the birds tucked away their beaks for the night. When schools and universities opened all over the country, beaches and park benches were empty and John Brough thought it was high time for him to go home, too, but the doctor refused to discharge him. John was given to understand that he was accident-prone; there were things it would be dangerous for him to do for some time. He had been seen boarding a bus; that was wrong—he might be tempted to run for it, to get on after it had started. There must be no bathing, no mountaineering. "Supposing you got a dizzy spell, with nobody near to help you." John objected that he had had no dizzy spells so far. But Dr. Zlotov said wait till he hadn't had one for three months after the operation. He could smoke, eat anything he liked, drink in moderation—Georgian wine never did anybody any harm. Seeing that his patient still looked glum, the Doctor told him of the scientist who had won a Nobel Prize after a trepanning, of the pugilist who had fathered twins. John's face did not clear. The delights of reading *Pravda* with a dictionary and exchanging stilted remarks in Russian at the table d'hôte had lost novelty; he was even tired of exploring the countryside on foot. He longed for his work, for idiomatic conversation, for his wife and his two children.

The passage to the beach that had been crowded a few weeks earlier was deserted now, and one day John paused at the corner. The simple words "Steep Lane" were written by hand on a board nailed to the trunk of a eucalyptus tree, but it was not steep at all, and it was more like an avenue than a lane. At the end, bushes at the foot of trees he did not recognize framed a shimmering blue expanse that John took for the sky. He felt amazement to find himself so close to the horizon, till his mind overtook his imagination and he realized that this blueness must be sea and not sky. On his way toward it, he counted four intricately wrought iron gates at well-spaced intervals in the railings behind the trees on either side, each with its number and sagging mailbox. All ended at the edge of a cliff, from where John could see the true horizon and a steamer silhouetted against a sky several shades paler than the sea. He knelt to get a sight of the beach, and then it was that he saw the mermaid. She was asleep at the edge of the waves; her head was a sunburst, and a flaming disc blazed in the palm of one outflung hand. If this was a dizzy spell, John thought he rather liked it.



"Are you sure it isn't just a technical rally?"

• •

He closed his eyes for a moment. When he opened them again, the mermaid was still there, sitting bolt upright, but the green tail was twitched aside, revealing two perfectly good legs. After all, it was nothing but a terry-cloth robe. John's mermaid now threw it carelessly around her shoulders and began to fasten her hair in a loose bun at the back of her head. The makeup mirror was popped into a beach bag, out came a striped dress, which was shrugged on under cover of the robe, and an ordinary young woman sprang to her feet and nuzzled her toes into brown sandals.

Instead of picking up bag and robe, as John expected, and starting toward the base of the cliff, she turned her back to him and stood with hands loosely supported on narrow hips, as if looking out to sea. "Breathe in, breathe out," John murmured, and moved behind the trunk of a many-pillared yew. The young woman turned and began toiling up the cliff. At the top, she passed near enough for him to discover that she was not so young as she had seemed at a distance, and that she had blunt northern features and one of those pulpy infantile mouths that the years set in a firmer mold but never really change. In the streets and cafés of Tbilisi, John had seen women with antique perfection of form and color, but it was revealed to him in a flash of self-knowledge that a mild blue eye and a naïve fleshy mouth were more in his line than sultry glances and chiselled features.

ONE of the reasons, perhaps the only reason, for Vera Ivanovna's leaving her family on a two months' vacation every year was her growing need for solitude. A child of the revolution, she had never had a room to herself, and after the birth of her first baby she had never been alone in a room for a single hour. When her son brought a wife into the cramped flat, and in due time a baby was born, Vera Ivanovna knew she never would be. She went to Svetli Bereg on the Black Sea coast because it was still "undeveloped;" she went there out of season because she hated crowds, and because rooms were easy to get, and because the sun no longer glared overhead but slanted benign warmth from nine till six; and she went to Steep Lane because it was only a three minutes' walk to the edge of the cliff. Most circumspect of ladies, Vera Ivanovna allowed herself a five-minute sunbath every day; people who live in Svetli Bereg all the year round do not go much to the beach, and she was certain she would hear approaching steps in plenty of time to pull up her terry-cloth robe.

Vera Ivanovna bathed in solitude as well as in sea and air, but she wrote long letters home and always went to the corner of Steep Lane to meet the postwoman, and one day she was forced to admit to herself that a little congenial company wouldn't come amiss. That was the day her landlady brought her a *Morning Star*. Vera Ivanovna wondered what demand there was for the *Morning Star* now that the students had all gone back to school and college, but Klavdia Sofronovna told her that Tamara, the girl at the newsstand, had a regular customer—a teacher of English, who lived a short way up the mountainside. She had not been for her copy, and Tamara had offered it to Klavdia Sofronovna for her lodger. It appeared that the English teacher was an old friend of Vera Ivanovna, and meant to come and see her. One day, Vera Ivanovna stopped at the newsstand and left her address to be passed on to Tamara's customer next time she came. If Tamara had known her address, Vera Ivanovna would certainly have taken a bus up the hillside and looked up this old acquaintance.

THE day after the discovery of the mermaid, John Brough's legs took him to the beach at the end of Steep Lane as soon as he was through with his massage and shower. There she was—the lady, not the mermaid—clothed and spectacled, reading a book in the lee of an upturned fishing boat. Loose pebbles sprayed from under his shoes, one actually hitting the book and ricocheting into the reader's lap. His apology burst from him in English, but the lady understood him; after a moment's pause she smiled and took off her spectacles, bowed her head graciously, and said, "Nothing!" He was delighted to find that she knew English, even though, as she hastened to explain, she spoke not very good.

An enchanted period began. John was now always first in the breakfast room at the sanatorium, first in the queue outside the massage room, and off to Steep Lane before any friendly soul could engage him in conversation or involve him in a hygienic stroll around the park. Very soon, he was cutting the shower and leaving immediately after massage; a little later he abandoned this, too, bolting from the room the moment breakfast was over.

And Vera Ivanovna always waked with a smile now.

Their conversation was like a daily tennis match. The score was sometimes vantage in, sometimes vantage out—according to whether they spoke in English or in Russian. John listened in charmed amusement while Vera Ivanovna, astonished to find a *kulturni anglichanin* so ignorant of his country's literature, discoursed of Gollsworzy, of Somerset Moham, and of Cronnin. The discussion of the best translations of place names never palled on either of them. Would Svetli Bereg be "Bright Shore" in English? "Shores" would be better, John thought, but could not explain why he thought so. And were all Englishmen called John? Quite a lot, but what about Vera. There were two Vera Ivanovnas in the sanatorium—the matron and the dietitian—and the doctor in the hospital at Tbilisi had been Vera Ivanovna, too. That was nothing: there had been *three* Vera Ivanovnas in the library where Vera Ivanovna had worked as a girl; to distinguish them from one another, one was called Vera Ivanovna, the second Verochka, and she herself had been called Malishka—the Little One.

It was in quiet moments that intimacy flowered. When a leaf wrenched itself from the branch of a fig tree, with a fuss and bustle like the whirring of an old clock before striking the hour, they waited in silence for the heavy thud of its fall; the tinny chime of a real clock, striking twelve from a distant interior, was a beneficent message; and when the breeze carried a pungent whiff from the eucalyptus tree at the corner, they moved instinctively nearer on the outspread robe.

John was always teasing Vera Ivanovna to find some more private place for their meetings. Ignoring the urgency in his voice, she tried to put him off with brisk evasions. John didn't have to be told that the woods were even less private than the beach; in fact, there were no woods—only the bare hillside and parks full of benches and playgrounds. But Vera Ivanovna had a room to herself, hadn't she? Why should she care what her landlady thought? "I care," Vera Ivanovna said gravely. She had been staying with Klavdia Sofronovna every fall for the last five years; how could she suddenly bring a strange man, a foreigner, into the yard and lead him up the outside stairway to her room? John had seen a hotel near the station—couldn't they take a room there? She challenged him to ask the director of the sanatorium for his passport and explain what he wanted it for. Well then, wouldn't she consider leaving Svetli Bereg when he did and taking him to her room in Moscow? She had to tell him that there was nowhere to put him up in the two-room flat, where her son and his family occupied one room and she and her husband—

"Your *what*?" John said, so violently that Vera Ivanovna started. "You told me your husband was dead!"

"How could I?" She looked at him palely. "He is *living*. The same as your wife is living!"

"You told me you lived in Moscow ten years with your second husband!"

Vera Ivanovna moaned. "I had to say, 'I *am* living ten years.' No, no, the present perfect! The present perfect *continuous*. I had to say, 'I—have been—living—ten years.' Then you understand me."

Not to be put off by a discussion of English syntax, John returned to his point as pertinaciously as a cat that jumps on the table as often as it is shoved off. Couldn't Vera Ivanovna ask some friend to lend them a room for a few hours?

"My friends should be greatly surprised," Vera Ivanovna said.

John felt quite desperate. "What do Russians do when they want to—to be alone together?"

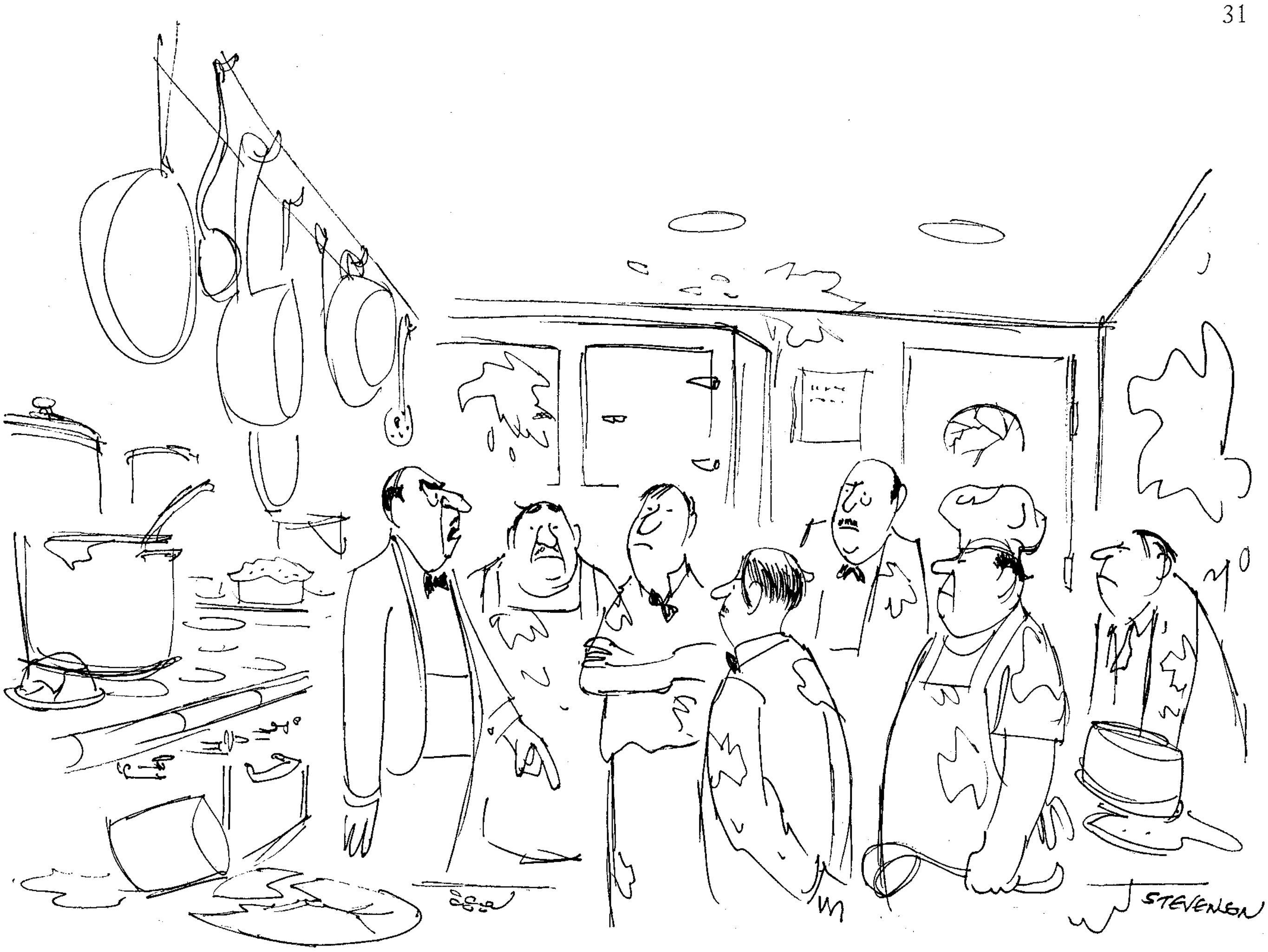
"We divorce ourselves," Vera Ivanovna said.

"Isn't that rather drastic?"

Out came the scribble pad Vera Ivanovna always kept handy for jotting down a new English word. Her pencil hovered, she looked at John sidewise, bright as a bird that has just espied a worm: "Drastic?"

John had trouble finding a synonym. The word "extreme" came to mind, but it was not rich enough in content.

Vera Ivanovna wrote it down anyway. " 'Severe,' perhaps?" she suggested, her pencil still poised over the paper, and seeing him doubtful added the word "severe," with a question mark in brackets beside it. She had him neatly sidetracked, but she couldn't help asking herself what sort of a conversation this was. How had she been



"All right, we straighten this out immediately! René threw the bouillabaisse at Jacques, no? The jambon en croûte was thrown by Jacques at René, correct? The truite en gelée and the fraises des bois were thrown by François at Henri, and Henri threw the mousse au chocolat at François, and . . ."

• •

led into the discussion of ways and means for committing adultery? She, who had always evaded the explicit in human relations!

The last day but one came. Tomorrow evening, John would be leaving and they would probably never meet again. Surely Vera Ivanovna would allow him to take her out to dinner! They had fresh trout in the restaurant.

"Warmed-over trout," Vera Ivanovna said scornfully. "Come to lunch in my yard tomorrow, I will give you really fresh trout."

"What about your landlady?"

Vera Ivanovna told him, blushing, that her landlady would be in Sukhumi for the day. John's eyes blazed fiercely, and she hastened to add that after lunch they could take a bus to Silver Bay, where there was a famous view. "The mountains come right down to the sea. Stalin was living there sometimes, but now his dacha is a sanatorium."

Everything would be just as she wanted it, John assured her; he would bring a bottle of wine to the beach the next morning to go with the trout. But Vera Ivanovna told him she would not be at the beach the next morning; there would be too much for her to do. He must bring it straight to the house at one o'clock.

"I don't even know where you live."

She looked at him mischievously. "I will show you. Come!"

John had always supposed that she lived quite near, but he was not prepared to be halted only a few steps from the top of the cliff, at a gate he had passed daily for nearly a month. "I don't believe there's another woman in the world who could have kept that from me so long!" he exclaimed in honest astonishment.

Were Englishwomen always such in a hurry, Vera Ivanovna wanted to know.

As soon as Klavdia Sofronovna left for Sukhumi the next morning, Vera Ivanovna went up the stairs to fetch the heavy market bag she hoped she had hidden from her landlady's inquisitive eyes. At the door, she turned and gave a backward look at the room. It was immaculate. She glanced complacently at "The Quiet American" on the chair beside her narrow bed (there were two beds in the room; there are no single bedrooms in Svetli Bereg), and at the oyster-colored rose displaying every frill it had in a glass jar on the windowsill between starched, yellowing lace curtains. She put down the bag for a moment and went back to straighten the flimsy square of matting in the middle of the parquet flooring (once the house had been a proud mansion in the middle of a huge estate) and push her worn carpet slippers out of sight under the bed.

An uneasy sense of being untrue to herself for the first time in her life prevented her from singing over the elaborate preparations for what she intended to be a choice though simple meal, but her eyes sparkled and each detail of her work seemed of enormous importance. A rattling sound from the gate made her look at her watch with amused vexation. Only twelve, and she had told him to come at one, by which time the table would have been laid under a tree and her dress changed. It never for a moment entered her mind that it could be anyone but John at the gate, and the sight of a woman's figure between the metal flourishes was a threat from the outer world. But hostile emissaries must be treated with respect, and Vera Ivanovna said politely, "Klavdia Sofronovna's gone to Sukhumi. She won't be back till the evening."

The woman outside said in a loud, plangent voice, "Malishka!"

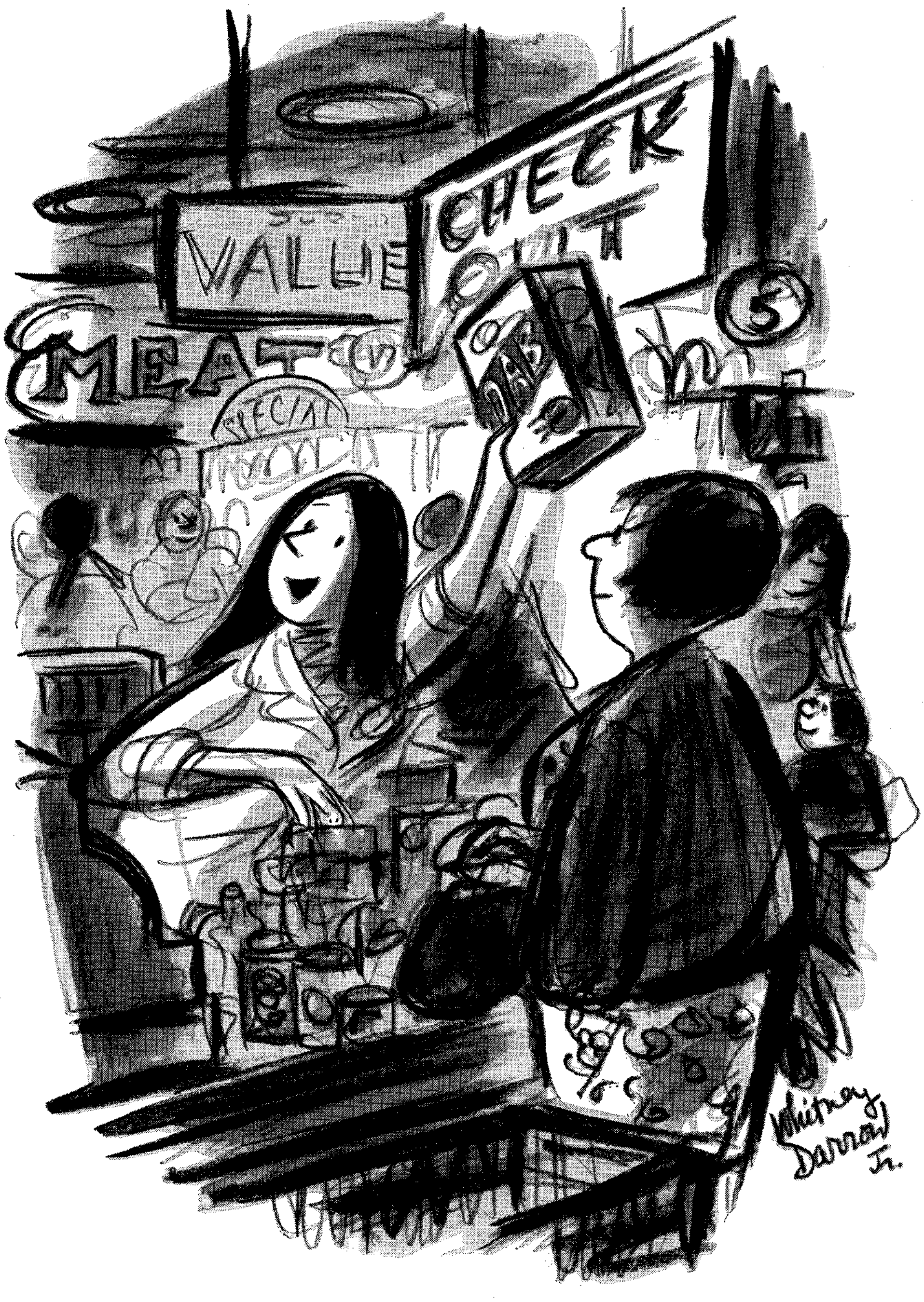
Vera Ivanovna felt as if she had been shot; it was wonderful to her that she could lift her hand and tug at the iron bolt. She looked at the back of her hand as if she didn't know what it was before pulling the heavy gate toward her to admit a stranger who was no stranger but a once familiar being she had never thought to see again. She heard herself say sharply, keeningly, "Verochka!" and wondered again to find that she could move, could make sounds.

The woman on the other side stepped in, and an old, an almost ancient familiarity drew the two bodies together close. Vera Ivanovna came out of the embrace strengthened. The other, too, seemed to have shaken off something hesitant, anxious. "Malishka, Malishka! There wasn't a single day out there when I didn't ask myself, 'Is Malishka all right?' And you've been all right all the time. You haven't changed a bit, I'd have known you anywhere."

Vera Ivanovna recognized an undercurrent of reproach in the words, and felt she deserved it. She felt almost guilty—to have been all right all these years while her friend had been wearing out her life in a prison camp! She pushed the bolt back in its socket before putting her arm through the older woman's and turning her in the direction of the house. "Sit here a moment," she said. "I was just getting dinner. And do take off your coat—did you really need it?"

"You can't trust the weather here for a moment, it's always changing," Verochka said peevishly, and Vera Ivanovna remembered how tiresome this old friend had often been, how little but the intimacy that springs up between people working side by side had bound them, and how that little had fallen away altogether when this bond was broken. But she remembered, too, that Verochka had once sat up with her all night before auditing day, tracing an error that had crept into her accounts and might have cost Vera Ivanovna her chance of promotion. And how she had encouraged her to read English and guided her taste, till modern English literature became what it was now—the abiding interest of her life. All Vera Ivanovna's doubts vanished. In fact, she felt an enormous relief, something almost like elation. She had been offered the privilege of rising to an occasion that might never come again; she had not robbed her friend of that moment of happiness which to postpone would have been to destroy. John would have to be robbed, but she felt instinctively that his chief sensation would be fury at being defeated. She herself? Was she not likely to have been spared grief and compunction? Who could tell?

She no longer had the heart to drag things out into the yard, and Vera Ivanovna laid plates and forks on the scrubbed kitchen table. She returned the wineglasses to the cupboard and thrust the chopped chicken livers with grated nuts and a biting Caucasian sauce back into the refrigerator. This she did in no grudging spirit but rather from an instinct of tact, not wishing to overwhelm her friend by indications of luxurious living that were, actually, fictitious, since Vera Ivanovna's meals were generally as Spartan as meals in Georgia can be, which is not very in that favored land. Fresh trout baked with garden herbs and fried potatoes



"Mr. Merton, is this biodestructible or residually permanently inert?"

was a sumptuous feast for two women, and the splendor of a piled dish of persimmons is never ostentatious when it is practically a duty to pick them before the birds get at them. Verochka opened her eyes wide at the sight of the golden crinkly skin of the trout—she had thought it was illegal to sell trout.

"My landlady knows a fisherman," Vera Ivanovna said simply. "It's just a bit of luck you happened to come today." The words cost her another brief pang, but from that moment her old peace of mind returned to her—for keeps, she was sure.

Vera Ivanovna knew that the greatest kindness you can do a returned prisoner is to listen to his tale of woe. She did not know—hardly anybody does—that this is a tale that cannot be told. The hearer wants only facts. But facts must be selected and the bald consecutive chronicle that might contain interesting details but would take all day to unfold is rejected for a sheaf of anecdotes that somehow miss impact. Vera Ivanovna listened with pity and sympathy, while one thought and one only occupied her mind—what was she going to say to John? She went to fill the pail at the tap in the yard and stood thinking till her shoes got wet; another time she went to the gate and looked through the railings into the lane. Not for a moment did she consider admitting John—but what was she going to say to him? He wouldn't understand why she couldn't tell her friend she had a previous engagement, why she couldn't ask her to come the next day. How could an Englishman understand that you couldn't, not for a moment, repulse a friend who came to you from a camp?

They were sitting down to dinner in the kitchen when the rattle at the gate came. Vera Ivanovna pretended not to notice.

"It's a man," said Verochka, peering over her shoulder through the open doorway of the kitchen.

Vera Ivanovna jumped up from her seat. "It might be somebody about a room," she said. "I promised my landlady . . ."

She was right at the gate, near enough to have touched his smiling face with the tip of her finger through an iron curlicue, and still she hadn't made up her mind what to say.

Without knowing it, John helped her out. Seeing a bowed figure staring at him from the doorway under the raised porch, peering inquisitively toward the gate, he cried impulsively, "Didn't she go?"

Vera Ivanovna looked at him strangely, slowly shaking her head. She said nothing, but her eyes seemed to have turned a darker blue and John read in them love and refusal.

Cursing the useless love, almost loving the stony refusal, he shook the handle of the gate. "You never meant it! You and your English literature!" Suddenly his other hand came up and he struck the ironwork with something that flashed for a moment in the sunshine; there was a glassy tinkle outside the gate, and water gushed over the front of Vera Ivanovna's blouse and trickled inside the opening, but it was not water; it dried practically at once, and it smelled of men drinking.

Vera Ivanovna put her hand over the stain on her blouse and ran back to the house. "Oh, just a man looking for a room," she told the eagerly waiting Verochka. "I told him to come tomorrow, and he was annoyed."

"Annoyed! He must have been drunk! I saw him throw a bottle at you."

"Not at me, at the gate. I'll just run up and change. Wouldn't you like a nice rest after coming all this way? Wait till I call you."

Up in her room, she pulled the blouse over her head and put it away in a drawer out of sight, but not all crumpled up. No, she smoothed it out carefully before shutting the drawer. She hardly had time to take off her skirt and get into a flowered-print gown before Verochka appeared in the doorway.

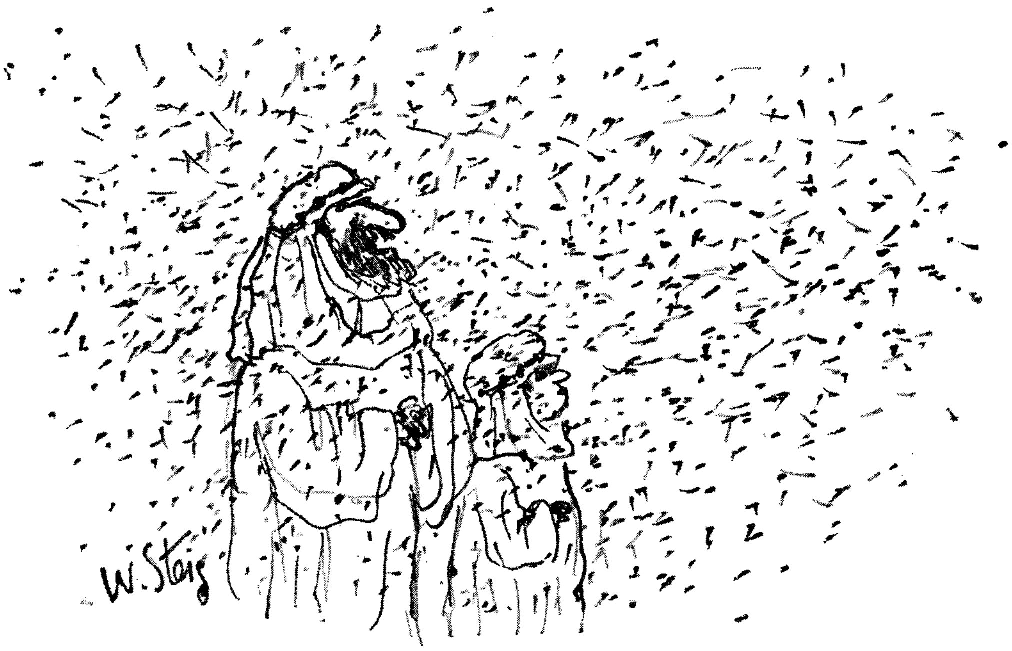
"You rest, too, Malishka," Verochka said.

"I will," said Vera Ivanovna. She lay down on the second bed and closed her eyes resolutely.

Half an hour later, there was a rattling at the gate. Verochka, dozing over "The Catcher in the Rye," was aroused immediately. "Malishka!" she said softly. Vera Ivanovna lay with her face to the wall, and by her breathing her friend supposed she must be asleep. She got out of bed and tiptoed to the window. A man just outside the gate seemed to be picking up stones, every now and then straightening himself to look through the intricate iron pattern. Verochka wondered, with the quick fear of violence that would now never leave her, if he was going to throw stones at the windows. But the house stood too far back for that, and soon he turned away and walked up the lane toward the road. "It was that man again, Malishka!" she cried. But Malishka's head on the pillow never stirred. Verochka reflected how easy it was for people whose nerves had not been shattered to sleep whenever they felt like it. She closed her eyes and was soon snoring rhythmically.

At the sound, Vera Ivanovna lifted her head and quietly, quietly turned her pillow on its other side.

—Ivy Litvinov



"You are seeing your first plague of locusts."

•

Every private company installing an overhanging sign must receive approval from Metro planners. But not its own engineers. They can operate with impurity.—*Winnipeg Tribune.*

The rats!

IN NINE SLEEP VALLEY

I

Trying to read in Nature's book
The pages (canyon forest landslide lake)
Turn as the road does, the stock characters
Come and (marmot mallard moose)

Go too quickly to believe in. Look,
I'm told, but many of the words have wings
Or run to type in small fleet herds
No question of retaining—what's the use!

Coming meanwhile to believe in you,
Fluent and native. Only read aloud
Do the words stay with me, through
Whose roots those flat clear vowels flow

To mirror, surfacing, the things they mean:
Blue heron, mountain, antelope, spruce, cloud.

II

Yesterday's flower, American Beauty
Crimson and sweet all night in the city,
Limp now, changed in import as in color,
Floats behind us in the tinkling cooler.

Yesterday also Robert Kennedy's
Train of air-conditioned dignitaries
Last seen on TV burying Dr. King
Wormed its way to Arlington Cemetery.

The beauty I mean to press fading
Between these lines is yours, and the misleading
Sweetness, leaves and portals of a body
Ajar, cool, nodding at the wheel already.

III

Dawn, the muted chirr and squeal—dream axle
Grinding your jaws? I mind for you
Prematurely.
In our roof are swallows,
Young ones breast to breast.

IV

Next a high pool deep blue very hot
Illumination of the brimstone text
Beyond your windburned face panted and steamed
As did the spring left far below with death,

Its green rank to which we should return,
Two good men in high places out of breath
Less now than the ant or tick lured by today's
Cold bird to cast its ravenous milligram

Into the scale, and the small window steamed
Where I sat alone high blue
Taking stock of wing and wishbone stewed
At giddily low temperature—

Ice in the marrow of a star so pure,
So beyond history, the eye-searing water
Onion or headline or your fine print drew
Dried in a wink, quick sleights of altitude.

V

Each day at dusk we roam the sage.
Heavenly repertory, bleakest rage

Bleeding to sour gleams, hard-edge jubilance,
All encompassed by one lariat glance.

The peaks turn baseless as the fear
That you will tell me what I live to hear.

Look, is all. The cabin. Look. The river.
Aspens glowing, site gloomed over.

Look. Out of thin air old gods (plume, hide, bead)
Appear to weigh your offerings of seed.

A leathery prospector god's pans fill
With fool's-gold facets of my blackbird's trill.

Then all take umbrage in a blue
The silence positively ripples through.

VI

From glade by river to a further day's
Thirst-crazed hilltop the abandoned cabin
Kept wandering like a mind with its few same
Obsessions, robin's nest and dish of rust,
Cracked pane dingily festooned,
Roof leaking sky, the same forty-year-old
Illustrated fiction sticking to its ribs

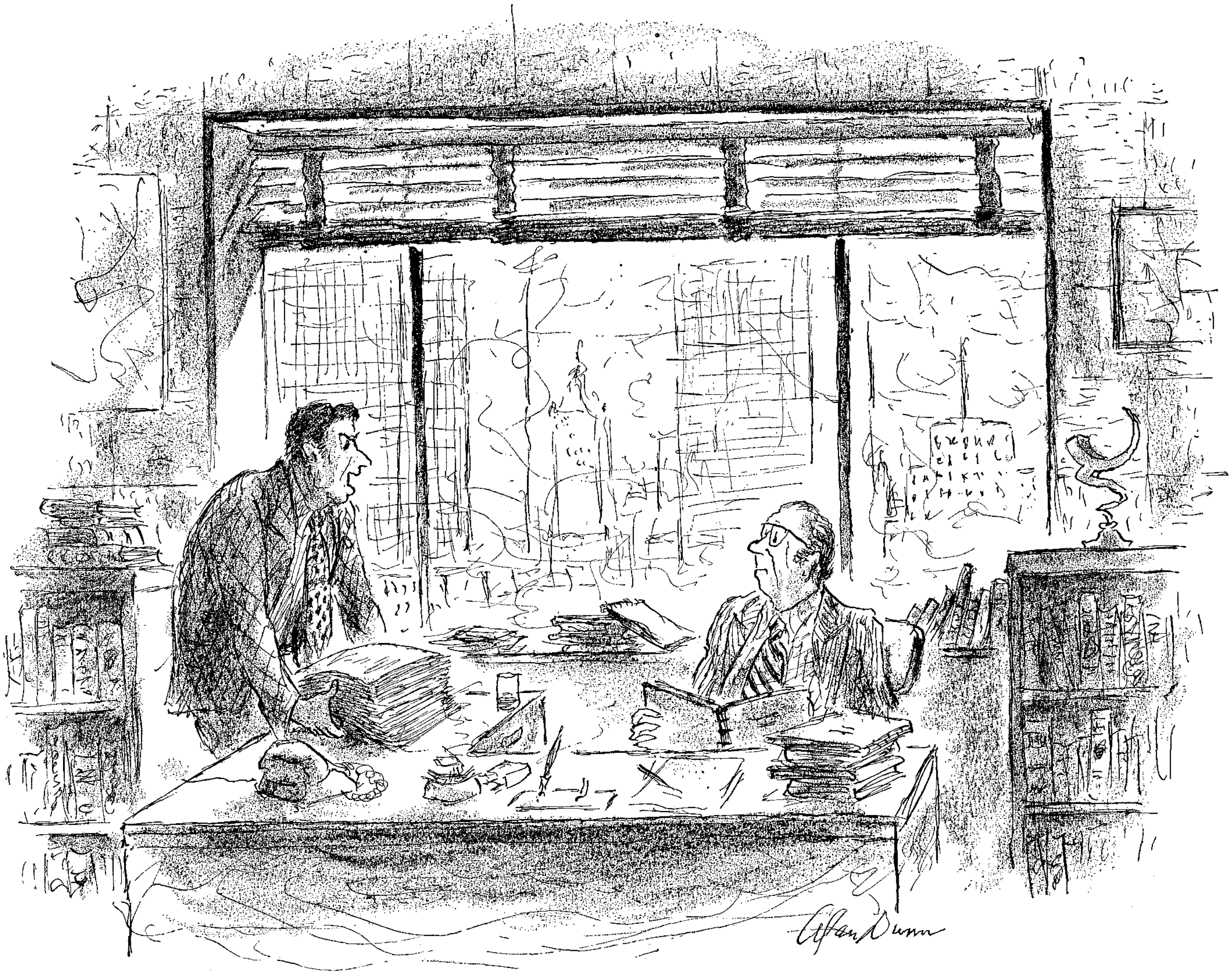
Where once again, the flask uncorked, two rooms
Are won back to this world,
Book by loaf a whole life dreams itself
From the foundation, from that withered rose
Mounted in antlers, up past the first morning
Glory's grasp of lightning rod,
Labor, cost, frostbite, bedazzlement,
Down to the last friend's guitar and stories,
Name called in sleep, fingers unclenching
In a long bath, its tepid amber inch
And dry bouquet—the future, gentlemen!

Tomorrow's cabin, who knows where, will seem
A shade sobered, abler to comprehend
How much, how little it takes to be thought worth
Crossing the threshold of, a place to dwell,
Will suffer once again the flashlight painless
Piercing of your dream, beam upon beam,
And its old boards before they turn to earth
Drink the mirage, the dreamer's volatile
Here all would have been well.

VII

Sit then, draped in a sheet whose snowy folds
Darken in patches as when summer comes
And sun goes round and round the melting mountain.
Smiling debonair

You maybe wait for some not seen till now
Aspect of yours to blaze from the alembic
While one of mine in robe and slippers cries
Ah stay! Thou art so fair!



"Do you know what this is? A three-hundred-thousand-word manuscript on the breakdown in the democratic dialogue!"

* * *

Or else are smiling not to wince recalling
Locks the grave sprang open. Blind, untrimmed,
Sheeted with cold, such rot and tangle must
In time be our affair.

But should you smile as those who doubt the novice
Hands they entrust their beautiful heads to,
I want to show you how the clumsiest love
Transfigures if you let it, if you dare.

There was a day when beauty, death, and love
Were coiled together in one crowning glory.
Shears in hand, we parted the dark waves . . .
Look at me, dear one. There.

VIII

Geode, the troll's melon
Rind of crystals velvet smoke meat blue
Formed far away under fantastic
Pressures, then cloven in two
By the taciturn rock-shop man, twins now forever,

Will they hunger for each other
When one goes north and one goes east?
I expect minerals never do.
Enough for them was a feast
Of flaws, the molten start and glacial sleep,
The parting kiss.

Still face to face in halfmoonlight
Sparkling comes easy to the Gemini.

Centimetres deep yawns the abyss.

IX

Master of the ruined watercolor,
Citizen no less of the botched country
Where shots attain the eagle, and the grizzly
Dies for pressing people to his heart,

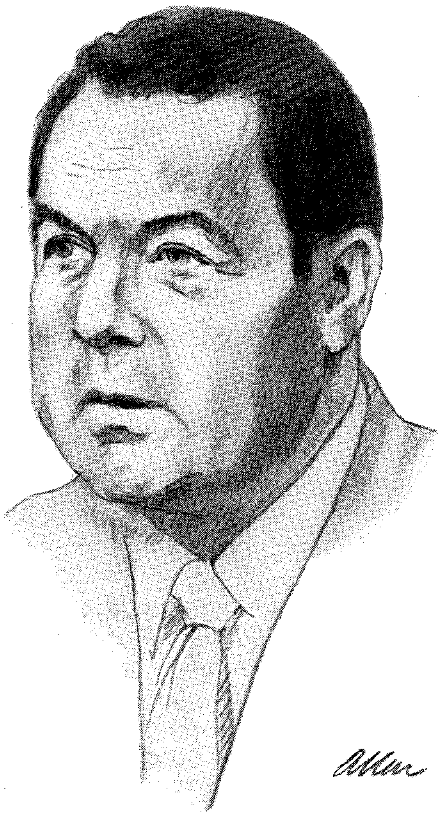
Truster, like me, of who (invoked by neither)
Hovered near the final evening's taper,
Held his breath to read his flickering nature
By our light, then left us in the dark,

Take these verses, call them today's flower,
Cluster a rained-in pupil might have scissored.
They too have suffered in the realm of hazard.
Sorry things all. Accepting them's the art.

—James Merrill

PROFILES

MEDIATOR



Theodore Kheel

NEW YORK CITY's contracts with the two unions that run the subways and buses expire at 5 A.M. on January 1st, in even-numbered years, and at that hour last New Year's morning Dr. William J. Ronan, the chairman of the Metropolitan Transportation Authority, and Matthew Guinan, the president of the Transport Workers Union, were bargaining privately in the smallest room of a suite taken for the negotiations on the twenty-ninth floor of the Hotel Americana. In the suite's larger, more comfortable sitting room, Theodore Kheel, the lawyer and labor mediator, who has presided over the city's biennial transit negotiations for more than two decades, was sitting with his two co-mediators—Vincent D. McDonnell, the chairman of the State Mediation Board, and Joseph E. O'Grady, a former Transit Authority chairman—and chatting. For the moment, they had nothing to do. Their major contribution to the negotiations had been made about four hours before, when Dr. Ronan and Mr. Guinan were brought into the sitting room and asked two related questions. At that point, the Authority and the unions had announced their "final" bargaining positions, but they were still about a hundred and fifty million dollars apart, and any settlement would obviously have to evolve from a compromise. Although negotiators usually maintain that each of their demands is as important as another, there are always some that they are prepared to trade away. Learning which demands each negotiator considers essential and which ones he looks on as expendable constitutes much of the art of mediation, and over the month of negotiations that preceded the contract expiration Kheel had decided that, in these talks, the unions were looking toward fringe benefits—particularly long-range programs that would benefit a recent influx of newer workers—and that the Authority's major concern was to hold down pay increases, which would result in immediate additional costs to the transit system. "At 1 A.M., just two questions broke the deadlock," Kheel said later. "I asked the Authority, 'If the unions say they will negotiate on the wages, will you negotiate on the fringes?' And I said to the unions, 'If the Authority says it will negotiate on the fringes, will you negotiate on the wages?' After we talked for a while, we finally got both sides to say yes."

From there on, the role of the mediators was purely formal. At a few minutes before four, Dr. Ronan and Mr. Guinan returned to the sitting room to report that they were making good progress but would need more time to complete the negotiations. "Do you want us to ask you to extend the deadline?" Kheel suggested, and when that was agreed to the mediators appeared before television cameras that had been set up in Albert Hall, in the hotel's basement, to announce that they had prevailed upon the unions and the Authority to continue negotiations for two hours beyond the contract expiration. At about seven, after Dr. Ronan and Mr. Guinan had shaken hands on a contract that would eventually give transit workers a hundred and twenty million dollars in wage increases and fringe benefits over the next two-year period, the mediators, now joined by Mayor Lindsay, returned to Albert Hall to report the agreement. A slight hitch developed when the mediators reminded Dr. Ronan and Mr. Guinan that they had not yet been briefed on the settlement that they were to announce. For a few minutes then, Mayor Lindsay, the two principal negotiators, and the three mediators huddled behind a blackboard. Mr. Guinan and Dr. Ronan outlined the agreement, which would cover both the T.W.U. and the Amalgamated Transit Union, and Kheel, when he took his turn before the cameras, called it "as great a triumph for collective bargaining as I have ever participated in," and said, "I have rarely seen negotiators for management and labor work so hard." As for the mediators themselves, however, as Kheel conceded to a friend he had invited to breakfast later that morning, the 1970 transit settlement was relatively easy. "Really, after Ronan and Guinan went into direct negotiations at one, we just became fifth wheels," Kheel said.

Not all the settlements Kheel helps to negotiate fall so readily into place. The recent accord that set the pattern for the New York newspaper industry, for example, was accomplished only after Kheel spent more than nine weeks shuttling between negotiators for Local 6 of the International Typographical Union and those for the New York *Times*, conciliating, proposing, and subtly pressuring both sides toward common ground. As he explained later, however, a more effective form of pressure was exerted outside the talks. This took the form of a printers' slowdown, which cost the *Times* approximately five million dollars in advertising revenue and seven hundred and ninety-seven columns of news over the period. After nearly two months of slowdowns, the *Times* management decided to shut down unless an agreement was reached in time for the May 25th edition. At 5:45 A.M. on May 24th, Kheel opened the door of a suite on the tenth floor of the Waldorf-Astoria to announce the settlement to three reporters, from the *Times*, the *News*, and the Associated Press—the sole survivors of a platoon of reporters who had covered the early negotiating sessions and, over the two-month period, had drifted away one by one. The only still photographer remaining was delighted to find Kheel haggard, shoeless, and wearing a black turtleneck jersey and slacks. "This is the toughest one I have ever seen," Kheel said that morning. Although he makes a point of saying something like that after most of his mediations—he thinks such remarks help the union leaders in winning ratification of the agreement from their memberships and help the management negotiators in finding favor from their boards of directors—this time he truly meant it. "Considering the difficulty of the negotiations," Kheel later remarked to the friend he had invited to breakfast after the transit settlement, "the strange thing is that both the *Times* and the printers were afraid to do anything that might have precipitated a complete work stoppage. Of course, any stoppage could well have gone on for six months. This bargaining procedure between the papers and the unions has got so sophisticated that it had to go through a process that I can best compare to the fermenting and maturing of wine in the barrel. If you had walked into our negotiations at almost any given time, you would have been sure that absolutely nothing was happening, but chemical reactions were taking place. I told those guys that we were producing a year, and it would either be a good year or a bust, but it would in either case be a year to remember."

In the newspaper negotiations, a process that Kheel likens to sculpting—"You just chip away everything that doesn't belong, and eventually what you have left is the agreement"—began on March 17th, two weeks before the contracts between the papers and the ten newspaper unions expired. He and two other mediators, State Mediation Chairman McDonnell and Frank H. Brown, regional director of the Federal Mediation and Conciliation Service, were appointed by Mayor Lindsay to participate in the negotiations. Essentially, however, these talks, too, were primarily Kheel's to conduct—he has been de-facto newspaper mediator since 1963, when he and Mayor Robert F. Wagner initiated the sessions that eventually ended a hundred-and-fourteen-day newspaper blackout—and as an accommodation to him they were held at the Waldorf-Astoria, just across Park Avenue from Kheel's law offices. "I moved onto the tenth floor of the hotel and lived there for two months," Kheel recalled afterward. "I had a private telephone installed, and that saved me a couple of hours a day, and, most important, I could cut across the street to my office in the early morning, catch up on my paperwork, and then cut back for a meeting at ten."

A few weeks after Kheel set up shop in the Waldorf, the publishers offered a new contract that would have given the union various benefits as well as wage increases amounting to nine per cent in the first year of the three-year contract and seven per cent in each of the two remaining years. Unlike most union leaders, Bertram A. Powers, the president of the printers' union, prefers to withhold even his basic negotiating position until the management bargainers have moved into what he considers to be a realistic area for discussion. Powers still had not made a formal demand by the time the contracts expired, at midnight March 30th, and the printers embarked on their slowdown against the *Times*—a series of unit, or "chapel," meetings held during each of the paper's three shifts in order to disrupt production schedules. When the printers' contract with the *News* expired in 1967, Powers hit on these indefinite and increasingly lengthy chapel meetings as a method of bringing pressure to bear against the newspaper negotiators.

Even for the printers, however, the tactic had its drawbacks. The *Times* and other newspapers have been complaining for years that they are saddled with obsolete printing practices enforced by the union, and the fact that the paper did come out—and without a really substantial drop in the number of pages—lent strength to their argument. "It was an embarrassment to the union that the *Times* was able to get out as much of a paper as it did," Kheel said later. "The publishers kept saying, 'This proves that we have more people than we need,' and the union people were saying, 'This proves the *Times* could give us shorter hours.' The real reason they were able to get the paper out as well as they did, though, is that when the chapel meetings finally did end on each shift these guys would work like hell. They'd really fly. Apparently, something about newspaper printing does get into their blood." There were other explanations for the paper's success as well. As the chapel meetings began, Powers passed the word informally to the *Times* management that any printers who were working on overtime would not attend the chapel meetings, that the union members would stretch the seven-day time limit on contract provisions requiring that type set outside the plant be reset within it, and would also volunteer to set certain matter—paid death notices, for example—at any time. Word was passed back from the management to "tell Powers he isn't the editor of the New York *Times*," but, as the negotiations dragged on and the chapel meetings lengthened, a number of unstated ground rules were abided by. The union relaxed many of its restrictions, and printers left the chapel meetings on several occasions to set type for important stories.

All through March, the negotiators continued desultorily to clear away peripheral issues, with the *Times* threatening sporadically to suspend publication any time the chapel meetings prevented the publication of an edition that met the paper's standards for both news and advertising matter. By late April, the only two unsettled issues were the size of the wage increase and the extent of an important cost-of-living increase—a provision that had been written into the 1967 contract to provide the printers

with matching increases whenever the Bureau of Labor Statistics Cost-of-Living Index rose more than four per cent annually.

"I've never been in a negotiating atmosphere that was more unfavorable," Kheel recalled. "A week or so after I entered the dispute, the stock market began dropping sharply, and it kept dropping, and in the meantime we covered three extraordinarily high cost-of-living increases. The last, in May, was up seven-tenths of one per cent for the New York area, and the same day the market dropped another fifteen points. We would get together for meetings and Bert Powers would walk in and say, 'Did you see the latest figures on the cost of living?' And the publishers would say, 'Did you see what the market did yesterday? That's bound to have an effect on our advertising and circulation.' And I would say, 'Gentlemen, I agree with you both. The printers are entitled to have living costs taken into account, and the publishers are entitled to anticipate the future. So let's see what we can work out today.' "

At one point, it did begin to appear that something might be worked out without the pressure of a strike or a lockout. Early on the afternoon of April 13th, the parties met in an atmosphere of shared optimism. "There was this expectancy of a settlement," Powers recalled recently. "I felt we might hit it that day." John Mortimer, the chief *Times* representative at the talks, wouldn't go quite that far, but he did remember feeling that the day seemed ripe for substantial progress. On that day, however, the *Post's* unit of the Newspaper Guild began demanding that that paper guarantee, even in advance of the negotiations with the Guild, that it would agree to certain contract concessions, and threatened to strike. "Immediately, Kheel had to be pulled off into those talks," Powers recalled, "and he didn't get them squared away until 3 A.M. the next day, and by that time the moment for our settlement had passed." "It was one of those crucial times," Mortimer agreed. "In every negotiation, there are deals that may not cook today but will, for no apparent reason, cook tomorrow, and then again may not cook the next day." In any case, the talks dragged on without further progress, until Kheel, in an attempt to put pressure on both sides, called a halt after a fruitless nineteen-hour session on May 9th. "I see no point in further meetings until I learn from the parties that their positions are negotiable," he told the press, and to emphasize the point he cancelled the room reservations at the Waldorf.

The printers maintained that their position was negotiable and that it was the *Times* that was stuck—at this point, on an offer of twelve, nine, and eight per cent over the three-year period—but Powers made no demands for immediate resumption of bargaining, and the printers contented themselves instead with increasing the length of the chapel meetings and passing the word informally that they would begin to withdraw many of the concessions that had allowed the *Times* to continue full publication. The *Times*' response was to announce that, in the absence of a contract with the printers, it would suspend publication after the next Sunday paper, on May 24th.

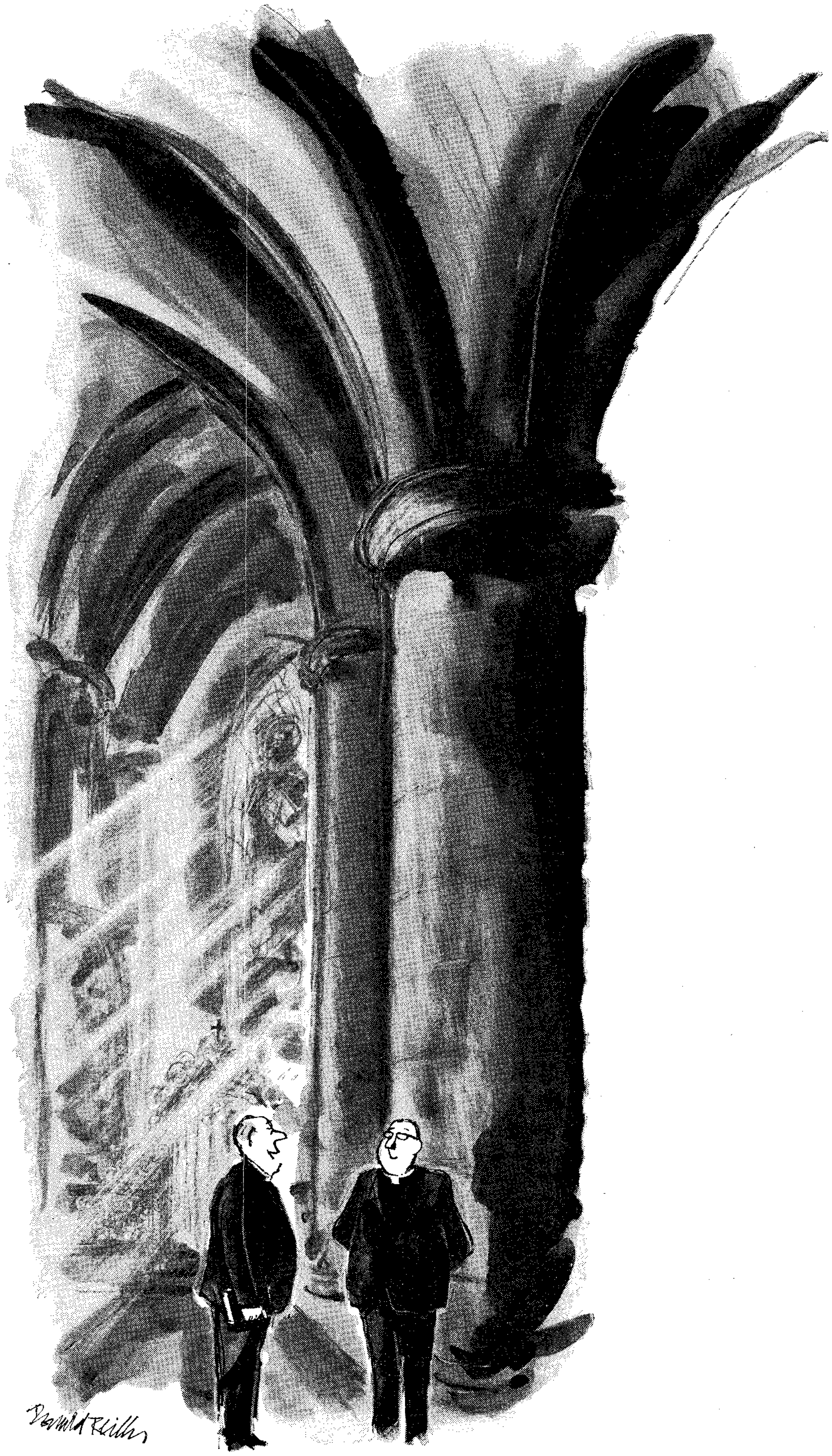
These parallel maneuvers gave Kheel what he was looking for—a deadline. He again took the rooms at the Waldorf, and the talks went on into the weekend on the two related points remaining in dispute. The first was the extent of the wage increase. Powers was holding out for fifteen, twelve, and twelve per cent, and the *Times* had increased its offer to fifteen, eleven, and eleven. On the second point—the cost-of-living adjustment—the talks, which had begun with the printers' citing increased living costs, swung completely around. The previous contract had called for the men to receive cost-of-living increases after the Bureau of Labor Statistics Index rose more than four per cent, and Powers had gone into the negotiations seeking a renewal of this provision. He had traded away two percentage points in return for wage concessions, however, and was then holding out for matching cost-of-living increases whenever the annual increase passed six per cent.

Here it became the *Times*' turn to complain about recent cost-of-living increases. The Index had averaged a .7-per-cent increase over each of the past three months, Mortimer pointed out, and on an annual basis that would multiply out to 8.4 per cent. If he were to agree to the 6-per-cent figure and the cost of living continued climbing at its present rate, the eventual result would add 2.4 per cent to the cost of the contract over each of its three years. The *Times* offered to compromise on 7.3 per cent, but Powers refused. Then Mortimer suggested a way around the impasse. It was the recent increases that had drastically affected the Index, Mortimer pointed out. If these were out of the picture, the newspaper would consider gambling that future increases would not exceed six per cent. Why not base the increase not on the levels of March, when the contract expired, but rather on those after May, when the extraordinary rise in the cost of living had already taken place?

Kheel returned to Powers with the suggestion, and Powers indicated that his primary interest was in protection against future increased costs. "Then you tell me you're negotiable," Kheel said, "and I will go and ask the publisher if he is negotiable, and if you both are, then I will make a suggestion for a solution. I'll tell you this, though," he added. "I think you know me well enough to know I won't make a suggestion for a solution unless I'm reasonably certain both of you will accept." On that basis, Kheel brought the parties together in his suite at about 4 A.M. on May 24th. "My proposal is fifteen, eleven, and eleven, and a six-per-cent corridor computed from May through May," the mediator said. "I accept," Powers said. "I accept," said Mortimer, and the two shook hands on the settlement, which, it was assumed after the long conflict, would set the pattern for the New York City newspaper industry for the next three years. Although the three other newspapers—the *News*, the *Post*, and the Long Island *Daily Press*—did ratify the printers' agreement, a dispute developed over how this settlement pattern would be extended to the members of the nine other newspaper unions. So two months after Kheel worked out the agreement with the printers, he found himself back in newspaper negotiations, this time with officials of the *News* and the Newspaper Mailers Union—another local of the International Typographical Union. The mailers, who count, bundle, and tie newspapers as they come off the presses, demanded a straight extension of the seventy-seven-dollar pay raise won by the printers, rather than the seventy-one-dollar increase they would receive if the percentage formula was extended throughout the industry. After several days of talks, Kheel settled the problem by proposing a formula that modified several complex pension schedules and also made slight alterations in the pay scale to favor the journeymen mailers at the expense of part-time employees. This settlement allowed the union negotiators to claim a victory over the percentage concept, and it also enabled the publishers to claim that the integrity of the percentage formula had not been violated.

A FEW days after the printers' contract was agreed to, a friend of Kheel's visited both Powers and Mortimer to talk about the negotiations, and both negotiators asked him if he thought Kheel would be available to mediate again in 1973, when the new contracts expire. "Is he indispensable?" the friend asked both parties. "Nobody's indispensable," said Powers. "But I have complete confidence in Ted, and nobody knows the industry the way he does." "It looks as if we'll need him again," said Mortimer, "and I wish this were not the case. That isn't an expression of non-affection, but I feel we have imposed on him a great deal. Still, I expect we may well be tapping on his door."

If the printers and the publishers are tapping on his door again in 1973, the chances are that Kheel, for all his present determination to cut down on his mediating activities, will answer the knock, if for no other reason than an awareness that his private law practice's roster of clients has devolved, at least in part, from his reputation as the one man best able to keep in working order a substantial proportion of the sputtering labor machinery not only in New York City but over much of the Eastern Seaboard. Besides, once he gets his teeth into a mediating situation he hates to let go. In the 1968 teachers' strikes here, for instance, Kheel entered and left the dispute three times before joining the round of negotiations that eventually resolved the three-way conflict between the city, the United Federation of Teachers, and the governing board of the Ocean Hill-Brownsville Demonstration District. City pupils had lost thirty-five school days in three teachers' strikes before Kheel went to Gracie Mansion on November 17th with a proposal to resolve the dispute, which had stemmed from an attempt by the governing board to transfer a number of union teachers out of its jurisdiction. It is typical of Kheel that when his fourth proposal was rejected he stayed with the negotiations anyway—at first doing nothing, but eventually setting down on paper and clearing up the details of a plan that another mediator, Harold Israelson, had formulated. After the settlement was announced, the morning of the next day, Kheel was asked to describe the part he had played. "Physically, you might say I became merely the scribe and kept the records," he said. "But really it was more than that. I became the engineer of the thing, if not in the design sense—Israelson had already done that, and he did a great job, by the way—then in the construction sense. When they didn't buy my approach, I shrugged it off. 'Then let me ask you this,' I started in on the union, and there we were in negotiations again—this time on Israelson's plan. The basic idea was fine, but there were all those loose ends lying around, and the plain fact is that when I arrived the talks just weren't going anywhere. What they needed was a man to perform one of the basic functions of mediation—to act as a ringmaster—and when somebody began doing that job, it took only two and a half hours to wrap up the program they had been working on for



"It certainly gives one a nice feeling to know that when the roll is called up yonder one will be there."

ten days. I'm sure that if I hadn't gone to Gracie Mansion yesterday this thing wouldn't be settled today. The problem is simply that they didn't have mechanics there—plain, ordinary labor-relations mechanics."

Kheel likes to say, "Mine may not be the oldest profession, but it's sure the smallest," and it is true that across the nation there are few other men outside government who are qualified both by prominence and by bargaining experience to be called upon to drop everything and plunge into the often disheartening task of refereeing troublesome labor negotiations. One such man is former Supreme Court Justice Arthur Goldberg. "Goldberg dominates a negotiation by sheer force of intellect," says John J. Gilhooley, a former member of the Transit Authority, who has participated in negotiations with each of them. "Kheel, on the other hand, belongs to the come-let-us-reason-together school. He leads you gently into a settlement." Another mediator with whom Kheel has been compared is George W. Taylor, who is a professor of labor relations at the University of Pennsylvania's Wharton School. Dr. Taylor was vice-chairman of the War Labor Board in 1942, when Kheel joined it, and Kheel still refers to him as "my mentor," explaining, "He taught me mediation." In 1964, President Johnson summoned both Dr. Taylor and Kheel to the White House to help settle a national railroad strike, and afterward a union leader compared the two mediators. "Dr. Taylor," he said, "would push you so gently that you didn't know you were being pushed, but pretty soon you'd be standing out in the hall wondering how you got there." Apparently, the union leader fared little better with Kheel, who, he said, "made us a speech that cut us up pretty good, but he did it in such a nice way that we didn't know we were bleeding until he left the room."

Kheel is certainly an effective speaker, but speeches are not his principal or favorite weapon in negotiations. He prefers to do his persuading with a pencil. "That's his forte—the figures," Dr. Taylor said after the railroad settlement. "He uses them to take the heat right out of an emotional position." By now, the printers' union president, Powers, has argued his way successfully to a number of newspaper contracts with Kheel present as mediator, and though he likes and respects Kheel, he trusts Kheel's figures only up to a point. "When he starts talking very quickly and then gets out that yellow tablet, I always say, 'Give me that pad,' and then I write the figures down myself, and that way I know what they represent," Powers has said. "He is very quick with the figures. Very quick."

More often than not, Kheel is unable to juggle the figures to the satisfaction of the negotiators, and on these occasions he tries other approaches. "Management has accountants, but unions have members," he points out. "The company, in the last resort, is generally more concerned with the cost figures than with anything else. The union, on the other hand, is concerned with the form, or the appearance, that the eventual settlement projects to the members." A typical device that Kheel employs when figures fail him is the extended contract. If management won't agree to a five-per-cent increase over the current base rate in each year of a two-year contract, perhaps it will agree to a five-per-cent increase over the current base in each year of a three-year contract. That way, the company gets not only an extra year of labor peace but also a subtle modification of

the pay raise—one that is, perhaps, more apparent to the union and management negotiators, who are used to dealing with such figures, than it is to the union rank and file. For instance, if a worker earns a hundred dollars a week, a five-per-cent raise in the first year of a three-year contract brings him to a hundred and five dollars. In the second year, he draws a hundred and ten; the new pay raise is not five per cent but about 4.75 per cent. And in the third year of the contract the increase, from a hundred and ten dollars to a hundred and fifteen, amounts to only a little more than 4.5 per cent. The union members may believe they will receive three five-per-cent increases, but management's accountant will report annual increases over the three-year period averaging only 4.75 per cent. It is precisely because percentage figures do possess this elasticity that they are commonly used when contract settlements are announced. Several years ago, Murray Kempton, at the time a columnist for the *Post*, compiled percentage figures on the city's transit contracts since 1949 as they had been announced by Kheel, and said, "If you add the damn things up and look at the present wage scale, the only conclusion you can come up with is that twenty years ago those guys must have been paying to work."

Another talent that Kheel brings to bear on his work is a flair for timing. The participants in a Kheel mediation soon realize that it is being effectively stage-managed. Negotiators eager to confront their adversaries at the bargaining table may find themselves compiling difficult actuarial or work-study figures that Kheel never refers to later, or they may be summoned to interminable caucuses dealing with unimportant points while Kheel, observing a timetable that is apparent only to himself, waits for the right solution to project itself. "I churn the collective-bargaining process like butter," he has said. "It's a butter I hope everybody enjoys, but in any case I'm sure it's a butter everybody can live on." During the hundred-and-fourteen-day newspaper blackout in the winter of 1962-63, one disgruntled publisher dubbed Kheel "Cecil B. deKheel." Eventually, some of the anger that the newspaper and union officials felt toward each other was diverted to Kheel, and then the parties, having come to share at least an antagonist, were able to end the long work stoppage. "In a labor dispute, neither side can exist without the other, but mediators are expendable," Kheel said later. "If the only way these guys can get together is by agreeing to dislike me—well, that's another settlement."

Crisis bargaining, according to Kheel, is relatively simple. "It doesn't require any profound skills, and there are only a few elementary principles, but the fact is that other people aren't aware of them," he says. "I truly believe that a bona-fide labor dispute is something I can handle better than anyone else around. I've watched a lot of other guys, and they can't do it."

The few elementary principles that Kheel talks about can actually be reduced to one simple rule: In every phase of the discussions, the mediator must concern himself not with the interests of the principal parties—the union and the company—but with the needs of their representatives. "Not only must the representative do a good job but his client must be convinced that he has done one," Kheel explains. "The mediator has the responsibility to make the representatives he is dealing with—and they are the only people he is dealing with—look good. This business of protecting the status of the people you're dealing with is basic, but it is frequently overlooked by people in the academic community, many of whom think only of the merits of the dispute. My job is to deal with the men who are there. If either side doesn't think its men are doing enough, let it get rid of them, and I guarantee I'll work just as well with the new men they send in. The problem of pleasing the representatives is more difficult in the case of the union, so I probably spend more time attempting to resolve the difficulties of labor's representatives than of management's. I do it not because I am pro-labor but because I am pro-agreement." William Perry, a former assistant to the president of the National Maritime Union, puts it more succinctly. "You might not get anything from Kheel, but at least he makes it appear as if he gave you something," he says. Kempton puts it even more bluntly. "What Ted really does," he says, "is help these guys take lies back to their membership."

BECAUSE Kheel works to protect the negotiators, he has the confidence of a great many of them. In 1965, before the negotiations that preceded the twelve-day transit strike beginning New Year's Day, 1966, Michael J. Quill, then the president of the Transport Workers Union, insisted that he would not participate in any talks that did not include Kheel—"the one man who knows rapid transit." Mayor-elect Lindsay nominated a number of other mediators and charged publicly that the city was being pressured by "power brokers," but Quill adamantly rejected all others. Eventually, Mr. Lindsay named three mediators, and one of them was Kheel. In the city's next major labor crisis, the contract negotiations with the United Federation of Teachers in 1967, Mayor Lindsay again tried to exclude Kheel, this time by proposing a mediation panel made up of three distinguished law professors. Albert Shanker, the union president, said he wanted Kheel, "who is more experienced in this situation." He said he couldn't guarantee a settlement even with Kheel present, but he added, "I think it would give us a little bit of a push in that direction." Since 1963, when Kheel outlasted all other possible mediators and helped to end the long newspaper blackout, he has been considered the all but inevitable mediator of publishers' disputes with the ten New York newspaper unions. "Kheel is successful in our industry because he knows how we operate," Powers says. "He is familiar not only with the typographers' problems but with the problems of the other unions as well." And in 1962 Kheel was named permanent arbitrator of National Maritime Union disputes. Of this appointment a union spokesman said recently, "He didn't know anything about ships, but because of his great background in labor it didn't take him very long—maybe six months to a year—before he really got hold of our industry."

Kheel's skill as a mediator has made him almost a fixture in a number of industries, and this high standing has enabled him to bypass one of his toughest technical problems—managing his own introduction into negotiations. Back in 1946, when Kheel began negotiating disputes for the city, he learned how important it was to appear to come into situations independently rather than at the call of either of the parties. "If I got a call from one side asking for help, I'd never let the other side know about it," he has said. "I'd call up the union guy—or the management one—and say, 'I've been talking with the Mayor, and he says you've got something of a problem.' While a call for arbitration is not thought to be a sign of weakness—it's in fact like saying you're so sure of your position that you're willing to put it to the judgment of an impartial third party—the proposal to bring in a mediator is so construed. If you've reached an impasse, it can be assumed that both sides have put forth what they claim will be their final offers. In that situation, a proposal by one side or the other to bring in a mediator is obviously a signal that that side is willing to go still further."

Now that Kheel is able to move into negotiations virtually on his own motion, he has developed a relatively standard procedure for the subsequent mediation. First, he calls a joint meeting, at which the union states its proposals, management states its offer, and he defines, to the satisfaction of both, the dimensions of the difference. There is a tendency for the talks to bog down here, as each side attempts to buttress its case in terms of precedent and economics, but Kheel cuts through the rhetoric—brusquely, if necessary—when he feels he has the two positions firmly in mind. It sometimes happens that the definition of the issues is all that is required to begin negotiations. "Once in a while, when the parties begin talking they find they aren't as far apart as they thought they were," Kheel has said. More often, however, there is no initial movement, and in that case Kheel quickly separates the two sides with an admonition. "I'm not going to ask you to go forward from these positions, but I will ask you not to go back from them," he tells them.

Kheel is dissembling, of course, but he is doing so only in the interest of a settlement. "I walk into every negotiation and the first thing I say is that I'm *not* there to make recommendations," he has explained. "I *promise* not to make recommendations. And, of course, from that moment on I'm actually making informal recommendations—but only private ones that prejudice neither bargaining position." The negotiators may not be asked to "go forward," but they are aware that once Kheel has entered the discussions he will be proposing a number of understandings, on one point after another, and that these will necessarily represent an advance from their previous positions. "It doesn't take a mediator to negotiate a capitulation," Kheel has told negotiators in the past. "You could do that by yourselves." In achieving these understandings, Kheel usually meets first with the union representatives and, as Powers warns his union colleagues who may have to deal with the mediator, "Here's where you have to watch your step. He has these lists, and he will say, 'What are the issues? Let's *group* them.' You have to watch out as he shuffles the groups around. His term for issues he thinks you will trade on or give away is 'susceptible to solution,' and if you let one of your major issues get into that definition you're in trouble." Of course, what this grouping inevitably leads to is the introduction of what labor negotiators call "garbage"—unrealistic demands that are sought by various factions of the union membership and are placed in the contract proposals both to mollify these factions and to be traded away in the bargaining. In recent years, union representatives have tended to enter negotiations with hundreds of contract proposals, and management negotiators have learned to formulate a few frivolous proposals of their own. One of Kheel's major skills is his ability to sort out this labor-relations garbage. Sooner or later, most of it is quietly dropped until the next time the contract comes up for negotiation, but occasionally Kheel will make use of part of it to get a concession on a more important point.

Usually, the first tactical decision Kheel must make in the negotiations is whether more progress will be obtained by allowing the parties to bargain together, across a table, or whether he should separate them and shuttle back and forth between the two sides. "I enjoy a confrontation as much as anybody," Kheel has said, "so at least we usually start out in the same room. When I see that one side or the other is getting angry—and, more important, that the anger is beginning to slow things down—then it's time to separate them."

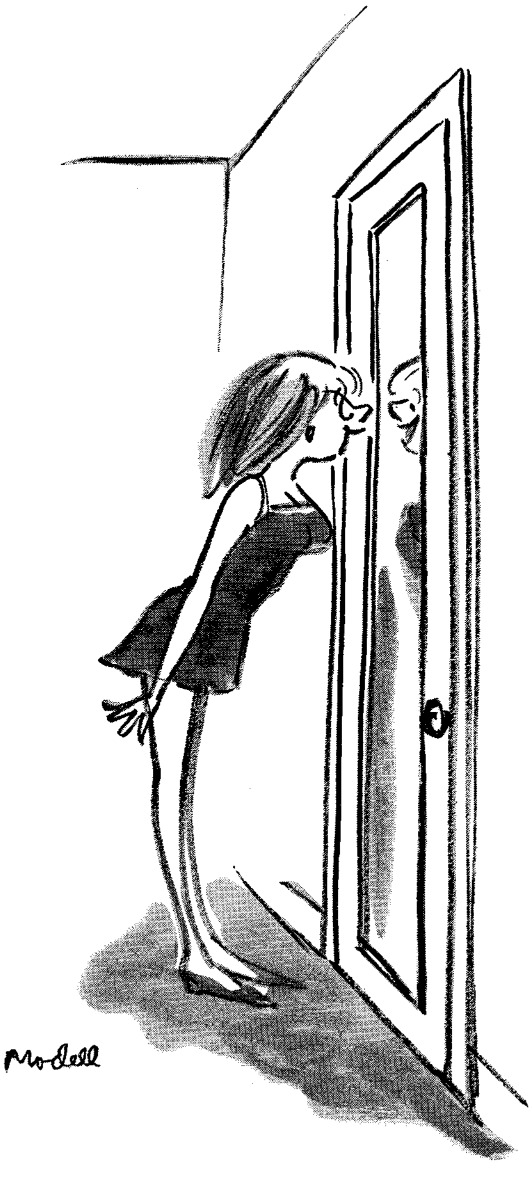
Occasionally, though, when he feels that one party is bluffing on some point, he may even reverse the process and let the other party get angry and call the bluff. While the parties are apart, both sides plead their own positions with Kheel, but he listens to such arguments only perfunctorily before bringing the conversation back to the sole question he considers relevant—the compromise proposal he thinks the other side will accept. "One has a service the other wants to hire. It's as simple as that," Kheel says. "And I keep them apart as long as I can keep the bargaining going on exactly that level. Eventually, though, I get worn down, and at about the time I catch myself entering into the argument for each side against the other I know it's time to bring them together and allow them to do their own arguing. That's the way it usually goes—together, apart, and together and apart again."

Eventually, the dispute gets down to three or four principal issues, and the real work of negotiating begins. At this stage, Kheel moves slowly back and forth between the parties, ostensibly proposing further compromises but in fact testing the reactions of the individual bargainers to discover exactly what points each will be willing, in the last analysis, to sacrifice to gain an agreement. "The essence of mediation is getting information," Kheel said recently. "The dirtiest question you can ask in bargaining is 'What will you settle for?' If you ask that question, you ought to resign—but that's the question you must have an answer to. You get it by asking every question except that. What's left over is the answer." Kheel occasionally finds that both sides have made pessimistic calculations of their prospects on a particular point, and then he can propose a compromise and have it quickly taken by both as a bargain. Generally, however, he will have to go to work to whittle down each of the differences separately. If the parties are, say, ten percentage points apart on a pay raise (wages are generally the hardest issue to resolve), Kheel will not try to work out a compromise in one stroke but will attempt to narrow the gap point by point. Often, he will begin with the bargainer whose proposal is closest to what he thinks the eventual figure should be. "The other party's offer is so far out of line that it can't be anything but a bargaining figure," Kheel will then argue to this bargainer. "Give me a point or two to work with and I'm sure we'll get him moving."

James J. McFadden, who headed Mayor Wagner's Department of Labor for four years and is now president of the Manpower Education Institute, an affiliate of the American Foundation on Automation and Employment, which Kheel heads, says that it isn't that Kheel is unsympathetic to the problems and aspirations of either labor or management. "He does have firm, well-thought-out positions on the rights and wrongs of labor issues, but he has been able to divorce his own feelings from what takes place during negotiations," McFadden says. "He is the complete pragmatist." Privately, though, Kheel is not above using whatever influence he possesses personally to win acceptance for his own views on bargaining issues. In the recent talks between the printers and the newspaper publishers, for instance, he let it be known that he felt that the printers were holding out for unreasonably high increases. During a hiatus in the latter part of those talks, when he and Powers were alone, the union president mentioned that he had recommended that the trustees of his organization's pension fund not wait for the stock market to bottom out "but step in and buy now." "Don't wait until this market bottoms out, either," Kheel retorted dryly. "Buy now."

Representatives caught up in Kheel's negotiating procedure soon find that the isolated bargaining they are subjected to places them at a psychological disadvantage, and some feel that they may end up making concessions they wouldn't have made in face-to-face discussions with the other side. "You can buy labor peace by listening to Kheel, but it will cost you," one management negotiator has said. "You have to be particularly careful when he gives you advice. Look at it six ways from the ace and through a prism." And once the agreement is concluded and the spell of Kheel's persuasiveness has worn off, negotiators tend to wonder, at least privately, whether they may not have been oversold. Kheel is quick to bristle at the idea that he ever knowingly allows a negotiator to sign a contract without being aware of all its ramifications. Vincent D. McDonnell, who has served on several mediation panels with Kheel, says, "I have never been in there when Ted hasn't pointed out the full extent of what might be discussed. Having pointed out the pitfalls, though, he might urge the party to accept the offer because of the advantages. He is, after all, in there to settle it." McDonnell calls Kheel "perhaps the finest mediator I have run into in my career of more than twenty-five years," and explains, "There are mediators by the score who are only window-openers and coffee-getters—who really believe that their role is only that of message-takers, with nothing to contribute—but when Ted is with one side or the other he's pressing. He presses points for the union when he's meeting with management, and for management when he's meeting with the union."

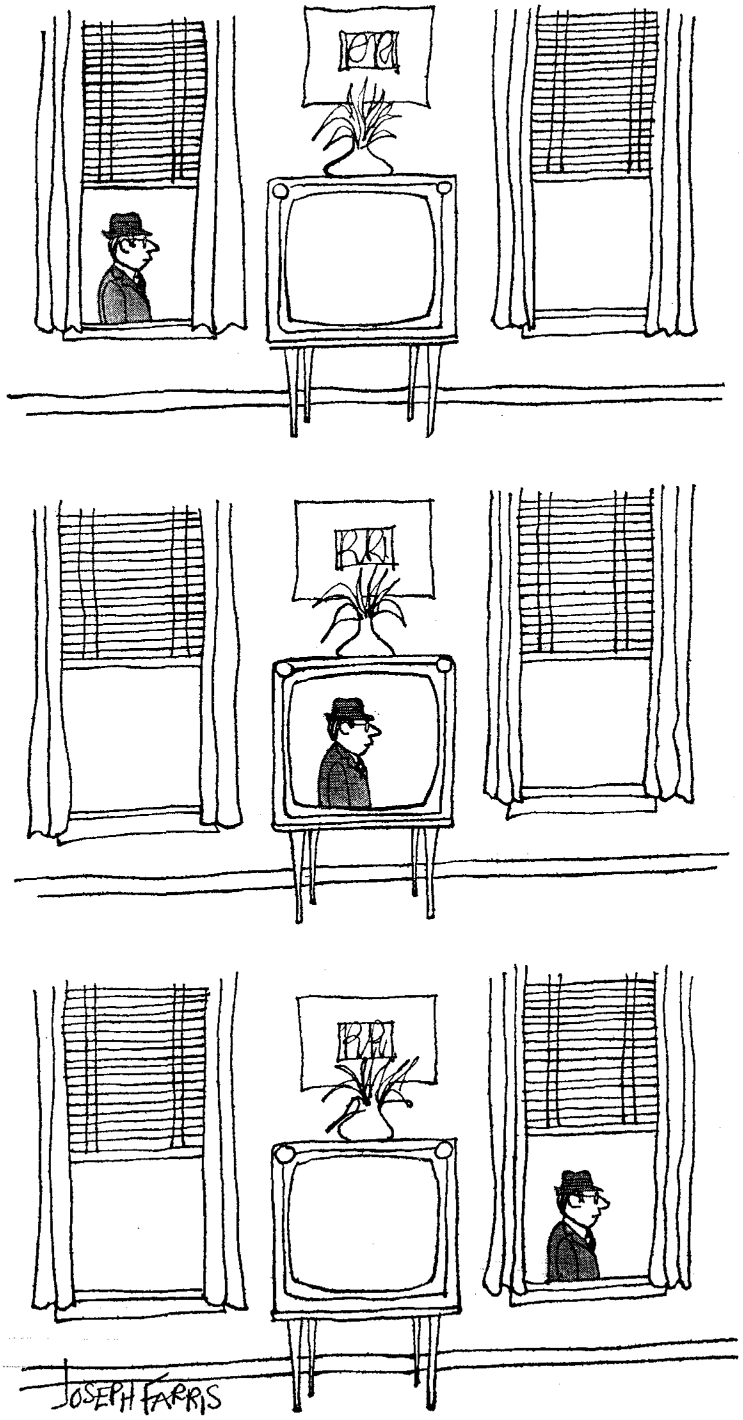
When salesmanship alone fails to keep the talks moving, Kheel may try bringing a certain amount of personal pressure to bear. What this personal pressure amounts to is simply a reminder to each side that if both sides are truly prepared to let a work stoppage occur rather than to make even the smallest further concession, he might as well walk out himself. In reality, however, this is pretty much of a hollow threat, and both sides are aware of the fact. The only negotiations that Kheel has ever withdrawn from voluntarily and permanently were those involving the planned merger of three New York City newspapers in 1966. At that time, the *Herald Tribune*, the *Journal-American*, and the *World-Telegram & Sun* had announced their intention of combining into one publishing company that would put out three papers—the *Herald Tribune* in the morning, the *World Journal* in the afternoon, and a combined paper on Sunday. During the negotiations, Kheel became convinced that the owners of the *Herald Tribune* had decided against continuing to publish their paper under the merger, and that, without saying so, they were working to prevent its publication. He resigned quietly, and the talks were turned over to David L. Cole, who struggled for nearly four months before achieving a settlement that permitted the publication of the new company's afternoon and Sunday papers but not of the *Herald Tribune*.



"Mirror, mirror on the door, whom do all the boys adore?"

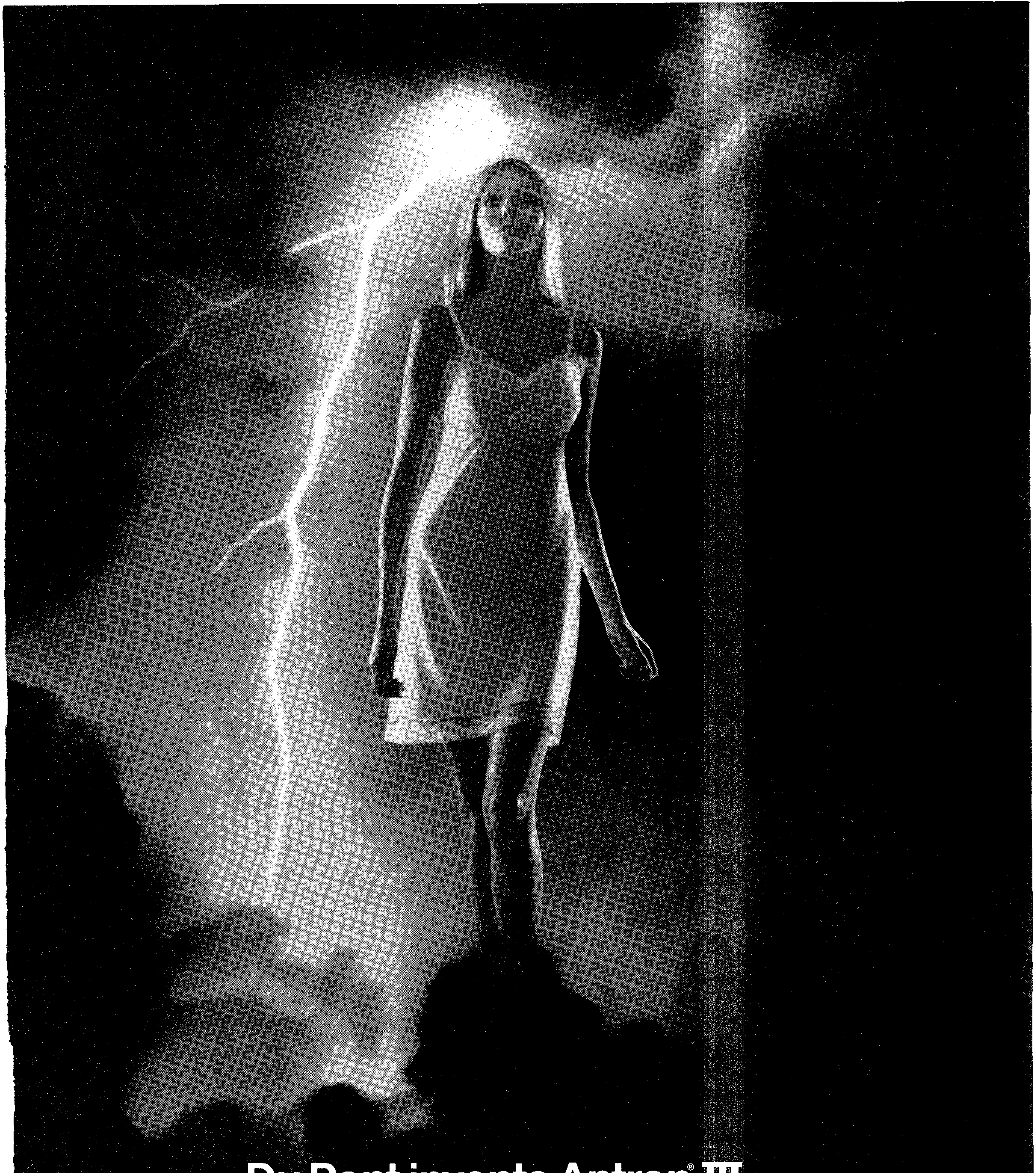
Sometimes, even when the negotiators appear eager to move, it is Kheel who will begin wasting time. Perhaps he will bring the parties together for negotiations and then seem to permit the negotiations to run in circles. Or he may simply disappear on his way from one group to the other. "I like to watch Kheel engage and disengage," John J. Gilhooley said last year. "Just when you'd least expect it, there he would be, trudging off with his shoulders hunched, pulling a roll of dimes out of his pocket as he headed for a pay phone." Usually after one of these absences, which may last an hour or more, Kheel returns to find the parties eager to resume bargaining. The time may still not be in accord with Kheel's private schedule, however, and in that event he himself may begin talking in circles, or telling stories. Several years ago, Kheel owned a cabin cruiser, and he used to say that he spent more hours talking about his boat during labor mediations than he ever spent enjoying it. Kheel's stalling may arise from either of two situations. It may be that one of the sides has made all the concessions it considers possible and that asking its representatives for anything more at that point would be likely to send them storming out of the negotiations. Then Kheel is concerned only to keep the talks going—pointlessly, if necessary—until the aggrieved party cools down. Or it may be that the talks are actually getting on too well. Perhaps one of the parties has disclosed to him an offer that he considers premature in view of how he thinks the negotiations should be progressing. As in the recent printers' negotiations, what Kheel is waiting for is what he calls "the crunch." This is some important deadline—usually the hour of contract expiration or, if a work stoppage has already begun, the last feasible minute for one side or the other to settle and still profit from a particular economic factor. In the *Times*-printers dispute, the crunch was imposed by the management of the *Times*, which decided not to continue publication without having achieved a contract. "The essence of making an agreement is the responsibility of decision-making," Kheel says, "and people will not assume responsibility for making a decision until they have no alternative. That's basic human nature."

Kheel feels that the crunch is demanded by the very nature of representative bargaining. He readily concedes that bargaining under deadline pressure can lead to miscalculations, contract inequities, and what he calls "overkill," meaning long and bitter strikes, but he argues that any settlement made without the pressure of a last-minute crisis leaves the negotiators open to attack from the people they represent, who may feel that they could have got a more favorable contract if only their negotiators had bluffed the other side right down to the final moment. This dependence on "crunchmanship" brings down on Kheel the disapproval of those who advocate more moderate forms of labor relations. Typical of such advocates is the *Times*, which relies on Kheel in its contract negotiations with the ten newspaper unions every three years and criticizes him in its editorial columns between times. A. H. Raskin, the former *Times* labor reporter, who is now an assistant editor of the editorial page, recently discussed Kheel with a friend. "The crunch philosophy—the inner play, the clash of power—is almost a disease with Ted," Raskin said. "He is hung up on the whole idea of the contract expiration, the strike vote, having the picket signs printed up, the men ready to go. I don't think we'll ever get anywhere in labor relations if we don't move to year-round bargaining and get away from this crunch, which Kheel keeps projecting as the proudest flower of the democratic process." In response, Kheel is willing to pay his respects to the successes that year-round bargaining has enjoyed elsewhere—at Armour in the Midwest, on the West Coast docks, and in the Kaiser steel plant—but he feels that the crunch is unavoidable, particularly since union leaders find themselves threatened by insurgents from the ranks.



The crunch also puts another form of pressure on negotiators: it tests their physical endurance. When a contract is about to expire, for instance, the mediator will frequently call the parties into round-the-clock sessions, and in these Kheel seems particularly adept. "No matter how long it takes, Ted can go on and on," Raskin says. "Sometimes negotiations get hung up on one tiny point, and often it is something where he could say the hell with it, but he stays with it. He never gets tired, and he never gives up. He's great, too, at putting up different houses of cards. And, unlike most mediators, when somebody kicks his house down for no good reason, Ted has a new structure going up before the last card has hit the ground." John Mortimer, the *Times*' vice-president in charge of labor relations and personnel, tells the story of some suggestions for a pension plan that Kheel spent a day and a half drawing up during the Guild strike against that paper in 1965 only to have them rejected "in a minute and a half" by the union leader. "And Kheel didn't even blink," Mortimer recalls admiringly. "He just started right off on another tack."

There are occasions, of course, when all Kheel's planning, scheduling, and designing go for nothing—when the crunch passes but there is no agreement. When a strike or a lockout does occur, Kheel takes a characteristically pragmatic view of the situation. Frequently in such cases, he will head home to get some sleep and think about setting up another crunch. "All strikes get settled eventually," Kheel says. "I've never seen a totally bad strike—which isn't to say I recommend striking as therapy. But out of the strife is going to come some kind of resolution." Many outsiders, however, view a work stoppage as a failure of the collective-bargaining process rather than "a very necessary part" of it—as Arthur Goldberg once argued before the Supreme Court when he was general counsel of the Steelworkers Union. When the public is inconvenienced by a strike or a lockout, there is often a demand that the dispute be submitted to compulsory arbitration, or at least that the issues be argued before a fact finder, whose report will presumably exert pressure on the side found to be the more intransigent. The logical third party to fulfill either of these functions might seem to be the mediator, who is already familiar with the points in dispute, but Kheel refuses to become the fact finder or arbitrator unless both sides ask him to, his reason being that he knows too much. If he were to act as arbitrator or fact finder, he argues, he would inevitably betray—or, anyway, appear to betray—



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WHAT'S GOING ON AT THE GARDEN

— AUGUST —

No New Yorker reader needs an introduction to Madison Square Garden. The Garden is as much a part of the New York scene as the Statue of Liberty, the Fifth Avenue Library or Coney Island. But as this is the first of a series of monthly columns aimed at informing New Yorker readers of upcoming entertainment at Madison Square Garden Center, perhaps a word of greeting is in order. So—greetings!

Madison Square Garden August action will start with a bang on (4) when Olympic heavyweight champ George Foreman seeks to continue his glittering pro k.o. record against rough, tough George Chuvalo, recent conqueror of Jerry Quarry. You may well be seeing champion Joe Frazier's next opponent in this one.

More August excitement will be generated by the Madison Square Garden Championship Rodeo. The corps of cowboys and cowgirls will start their daredevil competitions on (6) and continue through (16) with all the traditional Western events plus more than a few extras.

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Garden patrons will get their chills and thrills when the all-new edition of "Holiday On Ice" comes tinkling into town (26) for an engagement lasting right through September 13th. It'll be as frosty as a julep and gay as Christmas when this fabulous extravaganza unfolds with its glaceéd entertainment for the whole family.

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confidences that both sides imparted to him in his role as mediator. On a number of occasions when both union and management negotiators have found themselves needing the public pressure of third-party recommendations to ease themselves gracefully out of an awkward position, Kheel has been able to persuade both sides to ask that he arbitrate their differences. Sometimes, Kheel has agreed to make recommendations only to find that one side accepted the offer and the other rejected it. To get over that hurdle and protect the bargaining position of each side, Kheel has been known to suggest that both sides publicly announce an initial rejection of his proposals even as he was appealing privately for their acceptance.

Kheel's repeated demonstrations of his concern for the interests of the representatives have given him a reservoir of trust, and consequently he can get away with acts or appearances that would arouse suspicion if they were made by other mediators. In 1965, for instance, the newspaper publishers were negotiating with the printers' union at City Hall and the union had announced that it planned to go on strike at 2 A.M. on April 1st. Kheel confronted the printers' international president, the late Elmer Brown, and the local president, Powers, at one-fifty and announced that he had seen signs of flexibility on management's side. In fact, he told them, he had notified reporters a few moments earlier that the union's strike deadline had been put off until four. "Brown and I just looked at each other," Powers recalled. "And then we scrambled around to call each of the shops before the men walked out. It was the perfect thing for Kheel to have done, really. If he had asked for the postponement, we would have had to say no." By four o'clock, the publishers and the printers had come to an agreement in principle, and the strike was averted.

Kheel is confident that his reputation for impartiality will survive the implications of repeated contact—including social contact—with representatives whose bargaining he mediates. Union negotiators, particularly, have ceased to become disturbed upon learning that Kheel has been seen dining privately with management negotiators, or that he has been named to the board of one corporation or another. Unlike some of his colleagues, Kheel sees nothing untoward in this "cross-pollination of interests." He maintains that the background information he picks up through such contacts makes him a more effective mediator. He also plays down the danger of a conflict of interest. "Each side knows that I go out to lunch with the other guy, and both sides are confident that I'm not going to sell them out or do anything to weaken their bargaining positions," he says. Labor relations is a turbulent and suspicion-ridden business, however, and confidence of the sort that Kheel enjoys grows only slowly and grudgingly. For example, Kheel has been arbitrator of National Maritime Union disputes for just eight years, a relatively short time, and recently William Perry, of the Maritime Union, was asked to explain why it was that the union trusted a man so closely associated with several managements, including that of a cargo-and-passenger line in the jurisdiction of the Seafarers International Union, the N.M.U.'s rival union. (Kheel was named the line's trustee in bankruptcy.) "Kheel got his corporate directorships only through labor," Perry replied. "If he were to double-cross labor even once, he would strike out, and all those fancy titles would fall by the wayside, and I'm sure Ted knows that." The industry that Kheel has been associated with longest is New York City transit, and Matthew Guinan, who became president of the Transport Workers Union in 1966, says there is no limit to the trust that Kheel has been able to inspire in the union's negotiating team. "From the international president to the lowliest agent, we have confidence in him, and it's possible that because we do have that confidence he can get an agreement that another fellow couldn't," Guinan said. "Ted has a real awareness of what your problem is with the rank and file, and he pretty much senses just how far short of your objective you can be."

KHEEL was born in Brooklyn on May 9, 1914, and was named, impartially, Theodore Woodrow, after Presidents Roosevelt and Wilson. His father was a lawyer. He attended public schools in New York City, and graduated from De Witt Clinton High School, in the Bronx. From De Witt Clinton he went on to Cornell University and then to Cornell Law School, from which he graduated in 1937. On the day Kheel passed the New York Bar examinations—July 1, 1937—he married Ann Sunstein, who had been the assistant editor of the Cornell *Alumni News* and later became an editor of *Tide*, the business magazine, which folded in 1967. He was undecided about how to put his new degree to work until his mother-in-law, Mrs. Gertrude Sunstein, heard through a nephew who worked for the National Labor Relations Board in Washington that the Board was hiring lawyers. "She called me, and I hot-footed it down there," Kheel says.

It was a lucky chance. According to Howard Lichtenstein, his first boss at the N.L.R.B., Kheel stunned most of his fellow-lawyers in the office by the amount of work he could do. "Instead of reading two hundred and fifty pages of a complicated labor case in a day, which was par for the course, Kheel would whip through a thousand," Lichtenstein said not long ago. "We soon found out he'd absorbed every necessary fact." In 1942, when the War Labor Board was created, Kheel went along to the new board, and it was there he found that his vocation lay in settling labor disputes rather than policing them. "The day I arrived at the W.L.B., a case came in involving the United Auto Workers and a manufacturer of war materials in New Jersey," he said. "The W.L.B. named a three-man board, and I was just supposed to be the go-for—the guy who goes for coffee—but I listened to them fight it out for a couple of days, and then, almost without knowing it, I found myself making suggestions, and my suggestions helped settle it. A few days later, the International Association of Machinists struck a small plant in Providence, Rhode Island, and the Board sent me up there by myself. The idea was that I was just supposed to narrow the issues before they were presented in Washington. I got up there, and we all sat down, but nobody knew what the hell the rules were, so we just began hearing what I later came to know as the give-and-take of collective bargaining. We talked all morning, and then the president of the company said, 'I don't know if it's proper, but if it is I would like to invite the mediation official to lunch.' I said that not only was it not improper but I'd welcome the opportunity. So we went to lunch, had about four Martinis, and then came back and had a very good afternoon session, and he invited me to his house for dinner, and we had a very nice time out there, mostly drinking Martinis. The next day, he agreed to a union shop, which he had said he'd never do, and made half a dozen other concessions. When I got back to Washington, they asked if I'd narrowed the issues. I said, 'Sure, all the way. The dispute is settled.' They said, 'Wonderful. Now we have this strike in Peoria. How about taking a run out there?' "

For several months, Kheel travelled around the country settling labor disputes. Then, in December of 1942, the W.L.B. split itself into ten administrative regions, and he was assigned the New York-New Jersey jurisdiction, covering nine million workers and ninety thousand plants. Kheel helped form a regional board that consisted of industry, labor, and public representatives, and during its first year the board acted on 14,569 pay-raise requests, approving more than half of them under the new wage-stabilization guidelines. In January of 1944, he returned to Washington as executive director of the national board. As he progressed, of course, his circle of friends in the labor movement was growing. "Kheel was always helpful when you went to Washington," Charles McNally, then an official of the Printing Pressmen's and Assistants' Union 23 and the former president of the Allied Printing Trades Council, said recently. "In those days, it was tough to do anything, even to see anybody. He would see to it that the doors were open. It may not have helped, but at least when we came back we didn't have to tell our guys we couldn't even get in to see the right people."

Late in 1945, Kheel returned to New York with the reputation of being "the boy wonder of the labor world"—a label given to him by a Washington newspaperman who admired his performance on the War Labor Board. Eager to use the experience he had gained, Kheel invited Judge Edward C. Maguire, Mayor William O'Dwyer's labor adviser, to lunch, in order to learn what the prospects were for a labor-relations practice in New York City. Judge Maguire was favorably impressed by Kheel, and said he thought the prospects were good. He mentioned Kheel to the Mayor, who at the time was faced with an unprecedented proposal by the president of the Transport Workers Union, Michael Quill—that the city, which then did not arbitrate grievances, sign labor contracts, or grant exclusive bargaining rights to any union, sign a contract covering T.W.U. members working in the subways. Several days after his lunch with Judge Maguire, the Mayor appointed Kheel to a mediation board that also included such figures as Arthur S. Meyer, the chairman of the

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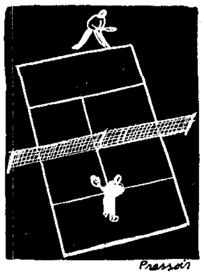
State Mediation Board; Samuel I. Rosenman, an adviser to President Roosevelt; and Mrs. Anna Rosenberg, former regional director of the War Manpower Commission. While this board did not recommend everything Quill sought—exclusive bargaining rights and a formal contract—it did start the city off in that direction, by means of a "memorandum of understanding," which also included the first of the union's major increases: twenty cents over the base rate of a dollar an hour.

With the relaxation of wage restrictions that followed the end of the war, the late forties were a stormy period for labor, and in September, 1946, O'Dwyer, complaining that forty per cent of his time was being taken up by the mediation of disputes affecting health and commerce, established the city's Division of Labor Relations. The Mayor appointed Judge Maguire director of the Division, and the two agreed on Kheel, then thirty-three, as Maguire's first deputy, at a salary of ten thousand dollars a year. Twelve months later, Maguire resigned to return to private life, and Kheel succeeded to the job of director. He held it for only a year, however, and then began looking for a less wearing and more profitable use for his mediation skills. In December, 1948, after the Division had handled a hundred and seventy-five disputes—and settled ninety-five per cent of them without major work stoppages—Kheel resigned to join the law firm of Battle, Levy, Fowler & Neaman, which had an extensive corporate practice but was without any representation in labor relations. In his new partnership, Kheel received his first free-lance arbitration assignment—as impartial chairman agreed upon by the T.W.U. and the bus-line owners to arbitrate contract disputes on the privately owned surface-transit systems in the city. This original appointment covered only twelve bus companies, but as the year passed and Kheel cemented his relationship with Quill and with transit officials he became more and more deeply involved in all the city's transit problems. Although a permanent arbitrator of contract disputes is not called on to act as a mediator in contract negotiations, Kheel has been drawn, almost routinely, into the biennial bargaining between the Transport Workers Union and the city. He was chosen impartial chairman of the transit industry by the Transport Workers Union and the Transit Authority in 1956 (the first time that a major group of government workers in the United States won the right to binding arbitration of grievances), and after 1962, when the Transit Authority took over the operation of most of the private bus lines in Manhattan, Kheel's jurisdiction was extended to include all Transit Authority operations as well as those of the few private bus companies that remain today in Queens.



In the first months of his involvement with transit, Kheel had trouble holding on to even the limited authority he thought he had been granted. In July, 1949, four bus mechanics were suspended, and Quill, bypassing the arbitration procedure, called a strike against the New York City Omnibus Corporation. "We respectfully urge that Theodore W. Kheel . . . resign," the *Herald Tribune* said in an editorial. "He is a man without office, the arbitration machinery he heads stalled without a trial."

"There I was," Kheel says. "The *News* was calling me the 'transit czar,' but I didn't have any of the power of a czar, and three months later the buses were on strike. What Mike Quill was doing then was a fascinating exercise of leadership. The union was highly factionalized, and Mike was trying to bring it under control. Those four mechanics were fired in the middle of the night, and the factional leadership objected and started a wildcat strike. Quill could have said, 'Go back to work. You bums are violating the contract.' But then he might have been faced with open defiance, so instead of that he went and pulled the rest of the workers for the line out, turning this clique that had control of the garage into a minority. This was the first critical situation I had had to handle on my own, without protection from the government, and I didn't know how to respond to the accusations by the *Tribune* that I was powerless. What I did do was call a news conference and plant a question in it: 'Mr. Kheel, the *Herald Tribune* said you should resign. Are you going to?' My answer was that the middle of a strike was no time to talk about resigning but that I would have a statement on it when the strike ended. That gave me a little time to function, because I was sure Mike didn't want me to quit." Kheel then called Mayor O'Dwyer, who was on vacation in Mexico, and he came back to work out an agreement between the union and the bus company. Under this, all issues were to be submitted to Kheel. Once this had happened, he vacated the suspensions of the four mechanics and threatened to resign as arbitrator unless the union adopted "firm rules providing that no strike can be called unless and until authorization has been given by constituted officials of the international union." The rules were adopted, and in 1952, when wildcatters struck another bus line, Kheel sustained the discharge of the strike leaders and thereby destroyed their challenge to Quill's leadership. "If I had made my point the way the *Herald Tribune* wanted me to in 1949, by resigning, the battle for orderly settlements never would have been won," Kheel has noted. Today, he maintains that the T.W.U. and the city have developed "one of the great sophisticated experiences" in labor relations. "If you can blot out the twelve-day strike of 1966, it is one of the most successful relationships from the point of view of the employer as well as of the union that I know of," he says. "The city government has been able to do something that government is rarely able to do in relation to industry—increase efficiency and productivity. They have cut the staff, and yet they still manage to turn out something like the same mileage with approximately ten to fifteen thousand fewer workers. Ten thousand workers at ten thousand dollars per year each—well, you figure it out."

Whatever Kheel's successes in promoting automation in transit, he has not fared nearly so well in introducing it into another of his mediation domains—that of New York newspaper publishing. Kheel did not begin to participate actively in negotiations between the publishers and the ten newspaper unions until the long strike and lockout of 1962-63 had been going on for almost two months. The newspaper blackout lasted a hundred and fourteen days and defied the mediating efforts of scores of private and public figures, including President Kennedy, who denounced the New York Typographical Union and its president, Powers, for "attempting to impose a settlement which could shut down several newspapers in New York." The two men who eventually settled the dispute were Kheel and Mayor Wagner. Kheel arrived at one City Hall session, held about ninety days after the strike began, optimistically carrying two bottles of champagne with which, he said, he proposed to toast the settlement. The champagne had another month in which to cool. The strike involved not only a routine labor-management fight but also a struggle for dominance among the ten newspaper unions, and it took eight hundred and

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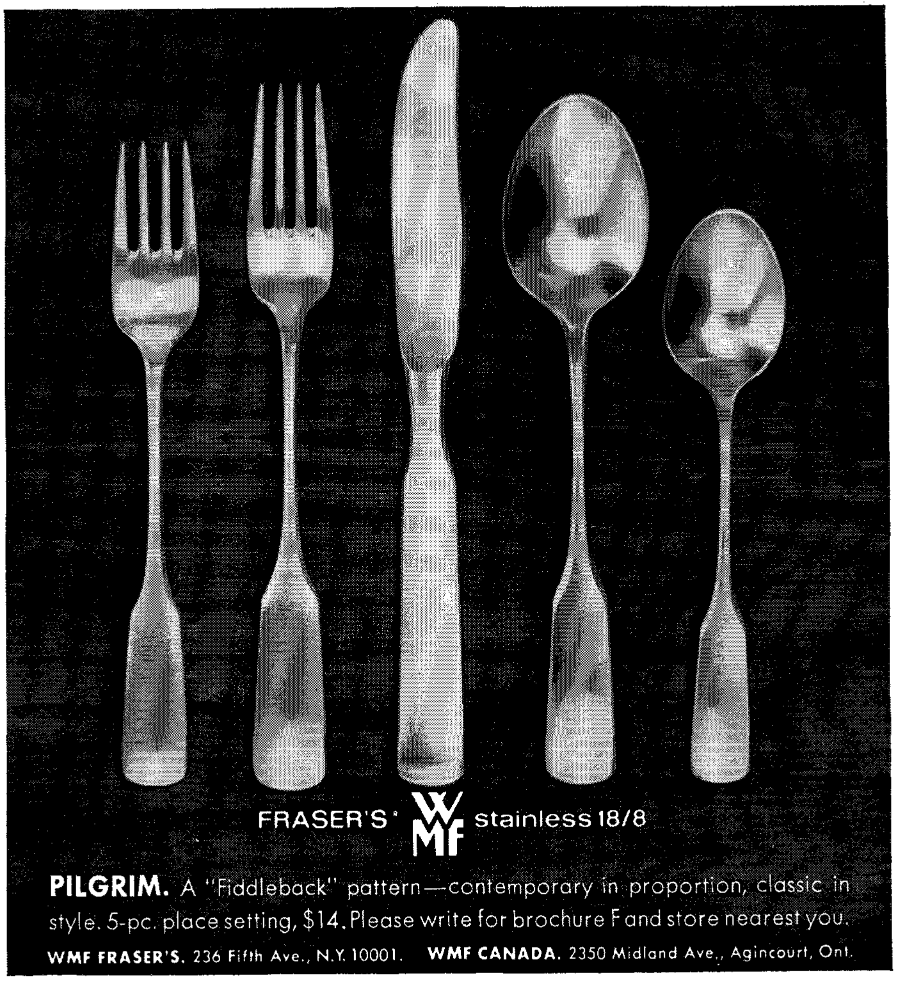

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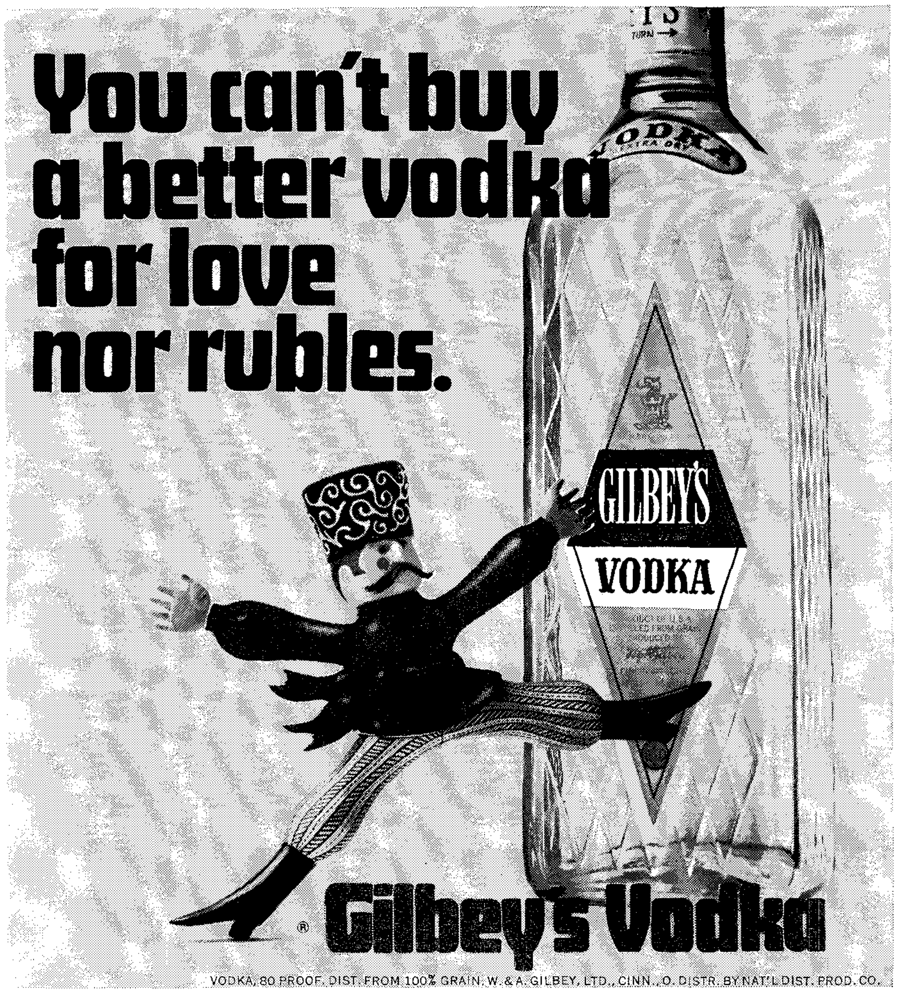
sixty-eight hours of bargaining sessions to negotiate what Kheel described as "the twelfth resurrection of Humpty Dumpty" and permit resumption of publication. So unproductive and exasperating were most of these talks that—possibly for the only time in his career of mediating—Kheel lost his temper. Amory Bradford, the publishers' chief negotiator, who was vice-president and general manager of the *Times*, responded to a mediator's proposal by threatening to walk out. "Why don't you leave?" Kheel asked Bradford. "Because if you don't I will. I certainly have better things to do." Kheel did leave at that point. The next day, Orvil Dryfoos, the president and publisher of the *Times*, visited him at his home and asked him to return to the talks. After the strike ended, Bradford resigned from the *Times*. Kheel, of course, had retained his position with the newspaper industry.

"That's another thing about Ted," one of his critics has remarked. "Once he gets into a labor situation, he's as hard to dislodge as dandruff. He makes himself the friend of the union, and the employers, who can't do that, admire Ted's ability to, and they use him like a crutch." It was not, however, until 1968 that Kheel managed to bring the newspaper publishers and the printers' union together to study automation, under the auspices of the American Foundation on Automation and Employment, one of Kheel's extensive foundation projects. The study has now been completed, but there is still no agreement on the subject, one reason being, according to Kheel, that "there has not been the sense of urgency that a strike deadline provides."

SINCE 1948, Kheel and his wife—who are the parents of five daughters and one son, ranging in age from eighteen to twenty-nine—have lived in a fourteen-room Georgian house in Riverdale, a serene and well-to-do section of the Bronx. Until several years ago, Kheel's principal diversion was collecting antique furniture, and the house is furnished mostly with American antiques. "At one time, Ted liked nothing better than to drive for hours to some museum and climb around under chairs," Herman Cooper, another labor lawyer, who is one of his closest friends, has recalled. Several years ago, Kheel's enthusiasm for collecting cooled, and he not only sold several of his best pieces but mocked his former passion by having a large-screen color-television set installed behind the doors of a replica of a Townsend Goddard highboy. Another hobby of Kheel's has also gone by the board recently—the driving of fast, expensive cars. For years, he made his way around town in a succession of them—one of his favorites was an ivory Mercedes 230 SL convertible—while at the same time proposing parking bans and higher bridge and tunnel tolls, in the hope that they would reinvigorate mass transit. He quit driving sports cars because he couldn't stand seeing them get their fenders dented in New York City parking lots.

One non-professional activity of Kheel's that has remained undiminished through the years is a devotion to civil-rights causes. In these, however, he is outdone by his wife, who since 1965 has been the secretary of the board of directors of the New York Urban League. "I made a definite decision that this area was where I was going to put the rest of my life," she has said. Kheel himself became involved in civil-rights work in the early nineteen-fifties, when James Felt, then president of the New York Urban League, drew him into the League's activities. Kheel became president of the New York Urban League, and, in 1956, president of the National Urban League. The Urban League was not the mediator's only civil-rights venture. In 1962, along with Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr., A. Philip Randolph, and Jackie Robinson (a friend of Kheel's), among others, he founded the Gandhi Society for Human Rights, through which, it was hoped, tax-deductible contributions could be channelled to King's causes in the Southern Christian Leadership Conference. As things worked out, the Gandhi Society threatened to monopolize Kheel's time, and after six months he resigned. The organization was soon dissolved. Kheel since has chaired still another civil-rights group, which fared better. In March, 1967, Dr. Kenneth Clark formed the Metropolitan Applied Research Center, or MARC, "to influence social and political decisions by government officials and agencies on behalf of the urban poor," and named Kheel chairman of the board. The aim of the Center was to become, in Dr. Clark's words, "the poor and deprived people's National Association of Manufacturers." Dr. Clark was asked recently whether Kheel had been selected as chairman to project an image of the organization that would sit well with white liberals, and he replied, "Ted was selected because I had absolute confidence in him. The main thing we have going for us is integrity, and we had to have a chairman of the board who projected that." During the 1968 student uprisings at Columbia University, Dr. Clark, as president of MARC and an alumnus of Columbia, brought Kheel onto the campus to try applying labor-management techniques to student grievances and unrest that had disrupted the university. Kheel, who was still on crutches after a hip operation, hobbled over the barricades to negotiate with black militants in Hamilton Hall for three hours and then back to negotiate with university officials for two. The plan he proposed was typically double-edged; it affirmed the university's right to discipline students and at the same time severely modified that right by proposing that disciplinary actions resulting from the demonstrations be made appealable to a special board, which would meet long after order was restored and tempers had cooled. In the end, the proposal was rejected by both sides (and the protesting students were later cleared from the hall by police), but Dr. Clark has said of the negotiating sessions, "Kheel was truly great. I hadn't seen him operate before, but when we got into Hamilton Hall I saw a real pro. In fact, I saw more than a real pro—I saw a decent human being. He's certainly not a typical chairman of the board, but then a typical chairman wouldn't be appropriate for MARC."

In 1961, Kheel also saw to it that his law firm, which had by then become Battle, Fowler, Stokes & Kheel, elected Samuel R. Pierce, a judge of New York's General Sessions Court, to a partnership—the first partnership in such a prominent practice to go to a black. More important, perhaps, other blacks were elected later with less fanfare. Kheel has also been responsible for integrating the boards of directors and the managements of several corporations with which he has become associated. In addition to serving as impartial chairman of management-labor committees that have made determined efforts in recruiting black apprentices in both the electrical and printing industries, Kheel took on, in 1962, the chairmanship of the Mayor's Committee on Job Advancement, which successfully pressured New York advertising agencies into beginning to show black models in advertisements and television commercials. One battle that Kheel really put his back into was ostensibly not a civil-rights matter at all yet generally was viewed as one, particularly in the ghettos. This was Mayor Lindsay's attempt in 1966 to establish an inde-



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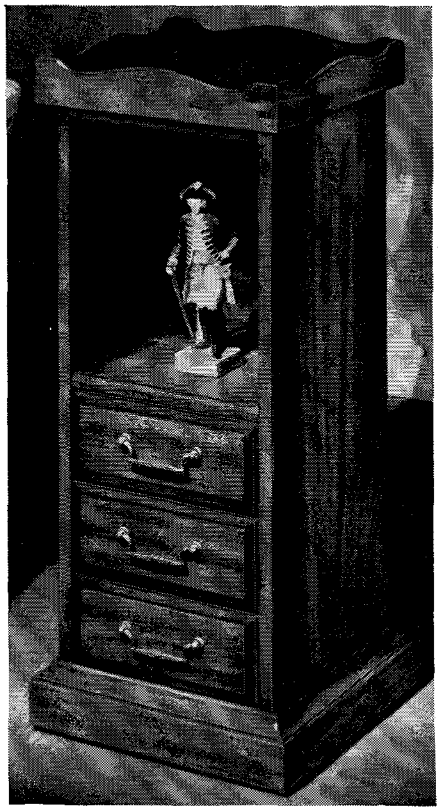
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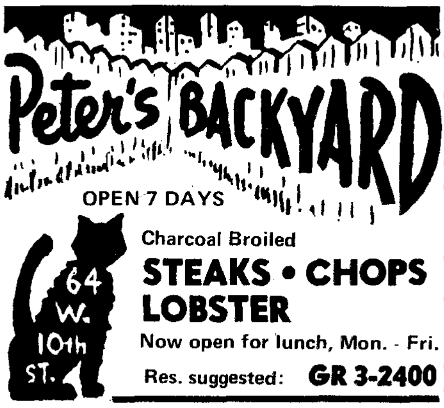
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pendent civilian-controlled police review board in the face of vociferous opposition from the Patrolmen's Benevolent Association, in the form of a heavy advertising campaign. Along with Kheel, the Mayor recruited former United States Attorney General Herbert Brownell, Bronx Borough President Herman Badillo, A. Philip Randolph, and Morris Abram (who was then the president of the American Jewish Committee and later became the president of Brandeis University) as co-chairmen of a federation of review-board supporters. It was Kheel, though, who assumed the role of spokesman. The independent review board was soundly defeated in a referendum that November, but a few weeks later Kheel's P.B.A. adversaries were glad to accept an offer from him to mediate differences that had arisen (primarily over the money spent to marshal opposition to the review board) between their organization and the Guardians, a group of black patrolmen.

Kheel's efforts in behalf of civil rights and his unpaid mediation efforts have not gone unrewarded, for the publicity that has attended them is at least partly responsible for building his considerable law practice and bringing him a number of little-known but remunerative arbitration appointments to supplement his salary—thirty thousand dollars a year—as impartial chairman of the New York City transit industry. Moreover, because Kheel's work takes him into the inner councils of industry and labor, several corporations have invited him to sit on their boards of directors, and he has thereby gained a business perspective that has been useful in the handling of his personal investments. Three years ago, for instance, Kheel invested in an industrial security that was selling on the over-the-counter market at one or two dollars a share. Today, he is a director of the corporation, and the stock, now listed on the American Exchange, reached a high of more than sixty dollars last year before it fell back in the market plunge this year to a range in the teens. Kheel also deals in real estate, often investing in construction projects with his brother Julian, a Rochester, New York, builder, and he recently acquired a three-percent interest—and a condominium apartment—in the Jockey Club in Miami. All told, Kheel has estimated his gross annual income at more than two hundred and fifty thousand dollars, but he points out that out of it he must pay the salaries of two secretaries and his share of the expenses of the law firm, which occupies most of the eleventh floor of an office building at Park Avenue and Forty-eighth Street.

Not all of Kheel's investments have worked out satisfactorily. In December, 1966, he became the floor manager for Philip J. Levin, a New Jersey real-estate dealer who was attempting a proxy fight for control of the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer film corporation. The Levin-Kheel slate was defeated, however, and the two men later dissolved their association—not entirely amicably. Kheel did not give up on show-business ventures, and, a few months later, joined several other men in buying a two-million-dollar controlling interest in Four Star, a prominent television-production corporation. This investment, too, was relatively short-lived, primarily because Kheel felt out of touch with the project, whose offices were on the West Coast. "I didn't have enough time to devote to it," Kheel said. "I wasn't being kept posted, and I want to be sure that everything I'm in I'm kept posted on. I wasn't going to enter into any dispute about it, but when I saw a chance to sell out at a profit I did."

Several other investments of Kheel's have brought him, regardless of their balance sheets, a good deal of pleasure. In 1966, after the death of Henri Soulé, the founder of Le Pavillon, Kheel and thirteen other people bought the restaurant and turned its management over to another prominent restaurateur, Claude Philippe. This arrangement developed problems, however, and two years ago, by mutual agreement, Kheel and three of the other original partners bought out the rest. Philippe was succeeded by Stuart Levin, the director of The Four Seasons. Le Pavillon has not yet been restored to the financial success it enjoyed under Soulé, but, Kheel says, "we are breaking even, and the important thing is that the curve is upward." For Kheel, a still more important thing is that the restaurant has improved to the point where he is satisfied to lunch there regularly. "The restaurant business is not a pencil business," he points out. "There are supermarkets and gas stations that gross more money than we do. But to have an interest in the restaurant that introduced French gourmet cooking to New York—that's something I like to do."

Kheel has also been, since its founding four years ago, the chairman of the board of the Republic National Bank of New York, an enterprise founded principally by the Safra banking establishment, of Lebanon. The bank spent two and a half million dollars to buy and renovate an ornate ten-story building at Fortieth Street and Fifth Avenue and decorate it in a style that one worker there has described as "early seraglio." Kheel was drawn into Republic by his friend and labor-law colleague Herman Cooper, who represented Safra interests in New York. "They were looking for someone who could pass the tests the F.B.I. makes on bank personnel and who would be sympathetic to the basic aims of developing the international-banking business, and they needed someone to introduce them to the American community," Kheel said. Republic opened early in 1966 with fifteen million dollars in deposits, and it now has more than a hundred million.

Last year, after his labor-relations counsel was solicited by Stirling Homex, an upstate-New York company specializing in the construction of prefabricated buildings, Kheel negotiated, with the United Brotherhood of Carpenters and Joiners of America, a pioneering union contract covering the erection of such buildings across the nation. Having been elected to the company's board and then appointed its labor counsel, Kheel subsequently made what he describes as a "significant" capital investment in Stirling Homex. Several months ago, in another venture, he was named publisher of Interplay, a magazine devoted to international affairs and published monthly. The mediator was persuaded to take over the magazine by Arnold Beichman, a journalist and lecturer, after Gerard Smith, a lawyer who founded Interplay three years ago, resigned to become director of the United States Arms Control and Disarmament Agency.

FORTUNATELY for Kheel, these ventures, although prestigious, make only slight demands on his working day. He devotes most of his time to his law practice and to the arbitration proceedings he conducts, involving some fifty different lines of employment. These arbitrations are judicial in nature, but there is one fundamental difference between the duties of the arbitrator and those of a judge. Whereas a judge follows the same set of statutes in every case, the principles that Kheel must base his rulings upon vary from industry to industry, and sometimes even within an industry, according to the language of a particular contract. Most of the arbitration hearings that

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Kheel presides over involve appeals brought by unions as a result of disciplinary action taken by management against workers, but there are also occasional disputes over questions like actuarial revisions of pension formulas.

Whenever he can do so—the opportunity occurs only infrequently—Kheel likes to break out of the standard patterns of litigation. In 1948, while he was still head of the city's Division of Labor Relations, he listened for two days to representatives of unionized carpenters and unionized concrete workers squabbling over jurisdictional rights to the dismantling of the wooden forms into which the concrete foundations of public-housing projects were poured. Kheel's solution was literally to bury the problem—not to dismantle the forms at all but to cover them up intact, along with the foundations. "A representative of the carpenters was shocked, and said, 'You can't do that. It's bad public relations,'" Kheel recalls. "Here was a guy who had tied up housing projects for two months, and he was worried about bad public relations connected with the cost of an insignificant quantity of lumber. I said, 'Well, we'll tell everybody that burying the lumber is an improved technique,' and that's what we did. It worked out very well." In 1968, in a dispute involving the National Maritime Union and American steamship passenger carriers, Kheel thoroughly enjoyed ruling that insistence by the shipping lines on hiring either only waiters or only waitresses was not, as the union had charged, unfair sexual discrimination. "At the risk of being identified as a square," he wrote in his opinion, "I have reached the joint conclusions that it is not possible for the companies to provide separate accommodations, and that it is not within the meaning of the contract to require the waiters and waitresses to sleep in the same quarters." Lawyers who arbitrate cases before Kheel learn, however, that it is best to leave the joking to the arbitrator. "You have to be careful that any humor doesn't turn against Kheel," said one labor-relations attorney. "He doesn't like it at all."

Critics of Kheel's closeness to many union leaders might be surprised to learn that in his arbitrations over the past quarter of a century he has ruled preponderately in favor of management. To some extent, this may be accounted for by the internal politics of the unions—that is, union leaders, being subject to pressure from their memberships, will undertake the expenses of arbitration even in the cases that their attorneys expect to lose. Of Kheel's rulings in important arbitrations, however—those that are given more than token representation by union leaders—a labor lawyer familiar with his record says, "Somehow his decisions come to about fifty-fifty, no matter what the equity. If they didn't, he might not be named arbitrator in the next contracts."

One other fundamental difference between the role of arbitrator and that of a judge who hears labor cases is that judges don't—or shouldn't—act as lawyers, whereas arbitrators who are also lawyers may be called on by their law clients to appear as attorneys before other arbitrators. This is something that sometimes happens to Kheel, although, as a matter of ethics, he refuses to represent any client in an industry he has served in a mediating or arbitrating capacity. Because he is normally consulted on specific labor problems, his legal retainers tend to be short-lived, but among the clients Kheel has represented in labor matters are the Port of New York Authority, the Diners Club, the Broadway production "Fade Out—Fade In," the Tishman Realty and Construction Company, Athlone Industries, Local 852 of the Teamsters International Union, and Procter & Gamble. At present, probably his best-known client is the National Football League, for which, in 1968, he negotiated a three-million-dollar contribution from the team owners to the players' pension fund. (The pension fund also became an issue in the 1970 talks, which again involved Kheel.) Kheel doesn't need to look for business these days. "Every day, somebody comes along and says will you do this or that, and I turn down more than I can take on, so the dominant factor is whether they please me, whether I like the money or the people or the situation," he says. "I'm in a good position. I don't have to associate with people I don't like, and I'm old enough and busy enough not to want to spend time with people I find unrewarding."

Kheel dismisses any possibility that conflict-of-interest charges may arise from either his social or his professional association with people he serves as a mediator or an arbitrator. Not everyone treats this danger so lightly. "There's a whole industry of these guys," Murray Kempton once said, "and Ted's misfortune is that he is condemned to live with a generation of absolutely unspeakable labor leaders." Over the years, however, Kheel has shown a remarkable faculty for keeping clear of labor scandals.

Probably the closest Kheel ever came to involvement in scandal was an enterprise he was involved in in 1963. He had helped to arrange the financing for a housing complex that was to be built in Panama. The construction funds were to come from the pension funds of two unions that he was serving as mediator. The House Foreign Affairs Committee questioned both the cost of the venture and a possible conflict of interest on the part of its Panamanian sponsor, who would also have been its insurance contractor. Kheel would have received a finder's fee for securing the funds, but, as he pointed out at the time, such a fee would not have been uncommon. "I must get at least one inquiry a week about the availability of pension funds for mortgages," he told a friend. "And in this case I had covered the unions by specifying at every stage that they would not take any responsibility for the project itself. I was aware that these were wheeler-dealers, and I couldn't have been more careful. My brokerage fee would have been in the neighborhood of twenty-five thousand dollars, but I never received it. It would have been a proper one under the circumstances, though. I would have got a fee for doing a good deed, and I am always in favor of that."

HAVING met with success in so many of his endeavors, Kheel is occasionally asked to turn his thoughts to a political career. Political office remains a possibility for him, but to date he has been cool toward any suggested candidacy. He removed himself from consideration for the 1969 mayoral race even though one poll showed him to have the best chance of defeating Mayor Lindsay. If Kheel should ever run for office, he would be able to collect on a number of political debts. He has been an active Democrat since his early days in the O'Dwyer administration. He has also been a popular speaker, and although he has both an aptitude and a real liking for politics, so far he has preferred to put these to use in behalf of other local Democrats. As for national politics, Kheel had formed a working alliance with Lyndon Johnson even before Johnson became President, and for a time after his participation in the 1964 rail-crisis negotiations there were reports that he was being considered to replace Secretary of Labor Wirtz, who was rumored to be in line for the Attorney Generalship. Kheel and the President did exchange a series of long

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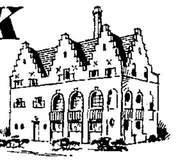

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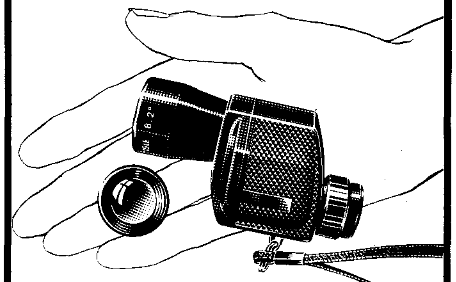

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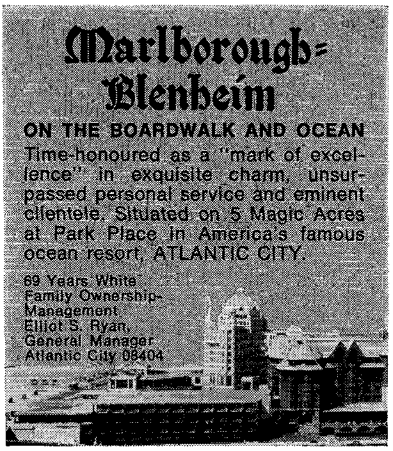
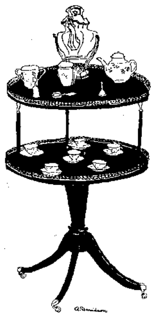


and mutually effusive letters, but in the end Wirtz stayed on as Secretary of Labor and Kheel in New York.

"I have a lot of the ham in me," Kheel recently said when he was asked about the possibility of a political career. "I wouldn't mind some of the stuff that Lindsay has, but the rest that goes with it— Well, the burdens of public office are more than I want to assume, especially since I have a pretty good position as a quasi-public figure. I can speak when I want to, keep quiet when I want to, and disappear when I have to."



There is another reason for Kheel's reluctance to seek office—the certainty that such an effort would conflict with a campaign he has been conducting for some time now in behalf of mediation itself. Badly as cities need good mayors today, Kheel feels, they need referees even more—men with sufficient status to step into disputes between all sorts of groups that may be in conflict with each other or with the government, and preferably to bargain for a settlement, or, failing that, to draw up ground rules that will enable the dispute to be resolved as painlessly as possible. In March, 1969, after Kheel had made it clear that he would not enter the mayoral race, he announced that he was forming a Board of Mediation for Community Disputes. His fellow-members on this board include Arthur Goldberg; Herman Badillo; Robert Carter, former N.A.A.C.P. counsel; and Ramsey Clark, former United States Attorney General. The president of the Board is Ronald W. Haughton, a mediator from Detroit and a fellow-alumnus of the War Labor Board. "It becomes critical in a society as pluralistic as the one we have in New York City to have some people remain neutral in the highly emotional conflicts that develop and to be available in a mediating capacity," Kheel said in announcing the establishment of the Board, on six hundred thousand dollars in Ford Foundation funds. There have been previous attempts to extend labor-management bargaining techniques to public disputes—Kheel's efforts at Columbia two years ago among them—and the University of Michigan and the American Arbitration Association obtained financing for efforts similar in intent. Kheel has been heading in this direction since 1962, when he brought together John I. Snyder, the president of U.S. Industries, Inc., a Kheel law client, and Al Hayes, the president of the International Association of Machinists, and the three founded, with Kheel as president, the American Foundation on Automation and Employment. In its eight years of existence, the foundation has become a principal center for labor-relations and job-training research and has allied itself with like-minded projects, notably Experiments in Art and Technology, which brought artists together with scientists and won critical acclaim for exhibitions of their jointly fashioned works at the Museum of Modern Art and the Brooklyn Museum, and the Manpower Education Institute, which, under the direction of Kheel's friend James McFadden, is experimenting with the development of multi-media training programs for the undereducated. The American Foundation and its offspring, the Institute of Collective Bargaining, moved several months ago into new headquarters, on East Sixty-eighth Street—a former private mansion that is henceforth to be known as Automation House. A Cornell University professor of industrial relations, Matthew Kelly, is a consultant of I.C.B., which, among its other projects, has attempted—without success, as far as the recent talks were concerned—to explore an approach toward coalition bargaining by the ten unions in the New York newspaper industry. A subsidiary of the I.C.B., the Center for the Study of Mediation and Conflict Resolution, was inaugurated this year with a Ford Foundation grant of four hundred and sixty-five thousand dollars. A major activity of the Institute itself will be the sponsorship of seminars and lectures that Kheel hopes "will provide the public with information to make people less cynical and better informed about the advantages and importance of collective bargaining." Upon being pressed, Kheel has said that what he means by this is that the principal purpose of the I.C.B. will be to "offset the damage done to collective bargaining by the New York *Times*." For nearly three years now, Kheel and the *Times'* policymakers have been quarrelling—in and out of print—over how to prevent strikes by workers in government service. Kheel feels as strongly as any of the editorial writers of the *Times*, including his friend A. H. Raskin, that strikes by essential government workers must not take place, but he disagrees with the *Times* about the Taylor Law, because he feels that in outlawing strikes by employees of the government the law frustrates true collective bargaining by restraining only one of the parties—the union. Under the Taylor Law, he points out, the state government or any city government in the state can be as intransigent as it wants to be and rely on its police powers to prevent a strike. Neither the Taylor Law nor any other measure specifying fines and jail terms for union officers has a chance of working, he feels, if for no other reason than that it presents the union officers with an excellent opportunity both to demonstrate their courage and to solidify their positions in their organization by going to jail. Kheel recently proposed to the legislature (at the request of former Assembly Speaker Anthony J. Travia, he presented his plan formally to a joint legislative committee in 1968, and he has testified several times in its behalf) that it do away with the provisions that make strikes against government bodies illegal per se and substitute something similar to the Taft-Hartley Act's injunctive procedures. For Kheel to endorse anything akin to the eighty-day cooling-off period provided in the Taft-Hartley Act represents a reversal. In 1949, when he was still forming his labor alliances, he testified before a labor subcommittee of the House of Representatives that a cooling-off period "will not contribute to the settlement of labor disputes," and that "the use of injunctions serves as an irritant." When Raskin recently confronted him with this twenty-year-old testimony, Kheel said merely that there had been twenty-five Taft-Hartley injunctions since then and that all of them had been obeyed. But all that that meant, Raskin retorted, was that the injunction and the cooling-off period "became part of the furniture, as they have with the longshoremen, who go through bargaining knowing there will be an injunction, and you get, as we've had, seven out of seven negotiations where we've had injunctions." Anyhow, Raskin asked, what would happen when the injunction lapsed and an agreement had still not been negotiated?

Under Kheel's proposal, the dispute would then go to the legislature, which would not actually arbitrate it but would set forth the terms under which it was to be arbitrated—much as Congress has done in the two major national rail disputes. By Raskin and others this approach is seen primarily as a means of bringing union strength to bear in the legislature and opening the way to contracts negotiated not on the labor equities of a situation but on the basis of political power. Kheel's plan, Raskin says, is "doubletalk and sophistry." According to Raskin, "It starts by saying strikes are intolerable and goes through a big rationale that sounds public-spirited, but in the

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end it is a way of opening a big barn door for the unions, with, really, little public protection." As for Kheel, he began his testimony before the legislative committee by denouncing the *Times* editorial board for having committed itself so deeply to the Taylor Law "before and after its passage that it cannot stand even the slightest disparagement of the law." He went on to say, "It has gone so far as to try immediately to obliterate and intimidate any voice that dares to suggest that there may be something wrong with the law and that there may be a better way to accomplish its laudable objectives of seeking to prevent strikes by public employees. . . . I know whereof I speak. Indeed, if the New York *Times* itself followed the advice of its editorial department on labor relations it probably would have gone out of business a long time ago." So bitter did this infighting become that in February of 1968 Bertram Powers was moved to invite Kheel and Raskin to lunch and do a little mediating of his own. After the 1968 strikes by sanitation men and teachers, the state legislature naturally took a dim view of Kheel's attempt to remove union leaders from the threat of legal sanctions, and when the Taylor Law was amended last year the major changes were confined to making the penalties stiffer and extending them to individual strikers.

Undismayed and undeterred, Kheel returned to his Park Avenue office to await the next call for his services and, in the meantime, to oversee his mediations and arbitrations, his foundation, his political interests, his law partnership, his bank, his restaurant, his magazine, and his directorships. "Where do you go from here?" asked a visitor who cornered him one day behind his desk, an eighteen-drawer partners' desk built about 1800. Kheel's fingers tapped lightly on the buttons of one of his two telephones. "There ought to be a lot of guys like me," he said after a second's hesitation. "And I think we're beginning to see a few of them emerge from the ranks of labor and from the civil-rights movement. Until they come, though, I guess I'll stay right here."

—FRED C. SHAPIRO

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"GOLDEN BAT," which has just moved from Café La Mama to the roomier Sheridan Square, is a Japanese musical presented by a troupe that calls itself the Tokyo Kid Brothers and is the Japanese branch of Ellen Stewart's far-flung La Mama. The show is free-form and more like a revue than a conventional musical. There are rituals and ceremonies in the singing and dancing and narrations, but its object, as it opens its arms wide to its audience, is to dispel the mysteries—to breach the barriers between stage and auditorium, between East and West in general, and, in particular, between these Tokyo youngsters and all of us in New York. Watching it, I kept wishing that the words "enchanting" and "beautiful" still had some meaning for anything but promotional or culty purposes. The dancing and choral movements are indeed beautiful and exert a fascination that is close to enchantment. The score—the troupe's own chimey percussive music, plus its delightful versions of our rock music and folk music and popular music and jazz—is played by a small orchestra in a booth above the stage, and it is enchanting, too. There is great variety of mood and movement from one number to the next, whether set in Japan or here. Everything is meant; there are no put-ons, but there is plenty of humor. The action seems so impulsive that at the end of what appears to be an on-the-spot improvisation it is often a surprise to find everyone in place and ready for the next number. That's La Mama, all right. The words are sometimes Japanese but more often English, and the English pronunciation is so captivating, and what is said is often so funny, that the lines become irresistible. In fact, the show reminded me in many ways of the charming, pre-Broadway production of "Hair."

Long before the performance starts, a young actress in a red kimono comes out and remains motionless on her knees, with her back to the audience. The stage is almost bare, and the overhead lights are covered with paper parasols. (The props are sparse—fans and parasols and torches and, in one instance, an airmail letter.) Then the cast assembles slowly, walking down the aisles. These Tokyo Kid Brothers (and Kid Sisters) are so engaging that they would immediately be in touch with their audience even if they didn't go running up and down the aisles talking with us and asking us if we are happy, though I must concede that the talking and asking, which ordinarily I am against, are not intrusive. (My sole quibble is that some of the numbers run a bit too long.) I was especially taken by the sly comedy and dancing of a young man with a shaved head, and by the funny impudence of a pretty girl in a striped kimono, but everybody is very good. "Golden Bat" is a complete success on our terms, though perhaps not entirely on its own, if its purpose is not to impress us with strangeness but to dispel it. It *is* strange—less so at the end than at the beginning—but its strangeness is just one of the many elements of its charm. —EDITH OLIVER

THE SPORTING SCENE

TWO OPENS TO REMEMBER

THERE are a good many differences between the two big national golf championships—the British Open and the United States Open—but the basic one is that the British Open has been rotated down through the years among a small number of tested seaside courses, whereas we have taken ours all over the country and played it on a wide variety of courses, both old and new, coastal and inland, requiring simply that the layouts be of championship quality. The statistics on this matter are interesting. Since its inception, in 1860, the British Open has been played on only thirteen courses, and today the championship "rota" consists of just seven: St. Andrews, Muirfield, Carnoustie, and Troon, in Scotland; Hoylake, Lytham and St. Annes, and Birkdale, in England. Our Open, inaugurated thirty-five years later, has been played on forty-six courses. At intervals, it returns to such traditional homes as Oakmont (near Pittsburgh), Oakland Hills (near Detroit), and Baltusrol (near the Oranges), but four times in the last seven years its venue has been a course that was hosting it for the first time. This year, through a quirk in scheduling, the ultimate contrast was set up: In the third week in June our Open was held on the youngest championship course in the world, the Hazeltine National Golf Club, near Minneapolis, completed as recently as 1962, and in the second week in July the British Open was held on the most venerable championship course in the world, the Old Course at St. Andrews, over which a rudimentary form of the game may, in the opinion of reliable golf historians, have been played as early as 1100.

The Old Course was built by nature, like the other classic British linksland courses. A linksland—a links, for short—is a stretch of sandy soil deposited by the ocean and whipped into dunes and fancifully shaped sand hills by the winds off the sea. When the ancient Scots were looking for a good place to pursue their version of the Dutch game of *kolven*, there was no question but that the grassy, tumbling linksland offered the most suitable terrain. The flatter parts were fine for tees and greens; the mounds and sand hills served as hazards. Later, another kind of hazard, sand bunkers, came in. Some were created when the sheep who grazed on the links kicked the cover of turf away with their hoofs. Others had a more mundane genesis: small basins in the fairways where many drives or approaches ended up became so scarred with divots that the greenskeeper took the easy way out and turned them into bunkers. When golf began to spread around the world, in the last thirty years of the nineteenth century, certain conventions in golf-course architecture were so established that courses constructed hundreds of miles from salt water had to have sand bunkers and the rest of the seaside bit. That is still true, in a way. For example, one of the trademarks of Robert Trent Jones, who designed Hazeltine, is his dune-type bunker, flashing the sand well above the level of the greens and fairways.

A portly man of sixty-four with the look of a beneficent Alfred Hitchcock, Jones has been designing courses since 1930. Whether he is the best golf architect of the present golden era is, finally, a matter of opinion, but he is undoubtedly the busiest, and the most international. He has built courses in Canada, Mexico, Hawaii, Puerto Rico, Jamaica, St. Croix, the Bahamas, Colombia, Spain, France, Belgium, and the Philippines. This year, courses in England, Morocco (for King Hassan, in Rabat), Alaska (at Elmendorf Air Base, in Anchorage), Brazil, and Bermuda are expected to be completed, work is in progress on courses in Ireland, Switzerland, Sardinia (for the Aga Khan, on the Costa Smeralda), Jamaica, Hawaii, Japan, Thailand, and the Fiji Islands, and there is a good chance he will be taking on jobs in the Ivory Coast and Yugoslavia. Indeed, the criticism commonly made of Jones is that, with so many balls in the air, he seldom is able to devote enough time to any one course. This was not the case with Hazeltine, for Jones' client, Totton P. Heffelfinger, of Minneapolis, a former president of the United States Golf Association, made it stridently clear that he wanted a course over which the Open and other major tournaments could be played. (With the advent of livelier golf balls and more effective golf clubs, the two courses in Minneapolis that had held the Open—Minikahda, in 1916, and Interlachen, in 1930—have become too short and antiquated.) Heffelfinger provided Jones with a tract of nicely rolling farmland, punctuated by stands of oak, elm, maple, butternut, and birch, along Lake Hazeltine, in the vil-

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lage of Chaska, twenty miles southwest of Minneapolis. The course he built was a rigorous test. To start with, it was extremely long: for the Open, it played to 7,151 yards—the second-longest layout in the history of the championship. It was adventurous in design: it had no fewer than ten dogleg holes, and six holes on which a water hazard lurked in the green area. The layout had some faults, to be sure—the greens, for instance, seemed overly contoured, and far too many sloped off at the back—but the consensus of the old Open hands was that Hazeltine, while not a great course, was a very good one.

There are always pros who dislike any course that isn't guaranteed to flatter their abilities, and a number of them didn't care much for Hazeltine. Bob Rosburg, for fifteen years one of the most gifted shotmakers and phrasemakers on the pro tour, felt that "they should plow the whole thing up and start all over again." Dave Hill, the second-highest money-winner on the tour last year, declared, in his Ned Sparks deadpan delivery, "When they built this course, they ruined a perfectly good farm." Once the tournament was under way, Hill's remarks about Hazeltine became more vitriolic. (Sample: "What does it lack? Eighty acres of corn and a few cows.") This was a strange attitude, considering that Hill played four topnotch rounds and finished second, but he is a complex, emotional young man. On the course, he fidgets not only when he is playing his own shots but when his partners are playing theirs, and off the course he talks in a vein that is intended to be black comedy but often comes off as compulsive rudeness. Midway through the Open, because of "the manner of his criticism" of the course, he was fined a hundred and fifty dollars by Joseph C. Dey, Jr., the commissioner of the Tournament Players Division of the Professional Golfers Association. It seemed to many of us that fining a man who earned $156,423 in prize money alone last year and had hauled in $67,581 in prize money this year before the Open the sum of a hundred and fifty dollars was like beating an elephant with a feather.

The story of the 1970 Open, however, is not the runner-up but the new champion, Tony Jacklin, the charming twenty-six-year-old English professional from Scunthorpe, in Lincolnshire. Last summer, he became a national hero when he captured the British Open—the first time a native had done this since 1951. His triumph at Hazeltine was far more epochal, for he was

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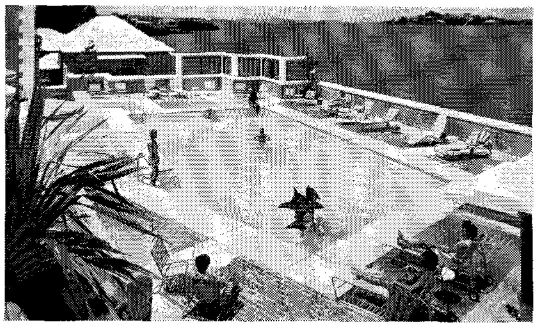

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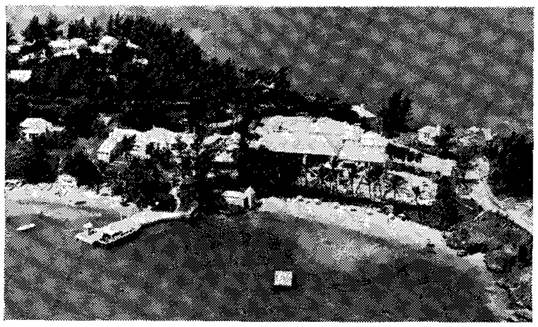

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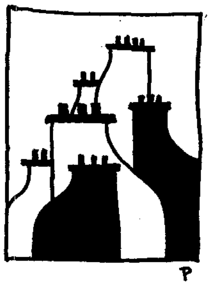
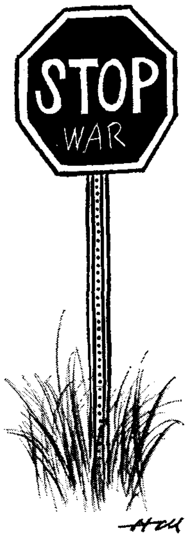
the first British golfer in an even fifty years—since Ted Ray, in 1920—to carry off our Open. It is difficult to conceive of a more thorough victory than Jacklin's. He led the tournament all the way. He broke par, 72, on each of the four days, with rounds of 71, 70, 70, and 70. He finished seven shots ahead of the second man—the largest winning margin in the Open since 1921. On the seventy-second green, he placed the maraschino on the sundae by holing a bumpy thirty-five-foot birdie putt, and the curious thing was that you felt in advance that he might very well do it, for he had risen to every dramatic occasion during the championship.



Jacklin may have won the championship on the first round, on which he was the only man to equal or break par. I cannot remember a day in any other Open in which the players had to cope with such terribly difficult conditions. First and foremost, a cold wind, which reached forty-one miles an hour, ripped over the course. There have been famous Open winds—on the third day in 1963, on the last round in 1959, and on the last round in 1920, to name three—but none of these blustered all day long, like the wind at Hazeltine. And that was only part of the trouble. Hazeltine had already been soaked by heavy rains. As a result, it had not been possible to mow the fairways close. The players could not make sharp enough contact with the ball to control it. And once the wind had dried the greens out, they were so crusty that it was not easy to stop even a short pitch on them. The scoring was horrendous. Sixty-nine players in the starting field of a hundred and fifty did not break 80. Arnold Palmer had a 79, Gary Player an 80, and Jack Nicklaus an 81. Jacklin's magnificent 71 gave him a two-stroke lead. After the second round, he led by three strokes, and after the third round by four. The last nine holes of the third round were the critical ones for him. No matter how well a golfer is playing, in a pressuring event there is invariably one stretch in which he begins to wobble, and how well he handles that passage frequently determines whether he goes on to victory. On that second nine, Jacklin hit at least one poor shot on each hole and got away unscathed. On the tenth, he half-topped his approach, but it bounced off the sloping fairway and onto the sunken green. On the eleventh, a par 5, he played a very tentative pitch, but he rectified that by holing a long putt. On the twelfth, he pushed his drive into a bunker and left his recovery in the rough short of a greenside bunker, but he then popped an exquisite little wedge shot a yard from the pin. That is how it went. His most spectacular escape came on the seventeenth, a short dogleg par 4; after hooking his 2-iron off the tee behind an oak tree, he lofted a daring 8-iron up and over the oak onto the green. Nine jittery holes, but eight pars and a birdie. For most British golfers, the short game is their weakest department, but Jacklin can chip, pitch, and putt as authoritatively as any American. On the final round, the new champion wavered only once, losing his concentration after missing a three-foot putt for a birdie on the sixth and bogeying the next two holes. He righted himself with a birdie on the ninth; his bold putt from twenty-five feet hit the back of the cup, jumped up in the air, landed outside the cup, and toppled in. After that, it was a waltz.

Tony Jacklin seems ideal for the role destiny has allotted for him. He is not only a thoroughly appealing young fellow, handsome, unfailingly polite, spirited, and merry, but there is sense and substance to him. Having promised the headmaster of his old school in Scunthorpe that he would award the prizes at its sports day the Tuesday after our Open, he flew the Atlantic Monday night and hurried north from Heathrow next morning. Jacklin, the son of a truck driver, left school at fifteen. For a year, he was an apprentice fitter in a steel mill, and for another year a clerk in a law office before going into golf. A cool, gritty competitor from the beginning, he has markedly improved his technique by curing a tendency to rush his swing. His closest friends among the American pros are, by the way, Tom Weiskopf and Bert Yancey, two of the game's best technicians. (The morning of the last round at Hazeltine, Weiskopf, reaching back to the days of the Rover Boys, pasted this injunction inside Jacklin's locker: "Tempo.") Jacklin is good company—a most engaging talker, who gives things a nice fresh twist. Speaking of the last day of the 1969 British Open: "Once the round started, there wasn't half the pressure on me there was on my family and friends. My father felt it the most. He doesn't drink, but he was so nervous he drank half a bottle of brandy. My father doesn't smoke, either, but he went through two packets of cigarettes."

TWO weeks later, substantially the same cast assembled at St. Andrews, on the north shore of the Fifeshire peninsula, thirty miles from Edinburgh as the Kro-Flite flies. The most noticeable absentee was Hill. (During last year's Ryder Cup match in Britain, he got into a hassle with the galleries, and at Hazeltine he carefully explained that "I told them the next time I went over there my mind would have died and my body would have been shipped to the wrong place.") Before the Open, no one said that all the Old Course lacked was eighty acres of barley and a few sheep, but some young players encountering it for the first time were deeply disappointed. That is not a new story. The Old Course is like no other course. On half the holes, the golfer cannot see the landing area of the fairway from the tee, and unless he knows the course well he can hit what he thinks is a perfect drive and discover that he's caught one of the many hidden bunkers in the heart of the fairways. The course is shaped like a shepherd's crook. Nine holes march out in single file to the tip of the crook, and nine march back. An outgoing hole and an incoming hole will share a fairway and a green—a huge double green, with two cups and two flags, and frequently with undulations the size of a cresting wave. This pinched arrangement was necessary because of the exceptional narrowness of the strip of linksland on which the Old Course was laid out. (In the last hundred years, a very large sweep of land adjacent to it has been reclaimed from the sea—enough to support three more eighteen-hole courses: the New Course, built in 1895; the Jubilee Course, built in 1897, at the time of Queen Victoria's Diamond Jubilee, and revised in 1946; and the Eden Course, built in 1912.) To sum things up, the Old Course is unique, a law unto itself. Bobby Jones, who began by despising it, later came to revere it. This is the experience of most perceptive golfers. It takes time to understand the Old Course, to learn how to play each hole under different wind conditions, tacking your way skillfully from tee to green to avoid the Principal's Nose and the Beardies and Kitchen and the other colorfully named bunkers, punching a pitch-and-run approach low into the wind on one hole, flighting a drive high to take advantage of a following wind on another, and, every step of the way, *thinking, thinking, thinking.*



The Old Course can often be a letdown to a golfer on his first visit to St. Andrews, but the town is everything he has hoped it will be, and more. Perched on a rocky plateau high above the North Sea, it has a nobility that befits the home of Scotland's oldest university—St. Andrews, founded in 1413. The air is bracing, there is a good deal of sun (for Scotland), and it is a great place to let the mind function. These are some of the reasons the town became a favorite vacation spot a hundred years ago for such as Trollope, Kingsley, Millais, Landseer, Carlyle, and Froude. St. Andrews is more Flemish than Scottish, with its wide, straight streets and its stepped-roof houses, built in the seventeenth century, when a considerable trade was conducted with the Low Countries. Before that brief heyday, St. Andrews, as the headquarters of the Roman Catholic Church in Scotland, had been a storm center of the Scottish Reformation, and it was there that John Knox, a graduate of the university, preached some of his most inflammatory sermons. By the middle of the eighteenth century, however, the "auld gray toun" had become a dusty and almost deserted fishing village. Golf was important in its revival. In 1754, ten years after the Honourable Company of Edinburgh Golfers had formed the world's first golf club, at Leith, twenty-two "Noblemen and Gentlemen of St. Andrews, being admirers of the ancient and healthful exercise of Golf," met in their first tournament on the local links and founded the organization that became the Royal and Ancient Golf Club of St. Andrews and which early in the nineteenth century was accepted as the game's governing body by all the other Scottish clubs. In 1848, when the gutta-percha golf ball replaced the old feather-stuffed ball, golf was transformed into a much better and more popular sport, and as it spread around the globe, the national associations in all the new-to-golf countries except the United States (which set up the U.S.G.A.) accepted the R. & A. as the game's supreme governing body. Since then, St. Andrews has been inundated each summer by thou-

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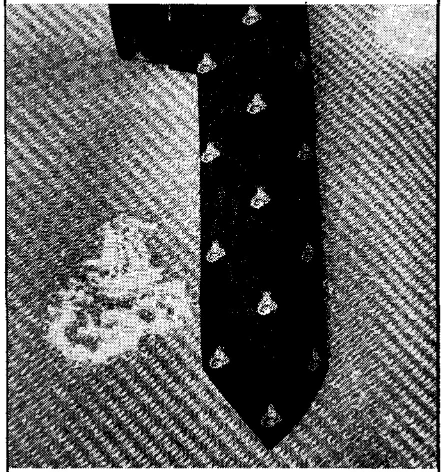

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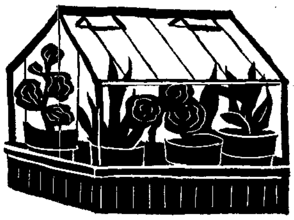
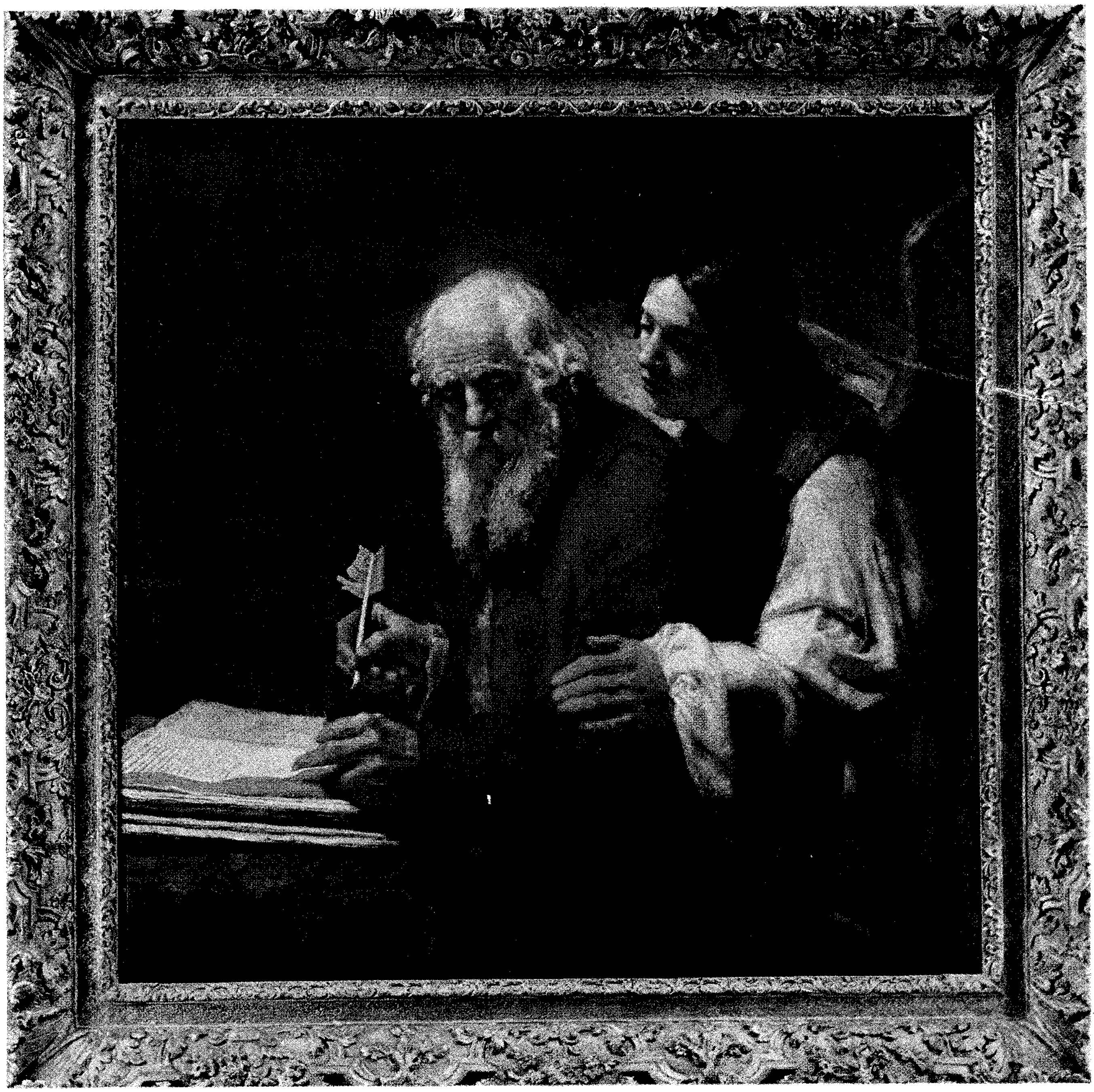
sands of pilgrims who have journeyed to the sacred city to play the Old Course and walk the hallowed turf trod by the champions of the past, to browse in the golf shops bearing the renowned names of Auchterlonie, Morris, and Forgan, and to visit the R. & A. clubhouse, an august rectangle of weather-stained sandstone just behind the first tee of the Old Course. The twelve thousand residents of St. Andrews are no less avid than the pilgrims. It is estimated that three out of four St. Andresans are golfers. At all hours you can see them striding toward the courses, a small, narrow "drainpipe" golf bag slung over a shoulder. All four courses are public, owned by the town. Until the Second World War, residents could play on them free, but today they are charged twenty-four dollars a year. The greens fee for visitors for a round on the Old Course is a dollar and a half, and in this age of inflation it is one of the world's few bargains.

IN one respect, the 1970 British Open was quite similar to the 1970 United States Open. At Chaska, after the near-gale on opening day, we had three days in which the playing conditions and the scoring were what one expects of our national championship. At St. Andrews, the opening day brought an almost complete absence of wind—a rarity in that corner of Fifeshire. After that came a succession of nice, normal, windy days and, in contrast to the opening day, the kind of scoring one expects in the British Open. But that first day was something. Though the Old Course measures 6,951 yards from the back tees, for world-class pros it is only a drive-and-pitch course unless a wind is abroad. It also helps if the ground is fast and fiery, but for the 1970 Open it was the slowest it has ever been. Last year, a sprinkling system was installed on the greens and tees, and this year some spots on the fairways have also been "artificially" watered, so the fine natural seaside fescue has already been overrun to a surprising degree by a coarse, bunchy grass not much different from the strains on inland American courses. Accordingly, on that windless Wednesday, the day of the opening round, the Old Course was no match for the field. Shortly after six o'clock in the evening, a heavy rain began, and after several greens had become puddles, play was suspended and the men caught in the downpour were instructed to return the following morning at seven-thirty and to take up their rounds where they had left off. All in all, on that first round, twenty-one players in the starting field of a hundred and thirty-four equalled par, 72, and another forty-three broke par. Tommy Horton, of England, had a 66; Neil Coles, another established English pro, had a 65, a new course record; and there is no telling what Jacklin might have brought in had he completed his round before the rain. Par to the turn is 36, and Jacklin had gone out in 29—birdie, birdie, birdie, par, birdie, par, birdie, par, eagle. (His pitch to the ninth struck the flagstick on its first bounce and plummeted into the cup.) He had started home with a birdie and three pars, and so he stood an incredible 8 under par when the order to suspend play reached him, on the fourteenth hole. The next morning, in a cold rain and a rising wind, Jacklin missed his pars on three of the last five holes and had to be satisfied with a 67. His amazing start, however, infused the tournament with a sense of excitement it never lost. It also ended, at least for the moment, the fear that Jacklin might be too worn out to make a creditable defense of his British Open title. In the week before the championship he had had very little rest. Under the schedule arranged by Mark McCormack, his manager, when he was not out with Palmer filming sequences for a television special, he was appearing at Troon in a pro-amateur tournament put on by Sean Connery. His opening salvo at St. Andrews was the response of a true champion, and it filled his countrymen with pride and hope.



The wind that rushed to the rescue of the Old Course on the second day came, like young Lochinvar, out of the west. Sometimes it shifted a little, but it *was* a west wind. It blew throughout the championship and the playoff, snapping across the outgoing holes from left to right and across the incoming holes from right to left. It brought the Old Course back to life again. On the second day, for illustration, the lowest rounds were two 68s—one by Christy O'Connor, of Ireland, the world's greatest foul-weather golfer, and the other by Lee Trevino, our voluble 1968 Open champion, who grew up on the wind-



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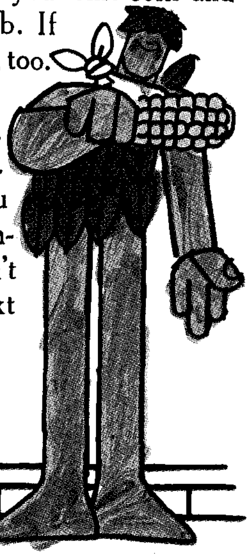

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Good things from the garden

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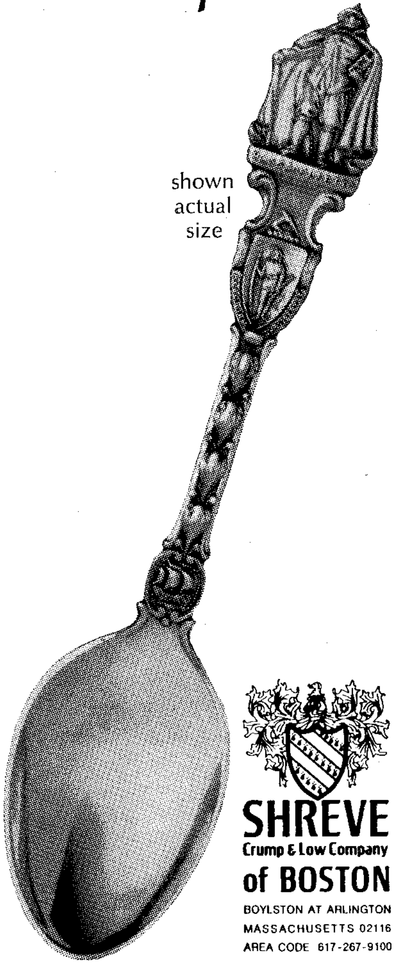
swept plains of Texas and is a master of the low-trajectory shot. Trevino was the leader at the halfway mark with 136—a stroke in front of Jacklin and Nicklaus. On the third day, he matched par with a 72 and increased his lead to two strokes over Jacklin, Nicklaus, and Doug Sanders, the Georgia peacock, who had moved up with a 71. Most people thought Trevino would hold on in the fourth round without much trouble, and they looked for either Nicklaus or Jacklin to be his strongest challenge—Nicklaus if his putting did not collapse, Jacklin if he had the necessary physical and nervous reserve. (By the end of the third round, his eyes were glazed with fatigue.) Sanders was given little or no chance; in his case, the conjecture centered on the outfit he would be wearing. On the third round, he had trotted out a red-and-black number whose trousers, piped with tartan, were cut so tight that he could not squat down to line up his putts. As it turned out, Sanders was again partial to Scotland on the fourth round—a vision in shades of heathery purple.

That fourth round was filled with surprises. Trevino, customarily a most dependable putter, lost his stroke early in the buffeting wind, and after a spate of three-putt greens on the front nine he was out of it. Jacklin, bone-tired, held on resolutely until the sixteenth. There he missed a putt for a birdie and ended up by taking three putts, and his gallant effort was over. In the end, it was a two-horse race, between Nicklaus, paired with Jacklin in the next-to-last twosome, and Sanders, paired with Trevino in the last twosome. Both leaders had their chances down the stretch, and both blew them. Nicklaus, with his awesome power, reached the 560-yard fourteenth with two huge blows, but he took three putts to get down. He took three putts on the sixteenth and three more on the eighteenth, a 358-yard par 4, where his drive finished at the front edge of the green. Thanks to Nicklaus's generosity and his own superlative play, Sanders came to the eighteenth needing a par 4 to win. On the seventeenth, he had saved his par with a tremendous bunker shot. The seventeenth, the celebrated Road Hole, is a dogleg, 466 yards long, to a narrow, terraced green protected on the right by a paved road (which plays as a hazard) and on the left by the Road bunker, a pit, five feet deep, that noses into the middle of the green. With his ball lying close to the perpendicular front wall, Sanders, despite the enormous pressure, almost holed his explosion shot; the ball finished a foot past the cup. Now a simple par on the home hole could win his first major championship. An excellent drive, seventy-four paces from the flag. A sand wedge thirty-five feet past the flag. An approach putt three feet short. Sanders took his stance over the ball. He bent to pick up a blade of brown grass that looked as if it might be a tiny pebble. He took his stance again, set himself firmly in the wind, tapped the ball, and missed the cup on the right.

The playoff, over eighteen holes, took place on Sunday afternoon. I was strongly sympathetic toward both men. What a job Sanders had done! He had had to qualify for the championship over thirty-six holes on Monday and Tuesday, not having earned an exemption, because of his poor record the past season. (As a matter of fact, he has not won a tournament since 1967.) He had got in by a stroke. He had started off the championship with a double bogey when his iron to the first green bounced into the Swilken Burn. He had refused to let anything discourage him and had played a shade better each round, this graying playboy of thirty-seven with that terribly unorthodox style: the wide, stiff-legged stance, the abrupt backswing, the splash of the club head into the ball, the abbreviated follow-through. Sanders is an easy man to like, for beneath the raffish trappings are a warm heart and a fund of humor. Nicklaus's appeal is different. A pleasant, solid, intelligent young man, he has established himself as one of the finest golfers of all time. Before he was twenty-eight he had won nine major championships, including the 1966 British Open. However, he had won none since June of 1967, and it was being said in some quarters that he would never win another and that he was all burned out at thirty. Now, at St. Andrews, he had the chance he had been patiently waiting for.

So we all marched out to the turn on the Old Course one more time, beneath the low, flat, cloud-filled sky. Black-headed gulls wheeled in the west wind. Swallows scudded along the ground, clearing the hummocks by inches. In the galleries, there were lots of dogs, which never barked, and lots of children, who didn't howl or fuss, which is the way it is in Scotland. For thirteen holes it was the dullest of



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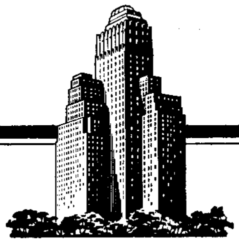

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playoffs. Nicklaus, who had parred every hole, built up a four-stroke lead. And then, suddenly, Sanders launched one of the most thrilling dashes in the long history of the British Open. He picked up a stroke when he birdied the fourteenth. He picked up another stroke when he birdied the fifteenth, holing from four yards. He picked up another on the sixteenth, where Nicklaus took three from just off the green. As they came to the Road Hole, Sanders was only one stroke back. Here, after two beautiful tee shots, Sanders played his approach first. He took a 5-iron and punched it low. The ball hopped up onto the long green, swung to the left and headed toward the Road bunker, slipped by it with no more than six inches to spare, and finished at the back of the green, twenty feet past the cup. In this emergency, Nicklaus summoned one of the bravest shots of his career—a 7-iron that dropped softly in the very center of the green and ended up inside Sanders' shot, fourteen feet from the flag. Both men needed two putts.

On the eighteenth, a following wind was blowing down the fairway. Sanders, still a stroke behind, played the hole flawlessly and had his birdie all the way: he drove close to the green and put his run-up dead to the cup. The question was whether Nicklaus would be able to match that birdie. On the tee, he had removed his sweater to gain more freedom of movement, and then had boomed a colossal tee shot that rolled over the green and into a bank of rough. From there he played a superb recovery eight feet from the cup. Then he played a superb putt. For a moment, it looked as if the ball would break to the right, but it held its line and fell. Nicklaus threw his putter thirty feet in the air. Then he and Sanders collapsed on each other's shoulders.

At the presentation ceremony, William Whitelaw, the captain of the R. & A., said, "We have been privileged to watch one of the golf matches of all time." I am sure he is right, but at the moment I was too exhausted to think clearly. I remember a sudden skirling of bagpipes in the upper balcony of the R. & A. clubhouse at the conclusion of the ceremony, but that is all. —HERBERT WARREN WIND

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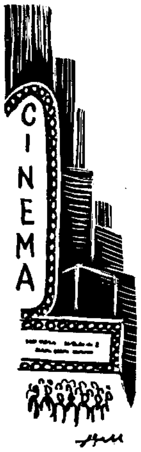
THE CURRENT CINEMA

Don’t Just Stand There



“I COULD’VE been educated. Worked in a hairdressing salon. Learnt myself to speak well.” “I could’ve sued. All the legal advisers say I’m in the right.” “I could’ve married him. A doctor. I could’ve bettered myself, except I didn’t choose to.” The spoken language of England, especially working-class England, is full of sad, vengeful could-haves, miles from the possible. Encouragement given to oneself while stationary. English writers of the last fifteen years have caught and recorded the note, but it would be a piece of pride in period to believe they were the first. Oscar Wilde heard it, for instance. So did the Restoration. So did Jane Austen and Dickens. Any age alert to the class system—which brings with it that bracing, painful scholarship in the overtones of the spoken word which every Englishman inherits—will be eloquent about people’s notion of their unspent possibilities. Because in England the notion belongs to a formalized society, it is usually expressed through formal things: dreams of education, of knowing as much as someone on the B.B.C., of broken-off engagements to an invented man in one of the professions, of unknown authority figures in medicine or the law who are invoked in monologues about revenges that will never actually be carried out or self-justifications that can never be begun because the fantasist can’t write a letter. In America, where the same notion belongs to a society without contour, it is differently expressed: “I could’ve been a contender” (from the famous scene in “On the Waterfront” between Brando and Rod Steiger).

Perhaps one could define a man’s class—and also one of the cruellest things about the class system—by the ceiling he puts upon expectation. Joe Orton’s “Entertaining Mr. Sloane,” an English stage play now filmed by Douglas Hickox, is about four English working-class people whose expectations are wildly fantasized but, all the same, bitterly low in reach. While the slumberous savagery of the action goes on, the characters chat to each other in a mixture of genteelisms, crime journalese, pub-brawl insults, and desperately repeated pieties lifted from advice columns. Their cautious, orderly little house is actually a defrocked chapel, standing in the middle of rubbish-dump tat—much like their lives, though no one is going to say that. Looking out of the window at the pesthole they live in, they will make polite conversation about the view. The oldest and rudest of them is Kemp (Alan Webb, harrowingly good). Kemp is a furious, chirrupy sage whose main hope is to get by and to steal a bit of boiled ham from his middle-aged children, who are twice his size, anyway, and as plump as quail. His instinct is to take the locks off the insides of doors in case anyone might plan to get up to mischief. He survives by the rule of don’t-just-stand-there, hit-him-first, and the energy to do it is supplied by his terror that his daughter is going to leave him on his own or put him in an old people’s home. He creeps about the place behind pebble lenses that look like the headlights of a car driving into a night storm. Grousing, half gaga, but wholly there in knowing how the deck is stacked, he hasn’t spoken to his wide-boy son Ed for years. They are walled up in one of those famous English domestic silences that would probably be beyond the tolerance of most other nationalities, and who is to say whether the thing that sustains them in their immurement is a matter of endurance or of having left themselves no option? Ed—played by Harry Andrews, magnificent in quite a different sort of part from the military buffers he often gets—is a bluff queer with a posh pink car who shows off about imaginary business associates. He has borne down jealously on his sister’s sex life from the beginning. The sister, Kath, given to euphemism, religion, and nymphomania, is played by Beryl Reid. The character often talks about herself in the third person, as if to a baby. She can sound like Mrs. Bowdler in the very middle of seducing her young lodger, Mr. Sloane, whom she calls “Mr. Sloane, dear,” and she habitually burbles to him about housekeeping standards with a grandness that doesn’t quite come off. “One does like to keep the smells down to a modicum,” she says stylishly on the stairs one day, waving an aerosol spray about and wearing a hairpiece and a broken-down white housecoat with ostrich feathers. Peter McEnery plays Mr. Sloane. He looks like a crash-helmet Billy Budd, and he has no morality or heart at all. The other characters live on habit, on expecting nothing much more of life in spite of prattling away in silver-lining proverbs, and on the tensity of speaking in a tone of voice that is totally at odds with the situation, but Mr. Sloane lives on his wits, and he expects better than this, thanks very much. Kath pines for him. She also manages, poignantly, to put him off from the start with her woman’s-magazine chatter about love and mothering; if ever there was a boy who demanded that people shut up, this is one, but she can’t stop for the life of her. Like Mary Musgrove in “Persuasion,” she suffers volubly and her minor ailments are always worse than anyone else’s. She has terrible migraines, and nobody feels for her poor nerves, just as nobody knows what she goes through when she remembers the young man, now among the dear departed, whom she says she nearly married. She would claim for her sex as its highest virtue that it loves longest when hope is gone. This is far outside the ken of Mr. Sloane, who lives in the present and from hand-to-mouth on principle.

The language of the text is like parquet over a volcano. Kemp is eventually kicked to death by Mr. Sloane because he was a witness to an earlier, idly committed murder of his. Kath, perky in transparent dresses to the last, remains entranced by Mr. Sloane and thinks of polishing the lino upstairs to make it look as if the old man slipped. Mr. Sloane insures Ed’s and Kath’s silence by agreeing to marry both of them, going through a grotesque double marriage service in the stuffy, murderous little house. Six months of life ahead with each of them in turn. Half the time with Kath (bosom heaving with excitement under her artificial pearls and her little gold crucifix), half the time with Ed (who employs him as a chauffeur, dressed all in guaranteed-non-imitation leather).

The film script, by Clive Exton, is skillful enough to hide a lot of the difficulty of making such a theatrical piece of writing into a movie. All the performances are wonderful. As to Orton’s text, it would be possible (but not exact, I think) to argue that this is actually a highly moral piece. If it shows us people with a knee-high view of life, barbarous infants in genteel grownups’ carcasses, there could be said to be an implication that the world should have done a lot better by them. Voltaire wrote about people who are totally disreputable but issues that are absolutely serious. The young Joe Or-

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ton, though (now dead—clubbed to death in awful imitation of art by his roommate, who then killed himself), was understandably not yet so sure of what he was doing. Voltaire could shock; so could Firbank, whom Orton admired. But it takes, perhaps, genius to shock. In this text, there is only talent and a strain of the professionally outrageous. There may attach to it, in our heads, the notion that outrageous things ill done have courage because they repel, but the truth may be that they repel because they are ill done and not very brave. All the same, the piece is by a young master of artificial diction and ribaldry, a writer whom other writers recognized. Sean O'Casey said cheerfully to me that this was a play to make a man pull his trousers up.

Its trouble is the time's, not Orton's in particular. It can't quite find its own voice. Not only the characters but also the text itself seem to be speaking in quotation marks. Nothing is said directly; everything is on the bias, at a tangent, to mock suspect "sincerity." This may be one of the few specifically modern characteristics (cool, for instance, is nothing new; nor is gallows humor). It can impose a terrible load of mannerism on writing, even though one of its causes, paradoxically, is the modern horror of indulging the phony. I believe Orton was a serious-minded man; it is this contemporary problem of utterance that belies his work, this problem of his not seeming to mean a word he says. He would probably have got round it by some technique of his own if life had been halfway forbearing with him. Instead, along with his plays, he has now posthumously left us this film: a revenge tragedy going on among the antimacassars and the doilies and the ketchup, an analogy of "The Cenci" that has no comprehension of the blasphemous.

IN "Darling Lili"—produced and directed by Blake Edwards, written by him with William Peter Blatty—Julie Andrews plays a beautiful singing spy of the First World War. She entertains the Allies as Lili Smith, cheering up the injured with fine poise—"*J'espère que vous êtes guéris bientôt,*" she says to the French graciously, threading her way through wheelchairs in a lilac dress—but her real name is Lili Schmidt. Her German employers think of her as supremely detached. When Rock Hudson turns up as a dashing British squadron commander, though, you fully understand that she is going to fall for him. Julie Andrews sings like a thrush, but the knowingness of the film causes a degree of ruin. Follies and romantic conceits that would be a pleasure in operetta are quite undercut, because—again—nothing is being done straight. It is as if Blake Edwards felt, in his trap of modernity, that the only tone available for romanticism is amusement. This is the hidden grin we call Camp.

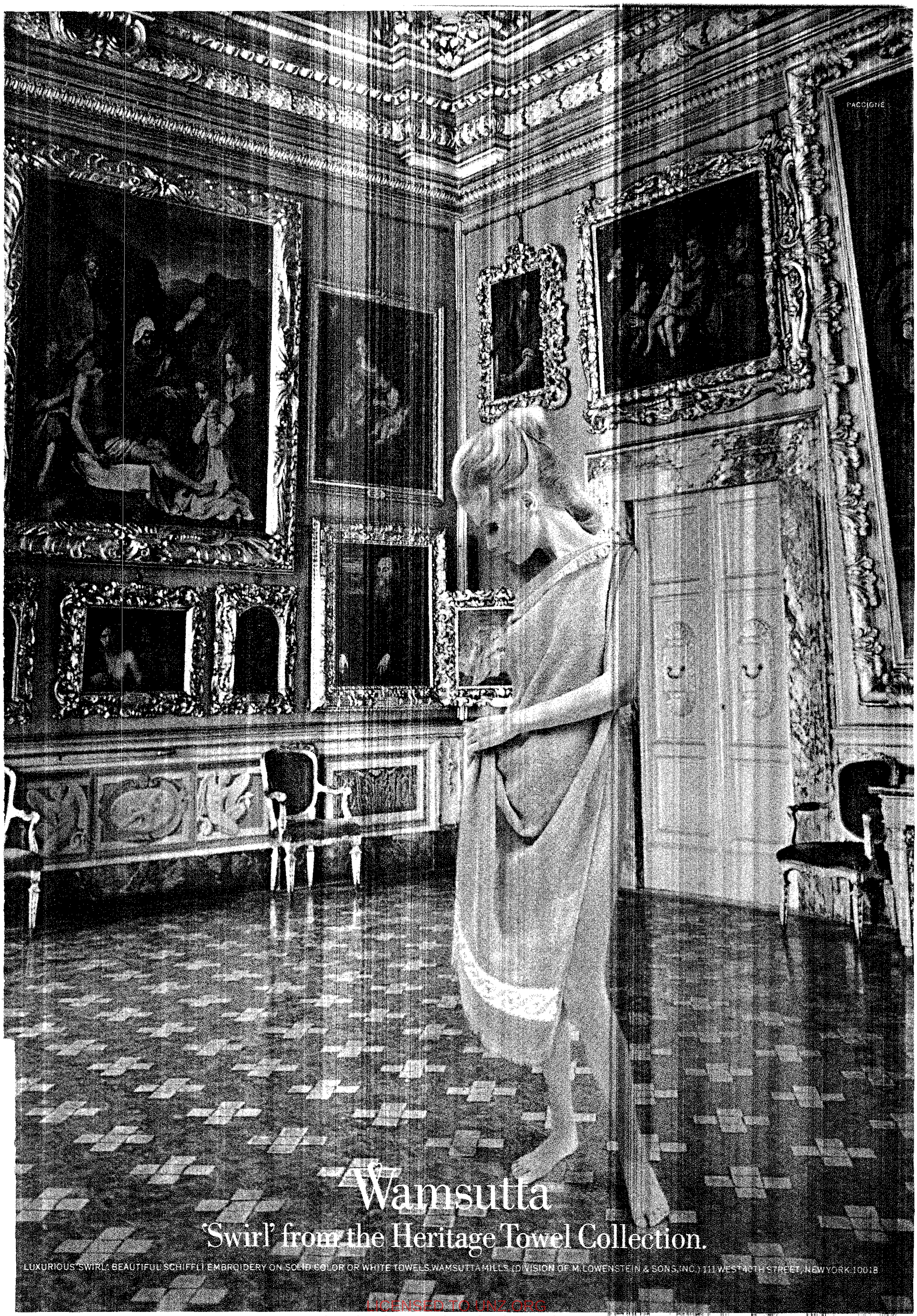
"THE BIRD WITH THE CRYSTAL PLUMAGE" is a slow-witted and very bloody murder mystery, made in Italy with an international cast and so shakily dubbed that the actors' mouths look as if they were being manipulated by an unemployable ventriloquist with a hangover. Late at night, on a Rome street, an American novelist sees two figures swaying with a knife on the stairs inside a locked modern-art gallery. One is a redhead in a white evening dress. The other—presumably the owner of the black leather gloves that we have already seen at work on a wave of sex murders—wears a black slouch hat, a black unisex midicoat, and black trousers. A moment later, the redhead is crawling along the gallery floor toward the American, looking decidedly demented and not answering a word when he yells to her through the plate-glass doors that he wants to help. She is bleeding, but it is only a flesh wound. Her husband, arriving at a gallop in a frenzy of overacting, says that she was in the gallery after hours because she was doing the books. (In evening dress? This *never* gets explained to anyone, or questioned.) The murderer later stabs to death any number of pretty girls. We see the killer's eyes, but only the eyes, which is a filmmaking cheat. The American hangs around to solve the crimes, exposing his girlfriend to ghastly danger he could easily have avoided by shipping her back to America, or even to another town in Italy. He keeps going over and over the scene on the art-gallery staircase. Something is bothering him, he says, but he can't pin it down. Well, I stayed for ninety-eight minutes—through scenes of a mad painter eating broiled cat, and many prowls up creepy stairways, and a nasty aim for an eyeball with a pair of kitchen scissors—thinking that what he was trying to pin down couldn't possibly be what I thought I had guessed in the opening minutes, but it was.

—PENELOPE GILLIATT

•

"The young people are against hypocrisy and can't," he declared.—*The Times*.

You may be in for a surprise.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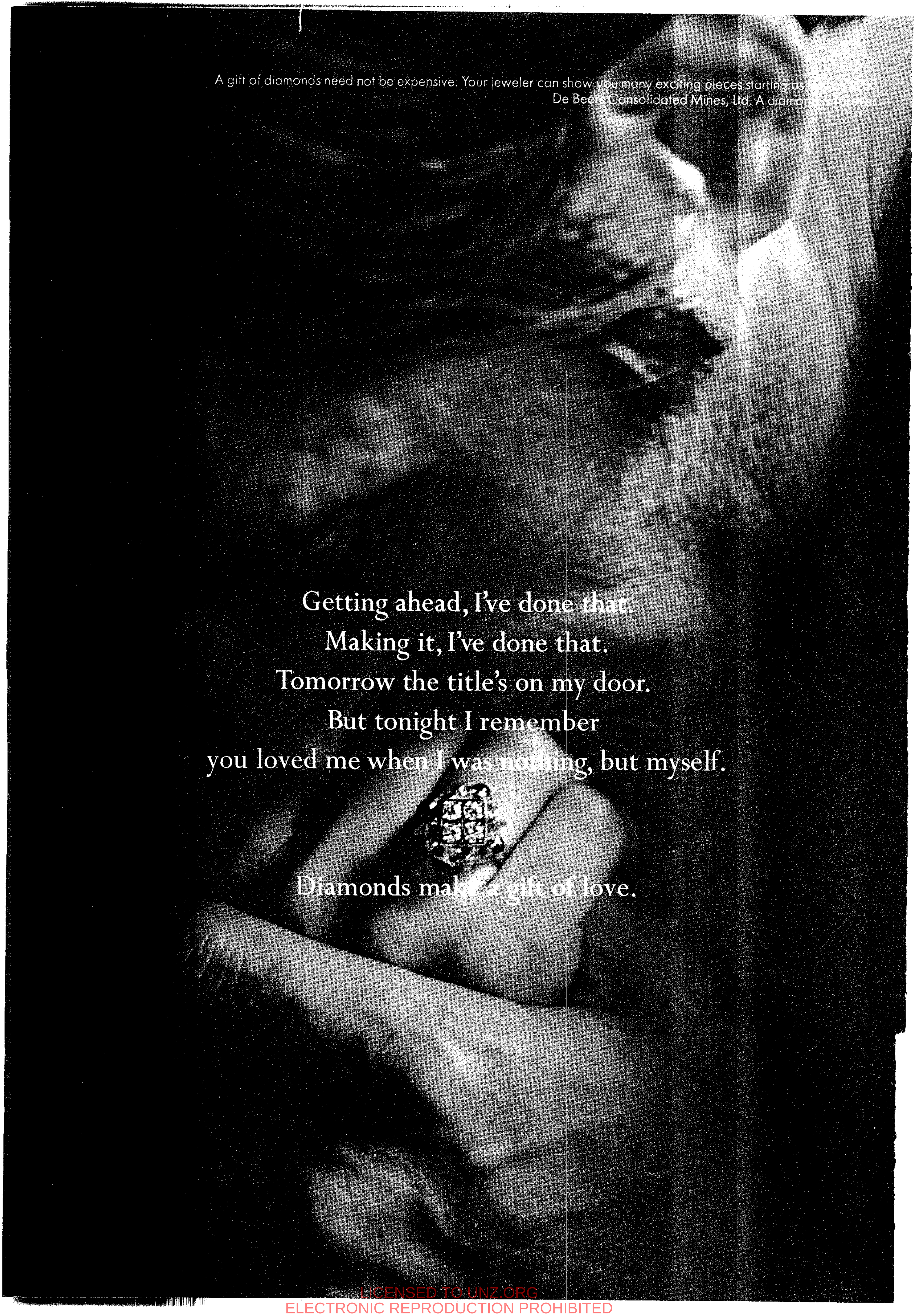

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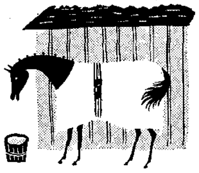
THE RACE TRACK

One for Dewan

THE Brooklyn, last of the Big Three handicaps on Long Island, is invariably an outstanding race, and its eighty-second renewal at Aqueduct last Saturday was true to the tradition. The five contenders hardly had the quality of the stars of other years (the better older horses are few, and getting fewer), but they rose to the occasion. In fact, Dewan and Pleasure Seeker put on as thrilling a stride-for-stride struggle down the long homestretch as any I can remember in past Brooklyns. Dewan won by a short head. Hydrologist was third, nearly two lengths away. The mile and a quarter was run in 2:02⅘, which is slower than average, but the last quarter, done in 0:24⅖, was a full second faster than the first, and that is unusual in a race at this distance. Pleasure Seeker, who had won the Hollywood Gold Cup a fortnight before, seemed to find the greatest favor in the paddock and in the parade to the post, but observers with an eye for a horse liked Dewan. Barometer, the winner of the Suburban last month, was first out of the gate and led for a mile; then Pleasure Seeker took command, only to be joined by Dewan in the drive to the winning post. Dewan, a fine big five-year-old bay by Bold Ruler, picked up $69,810 and a silver trophy for his owner, William Haggin Perry. He was well handled by Pincay, who, by the way, rode Pleasure Seeker in the Gold Cup. Last Saturday, however, H. Carl Vandervoort, Jr., who owns Pleasure Seeker, gave the mount on him to Shoemaker. I've never seen Pincay ride a more furious finish or look more pleased after one.

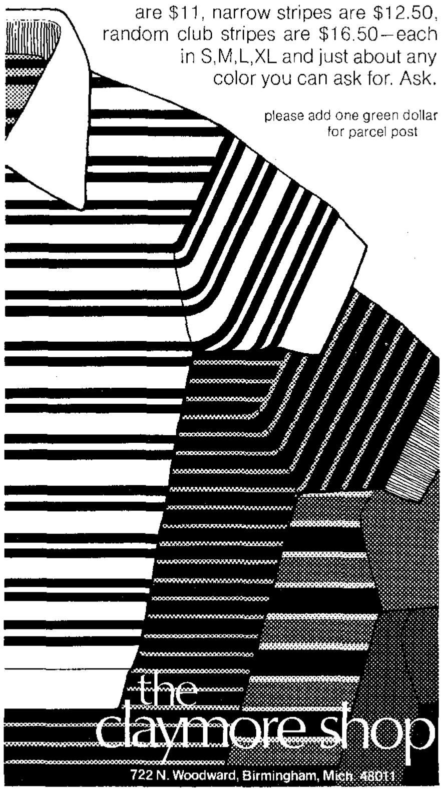


AGAIN last weekend there was racing all over the place. Without going too deeply into the matter of the Sorority Stakes at Monmouth Park, I'd say that Unity Hall and Deceit, the two top two-year-olds I've seen so far this season, set it up for Forward Gal to beat them. Together, they zipped the first quarter of the six furlongs in 0:21⅗ and the half mile in 0:44⅗. After that, it was easy for Forward Gal to come along and win by a couple of lengths. Incidentally, that last quarter was run in 0:27. . . . Least fancied in the Delaware Oaks, Virginia Cracker came from behind to beat Office Queen and ten other three-year-old fillies, and pay $153.20 in the mutuels. Office Queen, who carried 121 pounds, gave ten to Virginia Cracker. . . . And Process Shot, the favorite although she carried 133 pounds, finished eleventh in the Susquehanna Handicap at Philadelphia's Liberty Bell Park. Helen Jennings, with a pull of twenty-one pounds, won. Serene Queen was second and What a Dream third. . . . Farther afield, The Pruner won the American Derby on the grass at Chicago's Arlington Park. It was the second victory in the race for Ogden Phipps, who owns him, and for Ed Neloy, who trains him; their first was with Buckpasser. . . . One For All led from beginning to end of the Sunset Handicap, at two miles on the grass, which wound up Hollywood Park's meeting earlier last week. Fiddle Isle didn't run. He was resting, no doubt, for his trip East.

WHAT more can one say except that Nijinsky won again? The King George VI and Queen Elizabeth Stakes at Ascot was the tenth straight for Canada's wonder horse. Next, the Prix de l'Arc de Triomphe at Longchamp in October. Charles Engelhard must be just a little amused by the offers for his colt. The latest is $4,800,000. Where could he get another for that?

TRAVELLERS returning from the Keeneland Sales in Kentucky last week report that yearlings' being knocked down for $100,000 scarcely made onlookers reach for their pencils to mark their catalogues. The sale of a full brother to Majestic Prince for $510,000—a world's-record price—and the avalanche of dollars for the other colts and fillies dumbfounded everyone. A total of $7,900,000, which is the all-time high for a single vendue in this country, changed hands for the two hundred and sixty-two head. As was expected, the Canadian oilman Frank McMahon, who paid $250,000 for Majestic Prince in 1967, would not be outbid for the Prince's little brother. But Arnold Winick, acting for a syndicate, went as far as $505,000 trying to buy the colt, who is by Raise a Native out of Gay Hostess. My observer on the spot says the youngster, a chestnut, is a handsome individual. He will be broken in Kentucky and then turned over to Johnny Longden to train in California.

—AUDAX MINOR



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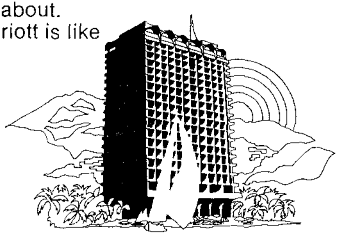

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BOOKS

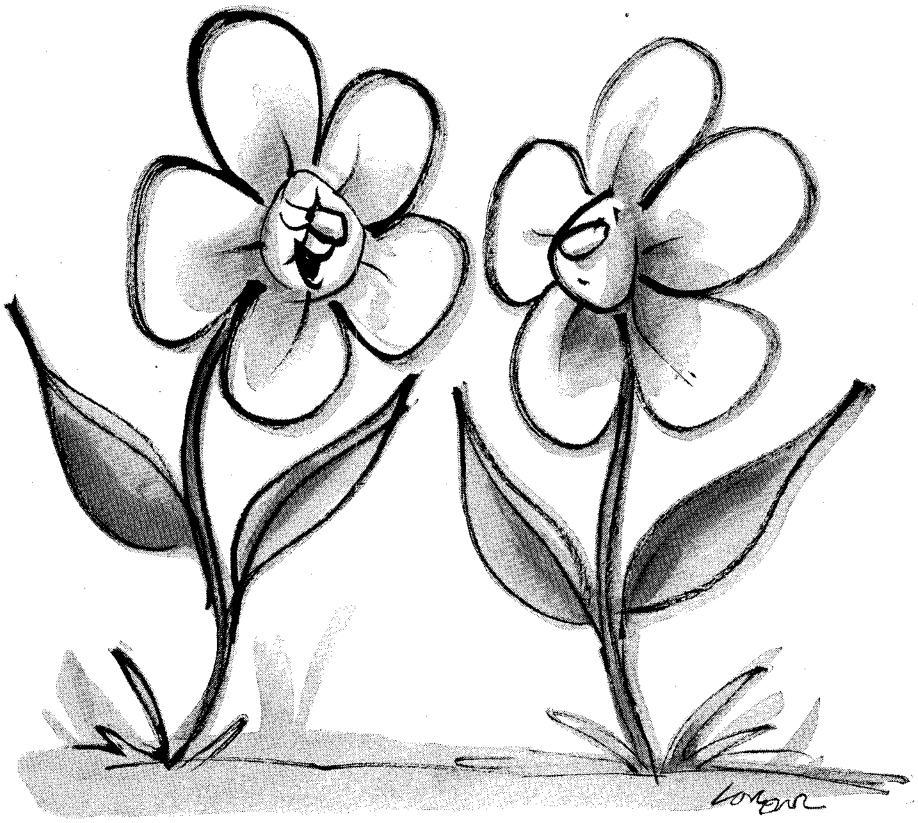
Undesign for Living

CREEZY, the heroine of Félicien Marceau's "Creezy," is the most beautiful girl in the Common Market countries. (The novel, which won the Goncourt Prize last year, has been translated by J. A. Underwood and published in this country by Orion.) She is a famous photographer's model. She earns a mint, invests it shrewdly, and seems to understand a lot about the advertising business. She drives a car, pilots a plane, rides a horse, and water-skis. She is wholly independent of family ties: the only relative she mentions is her mother, who lives in Los Angeles; Creezy herself lives in a flat outside Paris with a Spanish housekeeper who is no duenna. But this glorious young businesswoman is neither a *belle dame sans merci* nor a youth's companion; she is—as her lover, the novel's narrator, discovers—an uncertain girl who needs all the reassurance and attention he can give, and more. Her legs are in trousers and boots, her fragile spirit is in crinolines.

Creezy's lover is older than she is. In the Chamber of Deputies, he represents a small-town constituency that would not reëlect him if he left his wife and their two young children for her. He takes too long to recognize Creezy's dependence on him, and then too long to decide to sacrifice his political career. He tells the story of their affair, from its cool start to its tragic end, in heartbroken retrospect, having joined the roster of men who have killed the thing they love. He blames himself for everything: for having begun an affair as a conquest and having attempted to ignore the fact that it had become a romance, for having found her demands flattering, if annoying. Guilt seems the principal consequence of his adultery—not because he thinks adultery is a sin but because adultery has made him fail everybody who depends on him. When Creezy begins to build a small social life for the two of them, he at first does not see what she is doing; later, though he is touched by her little parties (Marceau does them marvellously), he is always having to leave for a dinner in his other life or to take his family somewhere. Yet when he is away, for a week or only a day, he cannot forget her for a moment. On a country weekend, sunk in an amorous daydream, he does not even hear his little daughter speaking to him, and is horrified that he can be so remote from his own beloved child. And most of the time he hardly notices his devoted wife, whom he had once thought he loved and certainly continues to like. When he asks for a divorce, he realizes that she has known of his affair, has minded it terribly, and is as wounded as a woman can be. He makes a small gesture to spare her further humiliation. It brings the novel and the lovers to catastrophe.

Half of "Creezy" is first-rate professional work, self-assured and all of a piece. The narrator's confessional urgency creates the fluency of good storytelling. The book's solid structure is unobtrusive, and so are many of Marceau's other achievements: one does not stop to consider, for example, how concisely, vividly, and realistically minor characters are drawn. They are simply there. The theme—that romantic love or obsessional passion is destructive, a form of illness or madness—is a classic one, and his treatment of it is affecting, partly because he never insists on but just goes ahead and demonstrates that love, like other childhood diseases, can be especially dangerous if you catch it in middle age. Marceau's Deputy does not say he has been struck by the arrows of the god of love or has been enchanted—those millennial alibis or metaphors. He says, plainly and plaintively, in the middle of his desperate love, that he is "sick." As a portrait of a modern middle-aged married man entrapped by a passion he can scarcely understand, let alone dominate, "Creezy" could hardly be better: it is accurate, funny, and pathetic, and it offers the twin benefits of recognition (we have all seen a disastrous love affair) and illumination (Marceau shows us more than we had seen for ourselves). The trouble with "Creezy" is Creezy. Of that great grab bag of good bad girls in song and story, she is not among the best, and she is not supposed to be; unlike, say, Violetta in "Traviata," she is not a renouncer. Her loving dependency is ceaselessly demanding, and she apparently never comprehends that her grand romance may affect her lover's career or his children. Further, she is unsteady, his absences test her fidelity, and he knows that she may not pass this test.

It might be plausible, and congruent with the novel's dimensions as a domestic (non-domestic?) tragedy,

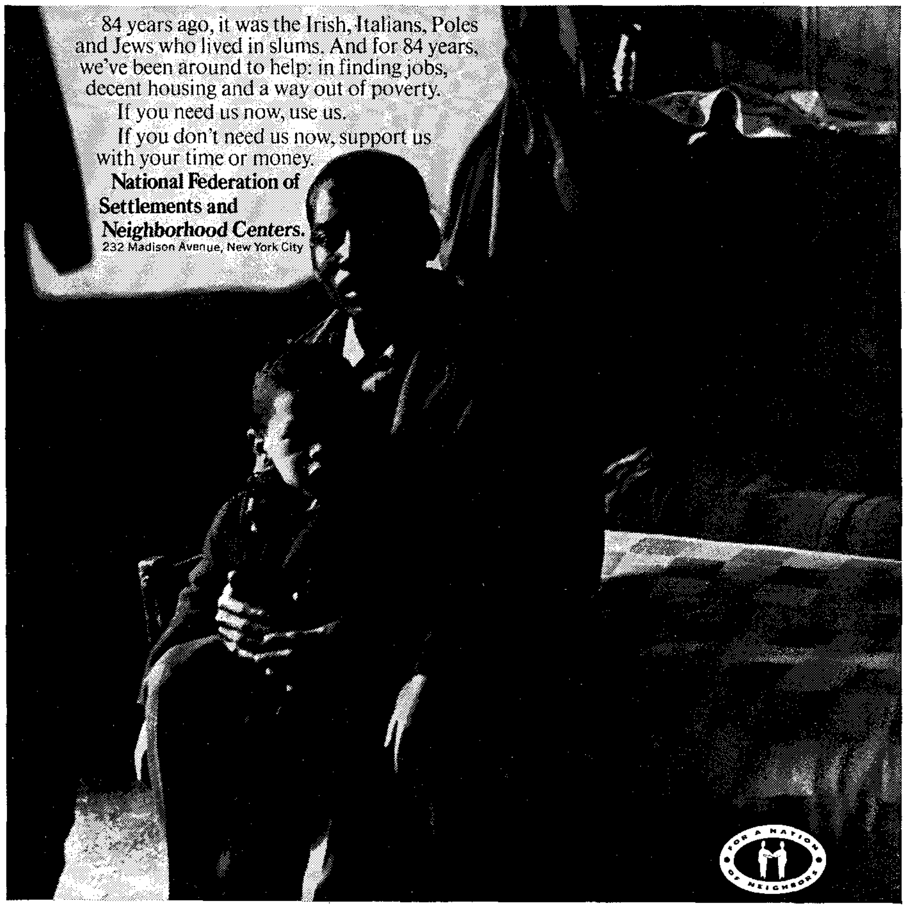


"I'll tell you what I'm doing to protest environmental pollution. I'm taking in carbon dioxide, but I'm not giving off oxygen."

to account for Creezy's self-centeredness and instability by her youth, her beauty, her fame, or all three. Marceau has picked a grandiose and less persuasive explanation: the modern world, particularly modern design, as exemplified by Creezy's apartment and her apartment house, which is part of a new suburban high-rise development. The element of décor in the novel is large. It is reminiscent of Antonioni, who has photographed all the furniture in a room to prove that all the people in it must be unhappy, using the camera the way Doro Merande surreptitiously runs her fingers along the shelves to look for dust. Creezy's flat is treated as a character—the villain. Though the Deputy frets about it, readers, or lovers, can think of worse settings for an affair: a glass wall out of Bauhaus and built-in furniture out of Corbusier—notions that were around long before Creezy was born. Indeed, when such ideas were new, a novelist determined to be so intense about furniture would undoubtedly have asked us to see, in Creezy's bare flat, proof of the chastity of at least her taste. Marceau wants Creezy's Parisian version of Coöp City to be a symptom of impersonality, alienation, dehumanization, along with what snobbish dowagers call "no background." Is Creezy's stripped-down flat supposed to have something to do with her American mother? I suspect so: Europeans often blame Americans for things Europeans invented, including the International Style in architecture and modern commercial art. Whatever Marceau may imagine, we Americans know that Creezy's mother, in exotic Los Angeles, lives in a Spanish Colonial reproduction full of imitation French Provincial furniture. And, come to think of it, there is further implausibility: What is a single swinger like Creezy doing in an apartment outside the core city?

All this symbolism of the set and props is distracting; one wanders into reveries about urbanization, decentralization, the development of a modern-design vernacular, and similar city-planning urgencies, and on to other puzzles: Why do tourists adore modern design in Scandinavia, where they feel it expresses social justice and egalitarianism, but hate it in their own countries, where they feel it expresses the destruction of individuality? Anyway, it is hard to think of Creezy's flat as anything worse than banal. But banal is not the same as sterile or inhuman. Banality, in fact, may be more fecund and human than originality. Never mind. One can scarcely believe

84 years ago, this man was an Irishman.



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in a girl ruined by a building. Sound novels can easily be spoiled—in this case, one is half-spoiled (for what's good in "Creezy" is good)—by pretentious blah. —NAOMI BLIVEN

BRIEFLY NOTED

GENERAL

A CERTAIN WORLD: A COMMONPLACE BOOK, by W. H. Auden (Viking). "Above all, do not write your autobiography," Mr. Auden once paradoxically advised American—as opposed to European—writers. Sometimes classified as American, sometimes as European, he has it both ways in this delightful book of reflections by himself and other authors. In the foreword, he says that biographies of writers, whether by themselves or by others, "are always superfluous and usually in bad taste." Contrarily, he admits that he has written "a sort of autobiography," and, in commentaries throughout the book, he explains that he learned most of what he knows about the writing of poetry from his childhood interest in a limestone landscape and lead mining, cites his experience as a choirboy for its influence on him as a poet, and fancies that he might be a bishop by now if he had taken Anglican holy orders. Perhaps Mr. Auden has slyly invented a new form—the non-biographical autobiography. Certainly he has created a personal encyclopedia. His alphabetical entries range through such diverse subjects as royalty, prose, numbers, cats, eating, madness, penis-rivalry, and icebergs. Smaller than the Encyclopædia Britannica, "A Certain World" is as fascinating, and it is more fun. Ten dollars.

THE HIDDEN CRISIS IN AMERICAN POLITICS, by Samuel Lubell (Norton). One of our best-known public-opinion experts says that the country's present political divisions are unique in their intensity, and explains why. He believes that unity has always been America's greatest political problem but that to the state and sectional conflicts of the past we have now added racial, class, and ethnic animosity; urban, suburban, and rural rivalry; distrust of the government, especially by draft-age males; and near-total lack of agreement over foreign policy. He thinks that two new factors make the clashes more acute: the voters' political volatility—no party can any longer rely on any particular bloc—and the voters' immense expectations of government. Mr. Lubell suggests that Nixon is trying to create a political coalition that will last as long as the New Deal amalgam did, but he doubts whether the groups to whom Nixon is appealing add up to a unifying national majority. The author backs his arguments by quoting Americans he has interviewed; he offers plenty of provocative abstractions, but by letting the voters talk he makes every concept and criticism concrete.

THE SILVER AGE OF VENICE, by Maurice Rowdon (Praeger). A stylish, and haunting, examination of eighteenth-century Venice—the century of almost unrelieved merrymaking that ended with the collapse (at Napoleon's touch) of the thousand-year-old Republic. The tone was typified by Goldoni's plays, Tiepolo's painting, Vivaldi's music. All the arts, and particularly the decorative arts, prospered, but, Mr. Rowdon notes, "the imagination has become fervently energetic: yet without real power; it is *only* inventive, *only* original—the signs of an imagination not engaged with great themes." There was a preoccupation with fashionable clothes, an indifference to learning, an insatiable taste for music: "Music made the Venetian faint with pleasure. It embodied all that religion had once given him." There was a decline in moral certainty: "Like all people who think pleasure the object of life, the Venetians could see no real argument against crime. . . . If you say that your taking pleasure in something justifies it, another man may say that the pleasure he has in killing you justifies it." In all this, Mr. Rowdon observes, "you recognize at once the fear of being bored." And indeed we do. That, and more. Many excellent contemporary illustrations.

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